SUSSEX

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SUSSEX

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SUSSEX

By

S. P. B. MAIS

with sixteen illustrations from photographs chiefly by J. DIXON-SCOTT AND THE AUTHOR

"And as a man will paint with a peculiar passion a face which he is only permitted to see for a little time, so will one passionately set down one's own horizon and one's fields before they are forgotten and have become a different thing."

HILAIRE BELLOC.

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To

Those school-children and members of the hockey and cricket elevens who play upon the Green

And to all those other inhabitants of and visitors to the village of

SOUTHWICK

who have contributed so overwhelmingly to my happiness

I dedicate, with affection and gratitude, this book.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	PREFACE	11
I.	THE COAST FROM BOSHAM TO SOUTHWICK	24
II.	THE COAST FROM PORTSLADE TO RYE .	49
III.	THE DOWNS FROM EASTBOURNE TO EDBURTON	67
IV.	THE DOWNS FROM EDBURTON TO HARTING	81
V.	THE WEALD FROM THE WESTERN ROTHER TO HENFIELD	97
VI.	THE WEALD FROM HENFIELD TO THE EASTERN ROTHER	131
VII.	THE FIVE FORESTS FROM TICEHURST TO HORSHAM	186
VIII.	A SUSSEX VILLAGE THIRTY YEARS AGO .	208
IX.	BOOKS ON SUSSEX	224

ILLUSTRATIONS

STOPHAM BRIDGE	*frontispiece*
	FACING PAGE
SELSEY: THE MILL	32
CHICHESTER CROSS	33
SEAFORD: THE SEVEN SISTERS	49
HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE	64
THE LONG MAN, WILMINGTON	65
SOUTHEASE	80
ARUNDEL CASTLE	96
COWDRAY CASTLE AND THE OLD GRANARY	97
WISBOROUGH GREEN	112
STEYNING: THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL	128
COWFOLD	129
BODIAM CASTLE	177
SCOTNEY CASTLE NEAR LAMBERHURST	192
ASHDOWN FOREST: THE SUMMIT OF CAMP HILL	193
SOUTHWICK	209

PREFACE

I MAKE no excuse whatever for adding one more to the hundreds of books on Sussex. Better writers than I can ever hope to be have written about it, better men than I can ever hope to be have loved it better than I have, but I dare swear that no man has found so much happiness in it as I have, and happiness has been none too easy to find in our post-war world. Sussex is not the county of my birth, but it is the county of my adoption. I was not privileged to be born in it, but I hope that nothing will prevent me from living in it until I die. In my eyes it has but one drawback.

It ruins one for everywhere else. As we have an average of nearly six hours' sunshine a day throughout each and every year, all other counties which we visit seem by comparison sunless and gloomy. As our average yearly rainfall is less than thirty inches, we forget that when we take our annual holiday away from home we are likely to need a mackintosh. Living as we do in an atmosphere that is crystal clear, we are apt to find the moist, fog-laden air of "less happier lands" depressing. "Seely" is the nickname of Sussex, and, like most nicknames, it is just right. "Seely" conveys the sense of happiness and beauty of holiness brought into being by a

single-minded simplicity. You see this "seeliness" writ large upon the happy, smiling faces of the South Saxon natives ; you see it writ equally large upon her smiling Downs and Weald. There is nothing complicated either about her scenery or her people.

"Resistant" is the adjective used by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and this should be remembered by those who deplore the post-war invasion of the county both by new residents and by motoring tourists. Sussex has been invaded from the sea countless times since the days of the Romans, but men pass and she remains. She possesses a power of resilience that is almost uncanny. It is easy to ruin a dog or child through overmuch praise or petting. It seems impossible to ruin Sussex. She will survive until such time as electric trams run between rows of houses along the very summit of the Downs.

There are certain beauty spots—Whiteways Lodge is one—where the wise man in search of quiet will not linger on Sundays, but he may have them to himself completely unspoilt on Monday, and on Sunday he only has to walk a few hundred yards to be as much alone as if he were in the Forest of Arden.

No one has ever decided which is the best way to explore her, whether by way of her six rapes, each with its coast, river, castle, downland, weald, and forest, working from south to north, or by way of her four narrow strips, the maritime plain

and sea-board, the Downs, the Weald, and the Forest, all running from west to east on a cross grain towards the sea.

The best way, in my opinion, is the way of the child faced with the choice of strawberries or peaches—a little, meaning as much as possible, of both. To explore Sussex properly one ought to adopt the practice once in vogue among our more voluble paper-saving aunts—that of crossing the same sheet both latitudinally and longitudinally. First make the acquaintance of the county in the way that nine-tenths of her visitors and residents content themselves by doing, by exploring her coastline from west to east, then come back along the top of the Downs, then face east again, threading your way through the villages of the Weald, and finally finish with your face to the setting sun over the high lands of the Forest. Having achieved this, begin all over again by exploring the six rapes from south to north and north to south, and then perhaps you will begin to realise how much of the county still remains hidden from you.

For forty years I have ridden over it, motored through it, run over it, and walked about it in all weathers and at all seasons. I now find that I know practically nothing about it, but the little that I do know has made me supremely happy.

As I firmly believe the Shakespearean tag that "no man is lord of anything till he communicates

his parts to others," I wish to increase my happiness by communicating it to as many people as possible.

Come with me and I will take you for the finest walk you ever had in your life, beginning on the Bosham creeks over the long strip of coast where the fields come right down to the sea, until at Brighton we walk along the high chalk cliffs to Eastbourne, and thence across the Pevensey Level to the glens of Hastings and the vast sand-dunes near Dungeness ; then we will walk the whole length of the close-cropped turf of the Downs from Eastbourne to Harting, descending to inspect each Downland village, after which we will trace every stream in the Weald from the western to the eastern Rother, by way of Arun, Adur, Ouse, Cuckmere, and Brede ; and in the end we will come to Horsham over the high, sandy ridge of the five forests of Ashdown, Balcombe, Tilgate, Worth, and St. Leonards.

It will, however, greatly add to our enjoyment if before we set out we glean, however superficially, a little of the history of the county. The presence of neolithic flint-mines on Cissbury, Church Hill, Findon, Tolmere Pond, Harrow and Blackpatch, the hut-circles on Park Brow, the eight long barrows, innumerable round barrows, twenty-three hill-forts, and the Long Man of Wilmington, remind us that when the Weald was an uninhabited jungle the tops of the Downs were extensively populated. There are signs of this in field banks, terracing

by linchets, sunken roads between fields, in the circular encampments and barrows which meet us all along the sixty miles of downland between Eastbourne and Harting, most of all in the tumuli above Alfriston. The discovery of an amber cup in the Hove barrow, and other artistic objects excavated at the Caburn, show how advanced in culture our Downland ancestors were.

Dr. Curwen wisely reminds us that the three natural divisions of the county—the Downs, the Weald, and the coastal plain—hold the key to its archæology. Before the coming of the Saxons practically the whole population was concentrated on the tops of the hills, and to a lesser extent round Selsey and Chichester. The British villages were never rebuilt and the Downs became deserted till our own day.

Of the Roman invasion in A.D. 43 we have the evidence of the fine military way of Stane Street, beginning at Regnum (Chichester), continuing its course past the magnificent villa at Bignor, and disappearing into the Roman Woods north-east of Slinfold. After the Romans went away the land sank back into its old state, until the Saxon Ella and his three sons landed at Selsey in A.D. 490 and Hæsten the Jute gave his name to Hastings.

The county is extraordinarily rich in Saxon place-names, as we see in Angmering, Hastings, Worthing, Brightling, Wilmington, Wannock, Berwick, Arlington, Alciston, Alfriston, Brighton,

Poynings, Edburton, Sompting, Steyning, Shoreham, Wiston, Washington, Cissbury, Tarring, Clymping, Yapton, Bognor, Wittering, Bosham, Itchenor, Harting, Petworth, Duncton, Fittleworth, and scores of other places. According to their usual custom, the Saxon invaders explored the rivers to the Weald. It took them thirteen years to drive out the Britons from the first hill-fort on the Trundle to their last line of defence at Pevensey. Having laid waste the hills the bloodthirsty and superstitious Saxons abandoned them for the Weald. Christianity arrived late through the agency of Wilfrid of York, in 681, at Selsey. Of the Saxon churches, those at Bosham, Bishopstone, Sompting, and Worth are the most famous among a large number.

We hear of Danes at Bow Hill and of Canute at Bosham. Godwin, the son of Wulnoth, a knight of the South Saxons, held sixty manors in the county.

In 1066 William landed at Pevensey, beat Harold at Senlac, and divided the conquered county into six rapes, appointing six of his most influential supporters to control them. Castles were built, with later secondary castles farther north. Hastings had its second line at Bodiam, Pevensey had Hurstmonceux, Bramber had Knepp, and Arundel had Amberley. Abbeys and priories, notably the Abbey of Battle and the Priory of St. Pancras, were founded, and Norman monks attempted to improve the lot of the native Saxon.

Exquisite churches were built in every village, and the barons grew more and more powerful. Pevensey was held for Robert of Normandy against William II, Arundel for Robert of Bellême against Henry I, while de Braose of Bramber rebelled against King John. The villeins rose against the nobles for using all the forest for hunting and felling timber for ships and houses, and sought pannage for their hogs, of which there were over 50,000 in the county.

The land communications being difficult by reason of the marshes east and west, at Pevensey and Bosham, and the northern forests, the sea-ports flourished, particularly those members of the Cinque Ports and the port of Shoreham; but the silting up of the harbours owing to the eastern drift of the shingle put a stop to their activities, and other industrial activities had to be looked for. The salt-making and timber export trades were ruined, and they had to turn to sheep-breeding.

Luckily ironstone was discovered in the forest area, and streams were dammed up to make hammer-ponds for water-wheels to supply power for the bellows and forges that were used for the making, first of general ironwork, and later of cannon. The chief centres for this were Buxted, Maresfield, and Lamberhurst.

Tudor houses of great splendour were built when the days of domestic strife were over, and in the place of grim Bodiam arose the beautiful

domestic architecture of Cowdray, Danny, Wiston, Parham, Glynde, Wakehurst, Brickwall, and scores of smaller manor houses.

Corrupt administration of the county led to the Peasants' Rising of 1381, and Jack Cade headed another rebellion in 1450. A century later Queen Mary burnt many Protestants at Lewes, the full story of one of them, Richard Woodman of Buxted, appearing in Foxe's *Booke of Martyrs*, a book that has rarely met with its right appreciation.

The Civil War affected few places beyond Chichester, Arundel, Bramber, and Bodiam. Roughly, the sympathies of West Sussex were Royalist and of East Sussex Roundhead, but the "Clubmen" who objected to the whole quarrel were predominant about 1645.

Charles II rode right across the county and most interesting detailed accounts of it are given by Colonel Gounter of Racton, Charles himself to Pepys, and in Baker's *Chronicles of the Kings of England*. It was on Wednesday, 15th October, 1651, that Colonel Gounter, having failed to secure a boat at Emsworth, arranged with Captain Tettersell to have a ship ready to transport the King from Southwick to France. Colonel Gounter rode with the King from Hambledon, by way of Stanstead and Racton, avoiding Chichester, but ran into Captain Morley, the Roundhead Governor of Arundel Castle, who was actually coming down the steep hill of Arundel as they were going

up. To escape observation they got off their horses and passed unchallenged.

They then went to the " George and Dragon " at Houghton, where they stopped for a meal and drink without dismounting, and climbed the Downs at Amberley, only to find, when they descended—as of course they were forced to at Bramber—that the place was full of soldiers sent to guard the bridge. Putting, as usual, a bold face on the situation, they passed without being held up, but soon afterwards the same troop, some forty in number, raced up to them, jostled them into the hedge, and rode on. Colonel Gounter went on alone to Brighton, while the King followed over the Downs, stopping perhaps at the cottage which bears his name on Southwick Green for the refreshment which he had ordered, but dared not stop to take, at Beeding, and then proceeded to the George Inn at Brighton to rejoin Colonel Gounter.

There was a good deal of argument with Tettersell about prices and times of sailing, but Charles, who, it must be remembered, had had the most extraordinary run of bad luck in not getting away from Charmouth, seems always to have kept up his spirits and his courage, and calmed Tettersell, with the happy result that at low tide, about three o'clock in the morning, the King and his followers rode along the beach to Southwick, where they embarked on the *Surprise*, and at seven o'clock in the morning set

sail for Fécamp. For his part in the escape Tettersell was rewarded by a commission in the Navy and a pension. He acquired the site of what is now the Old Ship Hotel in Brighton, became High Constable, and died in 1674, being buried in St. Nicholas's churchyard.

In Charles II's time the total area of Sussex under forest was over 200,000 acres, but much of the timber during the next century was cut to supply the ironworkers' furnaces. The zone of clay made the roads practically impassable for the heavy coaches of the eighteenth century, as we hear from Defoe and Horace Walpole. This meant, of course, that Sussex kept her splendid isolation from Stuart days till the time of the last of the Georges. Great numbers of volunteers came forward at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and elaborate preparations were made all over Sussex against the invasion of the French. It is to be remembered that for centuries French raiders had descended on Shoreham, Brighton, Seaford, and Rye, so the attitude of mind of the descendants of those who had repelled them before can be understood. The invasion, as it happened, was of another kind, and from the land, not the sea. It was due to the invention of Macadam, who made it possible to provide eight long paving-planks to bridge the Forest and the muddy Weald, with the result that the Sussex coast became the resort of fashion, led by the Royal Family. The smugglers and wreckers found a less dangerous

and more profitable method of exploiting the stranger.

In spite of the coming of the motor-bus, the Downs are still practically untenanted. The old problem of supplying water on a chalk height remains unsolved in spite of dewponds, and the sheep graze in undisturbed solitude.

Sussex still resists the invader, except on the narrow strip of her maritime plain, where she assimilates him and makes him part and parcel of herself. Here some destruction of her natural beauties has been inevitable. In view of the amazing increase of population and commercial activity, the spoliation might have been worse.

Lovers of Sussex have to keep on the alert to prevent the Philistines from turning the Downs into a motor-racing track, the jerry-builders from erecting lines of ugly red toadstools of bungalows, and the landlords from putting barbed-wire fences across a right of way. To love her entails enlistment in her service, for there are those whose love is of the kind that kills.

Those who come to Sussex for gain, to see what they can get out of her, would be well advised to seek a home elsewhere, for it is only to those who give themselves whole-heartedly to her preservation that she lifts the veil that reveals her true beauty.

Her secret is not to be wrested in a day, nor is it vouchsafed to those Londoners who find in her a convenient, healthy, and sleep-inducing

dormitory. Stealthily she works her way into our hearts, until in the end we find that what we mistook for an inn is really our own home. We feel drawn to her as a child feels drawn to its mother, for she has the miraculous power of soothing us in grief, adding to our joy, and ridding us of terror.

It seems a very trifling service in return for so much maternal care and affection to try and limn some of her dearly-loved features. I wish I had the power to express my gratitude more adequately.

I can, however, express it to those authors who have done so much to open my eyes to the beauties of my adopted home. Particularly do I owe a debt to the memory of Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose *Highways and Byways in Sussex* occupies one pocket, Mr. S. E. Winbolt, whose *Sussex* occupies another, and Mr. F. G. Brabant, whose *Sussex* occupies a third, for providing me with three companions whom I would no more leave behind on a Sussex expedition than I would leave my dogs. They have opened my eyes, just as my dogs do, to a myriad sights that I should have passed unseen. Like my dogs, they are not only informative, they are unexpected and entertaining. No less do I owe gratitude to Lady Wolseley for her two books, *The Smaller Manor Houses of Sussex* and *Sussex in the Past*, which are too big and too handsome to be carried over muddy fields in the rain, but have proved as prolific a mine of treasured information as ever

I delved into. My knowledge of and love for the history of the county is almost entirely due to the reading and re-reading of *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, two books which have done more to open the eyes of Englishmen to look into the rock whence they were hewn than any other of our time.

My gratitude to the hundred-odd volumes of the Sussex Archæological Collections is less personal, a little more tinged with reverence, but no less profound. No praise could be too high for this fine testimony to the unselfish love that has actuated the work of generations of the county's rarest scholars.

S. P. B. M.

38 BRUNSWICK SQUARE,
HOVE, SUSSEX.

Note: One chapter, the eighth, is reprinted, with permission, from the *Sussex County Magazine*.

I

THE COAST FROM BOSHAM TO SOUTHWICK

Southward shining, the lands declining, subside in peace that the sea's light crowns.

SWINBURNE.

THE best place to begin exploring Sussex is where the Romans began—at Bosham. It lies, a cluster of picturesque cottages, whose walls are washed by the waves, in the midst of trees and rich pasture at the head of a creek which affords anchorage to a small fleet of fishing-boats, private yachts, and house-boats. It is commonly believed that Vespasian, in the invasion of A.D. 43, came up this creek and landed here after conquering the Isle of Wight. Remains of a Roman villa, amphitheatre, a bath, and coins, all testify to this. The South Saxons, under Ella, landed at West Wittering, and a colony of Irish monks endeavoured, with little success, to convert them to Christianity.

St. Wilfrid in 681, teaching them the art of fishing, had better luck. Danish raiders stripped Bosham church of its bells, and the weight of them is supposed to have submerged one of the ships. The echo of these bells from under the sea is still to be heard.

Canute's eight-year-old daughter lies buried in the church, and Earl Godwin lived here. Harold, his son, set out from here on his luckless expedition to Normandy, and the Bayeux tapestry shows him, with hawk on wrist, going to Bosham church to hear Mass before embarking. A College of Prebendaries was founded here in 1120 by Bishop Warlewaste of Exeter, and dissolved four centuries later. It will be seen from all this that, however quiet the village is now, it is richer in historical association than any other place of a similar size in the country. Its church is both architecturally interesting and beautiful. Its tower is Saxon, and the interior boasts both Saxon and Norman arches. A thirteenth-century crypt was in later days used by smugglers. A stream separates the churchyard, which is fringed with elms, from the open green which leads to the black wooden Raptackle (rope-tackle) and tiny quay. Here at high tide there is good diving to be had from the wharf into deep water, but at low water it is a mud flat, not altogether free from the smells that one associates with mud. Across the water lies Thorney Island, a strange flat land of pasture and isolated trees, more or less uninhabited, with an

interesting Early English church, with fine tower, good dog-tooth moulding, and oak screens.

The village of old Bosham is made attractive by the presence of a mill-stream that passes through many of the cottage gardens. A bus runs between the village and Chichester. There is another channel of Chichester harbour which may be reached and explored in sailing- or rowing-boat by turning into the eastern creek at West Itchenor —a tiny village on the water-side with a black wooden pier—and going towards the cathedral spire by way of Dell Quay, Apuldram, and Fishbourne. This is the country about which W. H. Hudson waxes so eloquent, both on account of its bird-life, its charm on bare, gloomy, grey days in winter, and the effect of the grey, slim spire of the cathedral seen over the water and flat land, with the ridge of the Downs behind it, a deep indigo blue.

Indeed, the whole of this estuary is a paradise for bird-lovers, for it is nearly always undisturbed. There is no landing-place for boats after you leave Itchenor until you come to the open sea. To walk along the banks of the water on scarcely traceable footpaths, breast-high among the corn, is to encounter not only every type of wild flower, but most varieties of sea and land birds.

At West Wittering it is advisable, before exploring the sea-wall, to turn inland a few hundred yards, first to refresh yourself at "The Old House at Home," and then to see the sixteenth-century

tombs of the Earnley family in the fine church. About a mile away stands the tall, hexagonal brick tower of Cakeham, not unlike that at Laughton, which was built in the early part of the sixteenth century by Bishop Sherborne to give him a good view of the sea.

At the end of the Wittering sea-wall are sand-dunes and a fine sandy bathing-beach, from which you can look out over the Solent to the Isle of Wight. You are now at the mouth of Chichester harbour, with the fine expanse of Bracklesham Bay as your first introduction to the open sea-coast of Sussex. The fields are protected from the waves by tamarisk trees. There are a few bungalows, but for the most part you can rely on having the shore to yourself. You are now in the hundred of Manhood, a corruption of Mainwood, indicating the presence of a forest that has long ago disappeared. A light railway to the Bill has made the actual point a summer resort of considerable popularity, but the old fishing-village of Selsey remains, a little to the east. Out at sea, now well under the waves, lies the Park, four hundred years ago a hunting-ground of kings, now the hunting-ground of lobster and crab fishermen.

Farther south, a mile out to sea and under it, stands the first monastery built in Sussex. The sea has played sad havoc with this coast, continually eating its way into the crumbling fields.

It is a sight not easily forgotten to stand on

a wild November evening and watch the waves hurl themselves against this brown earth, and see chunks of it being thrown in the air. At Pagham it has converted this part of the peninsula into a very close imitation of Holland. At one time it seemed as if the land here would be reclaimed, but the sea appears to have changed its mind again and preferred encroaching to receding.

The best description I know of this district is provided by A. E. Knox, whose *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex* is a fine testimony to the versatility of an officer in the 2nd Life Guards who was also a first-rate natural historian. He found in the great salt lake of Pagham harbour a heaven for birds and for bird-lovers. Here he saw the osprey, whimbrel, sandpiper, ring-dotterel, peewit, tern, oyster-catcher, heron, guillemot, diver, golden-eye, pochard, and scaup-duck, and all these, except the osprey, are still to be seen flying over these deserted swamps, patches of brushwood, and copses of stunted oak. The beach in this district is a fine hunting-ground for the hunter of fossils of a sub-tropical age. British and Roman coins have been found here, and a few years ago a valuable Celtic armlet of gold.

At the top of Pagham creek lies the Dutch-looking village of Sidlesham, whose picturesque church contains an altar-tomb to Dame Betrix Braye (1542) and an old carved chest. This village is an excellent centre from which to explore the peninsula, and, in spite of a dead flatness and

generally deserted look, it possesses a fascination which grows on you as you get to know it better. Mr. E. V. Lucas was surprised to find adders on the high roads. You will learn to be surprised at nothing. The whole area seems to have been left behind by the rest of England. It is a country that invites trespassers, but you need to have skill in dyke-jumping before you leave its strange, twisting lanes, most of which end abruptly. If you really want to see a strange country that has lain undisturbed for centuries, to put up wild birds and to see rare wild flowers, walk up Pagham Rife to Merston, and then strike east along the overgrown dry ditch that marks the path of the old canal that used to connect the Arun with Chichester harbour, or west through Donnington, where the canal still performs its proper functions.

While you are in this neighbourhood you will naturally visit Chichester, the capital of the maritime plain and the birthplace of William Collins. It is supposed that the Belgic tribe known as the Regni were in possession of this area until Vespasian caused Cogidubnus to submit and become a loyal supporter of Rome. The walls were built about A.D. 300. From here the Romans built roads in three directions, the best known being Stane Street, connecting Regnum with London. It was conquered by the Saxons in the fifth century, and re-named after Cissa, the son of Ella. After the Norman Conquest it displaced Selsey as the seat of a diocese. It was besieged

during the Civil War, and taken by Waller in 1642, when the Roundheads did irretrievable damage to the cathedral. A hundred years ago the spire collapsed into the middle of the building, but was immediately re-erected, and now stands 277 feet up, a wonderful landmark both from land and sea. The best way to appreciate the exterior of the cathedral and the lay-out of the city is to climb the campanile, from which you can trace the walls and look down on to many old-world gardens of great beauty. The first cathedral was built in 1108, and partly destroyed by fire six years later. It was rebuilt in 1123, and this is the building we now see. In 1186 there was a second fire, which necessitated the building of a new clerestory, and a stone roof by Bishop Seffrid II, whose liking for Purbeck marble added lightness and delicacy. Among the monuments is one of Collins by Flaxman, the tomb of Richard FitzAlan, 13th Earl of Arundel, executed in 1397, holding his wife's hand, the tomb of Maud, Countess of Arundel, who died in 1220, Bishop Sherborne in colours, John Langton, a fourteenth-century Lord Chancellor, and a tablet to William Chillingworth, the Royalist divine.

There is a dignified memorial to those members of the Royal Sussex Regiment who fell in the two Wars, in the form of panels containing the names of all who died, a rare piece of Saxon sculpture kept under glass, a long oak chest, and a strange panel depicting the English monarchs.

The cathedral is long and narrow, and made specially pleasing by the thick Norman arches round the nave. The cloisters have a wooden wagon roof, and are well worth a protracted visit.

It is also worth walking from the cloisters into Canon Lane and the Bishop's Palace, for these ecclesiastical gardens are exquisitely kept and exceptionally rich in flowers. Near the cathedral, at four cross-roads, stands the very ornate Perpendicular market-cross, with richly-painted metal pennons rising above the stone pinnacles. In North Street is a most interesting stone let into the wall of the Council House, unearthed over two hundred years ago, bearing the inscription

EPTUNO ET MINERVÆ
TEMPLUM
O SALUTE DO DIVINÆ
AUCTORITATE CLAUD
GIDUBNI R. LEGA AUG. IN BRIT.
GIUM FABROR ET QUI IN EO
. . . D.S.D. DONANTE AREAM
ENTE PUDENTINI FIL

which is taken to mean that Cogidubnus—who is mentioned by Tacitus—under the authority of Tiberius Claudius, erected a temple to Neptune and Minerva. It also appears that there was a Guild of Artificers in the city—presumably shipbuilders.

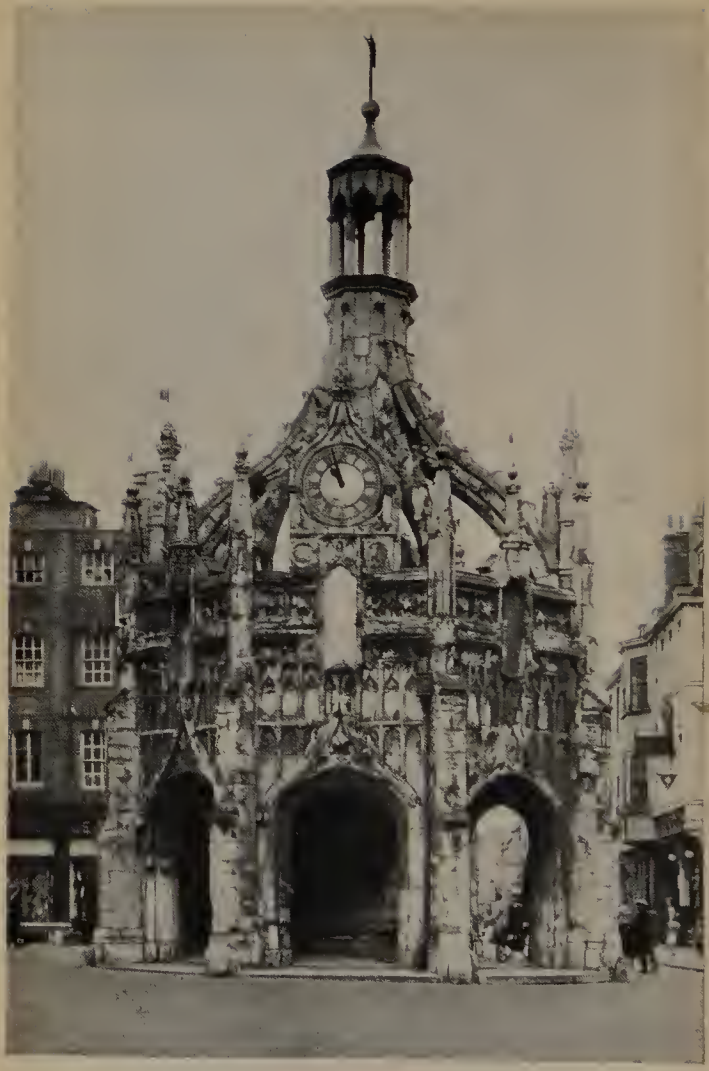
At the end of Lion Street is St. Mary's Hospital,

the oldest institution of its kind in the country. It was founded as a nunnery in 1229, turned into an almshouse, and reconstituted in 1562 as a home for a warden and five inmates. There are now eight. You enter first the great hall or refectory, which has a glorious fourteenth-century timber roof, supported by two rows of uprights, marking off the aisles, which form partitions in which the inmates live, having each two private rooms leading into a plot of garden. The peace and beauty of this sanctuary have to be seen to be understood. The old ladies are delighted to show the visitors their treasures and to take them over their gardens. At the end of the refectory, behind a wonderful Decorated screen, is the chapel. In Priory Park is the Guildhall, originally a thirteenth-century church built by the Franciscans. The Museum contains good Roman pottery, a British urn, and fossils of a mammoth found at Bracklesham.

The walks along the City Walls, especially to the south of and in Priory Park, where lawn-mowers and ladders are stored in the dismantled chapel, are exquisite and reminiscent of those in Dorchester. There are excellent antique shops and a good tea-room. Even the infirmary is picturesque.

In spite of these manifold interests, Chichester failed to inspire W. H. Hudson. All he saw in it was a city of seventy full inns and twenty empty churches, where he was shown an obscure corpse and pleaded in vain for the release of a caged

Selsey: The Mill



Chichester Cross

white owl. In fairness it must be urged that he was suffering from a species of depression aptly enough known as " the chichesters," from which visitors to the city, in his opinion, often suffer. The only comment I can offer on this is that cathedral cities are apt to be more vicious and to own poorer quarters than other towns, and that Chichester has had rather more than its share of notoriety in the matter of murders. It looks its best on market-day, a function important enough to attract farmers from as far away as South Molton and Barnstaple. Its inn-signs of unicorns, harts, dogs, wagons, swans, dolphins, rainbows, and anchors, are distinctly picturesque. It looks at its worst during Goodwood week, when it is thronged with the camp-followers of horse-racing.

Just north of Chichester are the Early English church of Mid Lavant, the Norman restored church of East Lavant, with a tomb to Lucy de Mildebi, West Dean, with a Lewknor monument (1616) and a splendid Park with an arboretum, East Dean, in a beautiful valley, and Singleton with pleasing thatched cottages. Lavants are streams coming down from the hills which sometimes flood the countryside extensively. The use of the Chichester dykes, great ramparts which run outside the town with single banks and a ditch on the north side, is uncertain. Flint mines have been discovered in the Lavant Caves at East Lavant, and on Stoke Down, at West Stoke, and

there is a long barrow on Stoughton Down. In Stoughton was born George Brown, the fast bowler, whose arm was as thick as a man's thigh.

While in this neighbourhood, a visit should be paid to Racton church, which has three good monuments, and Lordington House, built by Cardinal Pole's father, and haunted by the ghost of his mother, the last of the Plantagenets, beheaded by Henry VIII when she was over seventy. She still displays her cut throat. At Funtington there is an Early English church, Stansted possesses a fine beech avenue, while Westbourne has a large church at the end of an avenue of yews. On the southern side of the city are Rumboldswyke, which possessed a Saxon church ; North Mundham, which has a Saxon font ; Merston, Donnington, and South Bersted. On the east lie Westhampnett, the birthplace of F. W. Lillywhite, the creator of round-arm bowling, and the burial-place of Richard Sackville and his wife in the Saxon church; Tangmere, which possesses an aerodrome and a Norman church ; Oving, whose flint church is cruciform and boasts a fine spire ; Aldingbourne, which has a fine long nave with six bays of transitional pillars and arches ; Walberton, where Roman glass and pottery have been found ; Eastergate, which has a Saxon chancel ; Binsted, which owns three Norman windows, and Barnham, the railway junction for Bognor, which boasts one of the few remaining windmills. In 1764 there were 46 windmills in the county.

It is time to return to the coast, which we reach by way of a hedgeless, twisting, and rather narrow road, with a ditch on either side, usually white with cow-parsley and pink with campion. Normally we should make straight for Bognor, but all those who remember the days of George V will wish to turn aside to the village of Aldwick to see Craigweil, where the King spent over three months of happy convalescence during the exceptionally cold spring of 1929. No finer tribute to the quality of the air, the quantity of sunshine, and the other recuperative properties of this coast, could be wished for than this selection of Bognor beyond all other places in the world for the recovery of a much loved monarch from an illness that had caused the gravest concern to all his people.

The health-giving properties of Bognor have, of course, been widely recognised since George III's daughter, the Princess Charlotte, did for the home of Hotham the hatter what her sister Amelia had done for Worthing, and her brother George (afterwards George IV) was doing for Brighton. The main reason for its enormous and ever-increasing popularity lies in its magnificent stretch of firm sands, its safe bathing and boating, its bracing air, record sunshine, and up-to-date amusements. For those who like to spend their holidays among crowds it is very much to be recommended. Close by is the village of Felpham, made famous by Blake's three years' sojourn there to be near Hayley, who spent his time entertaining

genius and falling off his horse. It is worth noticing that Blake, who was specially sensitive about such things, found Felpham " a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides its golden gates."

The coast between here and the mouth of the Arun, originally known as the Tarrant, was, until thirty years ago, a sanctuary for those who like bathing in solitude from sandy beaches, but the foundation of what is called New City, and the development of Middleton, has led to an invasion of motorists and residents. It is well worth going a mile or two inland to see the churches of Tortington, Ford, Yapton, and Clymping. At Ford there are fifteenth-century frescoes; at Clymping, which was built in the thirteenth century, there is a fine Norman tower, dog-tooth carving on the Norman door, a panelled font, oak chest with a slot for Peter's pence, and a fourteenth-century pulpit. Originally there was a Saxon church here, and the stout fortress tower was added by the nuns of Almanesches. Tortington has a pleasing little Norman church and fragments of a twelfth-century Priory. Lyminster, on the other side of the Arun, has an imposing Early English church.

We cross the Arun by a toll swing-bridge, which leads us into Littlehampton, a particularly pleasant place in that it possesses a harbour, an immense green between its houses and the sea, a vast expanse of sands, a long black wooden pier, a tidal river all the way up to Houghton Bridge,

a bathing-pool, and a lake for model yachts. It is an admirable centre for the Downs, which are within easy walking distance, and for quiet bathing-beaches. It is particularly popular among Anglo-Indians, owing to its record sunshine and mild climate.

The area between Littlehampton and Worthing has changed extraordinarily in recent years. The villages of Rustington, Angmering, East Preston, Kingston, Ferring, and Goring are in danger of losing their charm. These lanes down to the sea, once overhung with wild roses and honeysuckle, are now overbuilt with bungalows and congested with parked cars. The tamarisk hedges, which acted as a barrier between the sea and the cornfields which came down to the water's edge, have been cut down to make room for garden walls. It is difficult to blame anyone. It is profitable to sell land for building. It is pleasant to be able to afford to build a house in a quiet field overlooking the sea.

At low tide one does not have to bother about any of the new cities, for the sands are wide and splendid for riding over or walking on, but at high tide one's progress is continually impeded, and trespassing becomes inevitable. At East Preston there is an ancient church with a stone spire, and at Angmering the newly rebuilt church stands pleasantly on a mound. Some confusion has been caused by renaming East Preston by the name of Angmering-on-Sea. The real Angmering,

which retains all its old-world beauty, is two miles inland.

Angmering-on-Sea is sufficiently described when one has to confess that it possesses a Lido. It is a completely new garden city, with everything handsome about it, even to an annual tennis tournament. Its houses are pleasingly various in shape and robustness, and half hidden in exotic shrubs. The hamlets of Kingston and Ferring are being rapidly exploited, and sooner or later are bound to become part of the great west wing of Worthing.

About a couple of miles to the north of them is the knoll of Highdown, a hill-fort, and later a Saxon cemetery. Eighty-six graves of the sixth century A.D. have been opened, and a glass vessel, bearing the picture of hounds chasing a hare and the inscription "Use one in Health," unearthed; here also is the tomb of John Oliver, a miller, who spent a considerable part of his life composing verses for his own epitaph, and kept his wheeled coffin under his bed from his youth, erecting his tomb twenty-seven years before it was needed. At his funeral in 1793 everyone had to wear gay clothes, and the sermon was read by a girl of twelve. On the top of this hill some hundred and fifty years ago the Gentlemen of the Weald beat the Gentlemen of the Sea-coast at cricket, in a hundred-guinea match, by seven runs. The view from Highdown, which is only 269 feet high, is extraordinarily fine.

At one's feet to the north lie the thick woods of

Castle Goring, Clapham, Patching, and Angmering Park, with the Downs behind. In Clapham Church there is a fine Tudor tomb and brasses to the Shelleys of the sixteenth century. Patching has a decoy pond. To the south lie the rich fields leading to the sea ; to the east the fifty miles of glasshouses that prove Worthing to be the richest grape- and tomato-growing corner of the country ; on the west lies the shimmering sea behind the spire of Chichester Cathedral, backed by the dim cliffs of the Isle of Wight.

Castle Goring was built by Shelley's grandfather, and in the village of Goring, whose church spire is a landmark for miles round, died Richard Jefferies, who is buried within a few yards of that other great natural historian, W. H. Hudson, in the new churchyard at Broadwater. John Selden (1584–1654), the friend of Pym and Hampden, and the author of *Table Talk*, who helped to draw up the Petition of Right, was born at the foot of Salvington, and Thomas à Becket is supposed to have planted the fig-trees that still flourish in the gardens adjoining his palace at Tarring, in the church of which is a memorial to Robert Southey.

Worthing, which originally owed its popularity to the visit of the Princess Amelia in 1799, has only lately come into real prominence, which is odd in view of its many natural advantages. It has held the British record for the highest average number of hours' sunshine over many

years ; it is within easy walking distance of Cissbury, which is the finest camp on the Downs, once used as a flint-quarry by neolithic man, fortified by the Romans, and later by the Saxons. The whole area between this hill and Chanctonbury, whose beech clump is the crowning glory of all Downland, is of extraordinary interest to the archæologist, for here are traces of villages of ancient man in the Stone and the Bronze Ages. The views in every direction are exquisite.

The stretch of sands at low tide affords a wonderful playground for children, and there is any amount of amusement for the visitor who likes excursions by land and water, bands, and entertainments.

Not the least of its charms are its many boulevards and gardens. It is a cheerful place to live in, and attractive for holidays. There are two magnificent churches at Broadwater and Sompting. Broadwater possesses a village green and a fine park at Offington, which has been cut up to make room for a rather pleasing colony of timbered houses. Its church is massive and cruciform, with finely carved mouldings and capitals and two interesting sixteenth-century tombs of the de la Warr family. Coins, a boat, and a Roman milestone have been discovered here.

Sompting, where E. J. Trelawny, the friend of Shelley and Byron, died, lies on the hill-side, and its rhomboid-shaped, shingled, gabled spire, like the Rhenish tower at Coblenz, is very striking.

It is a Saxon tower with some Roman bricks in it, while the rest of the church is Norman. It was given in the middle of the twelfth century to the Knights Templars, passed on to the Knights Hospitallers, and remained in their possession until 1540. The field-names on the wall are most interesting. What is the meaning of Demesne Nower, Stocks Pax, Trudgeons, and Lean ?

Here died the fast bowler, George Brown, who was born in 1783 at Stoughton. He bowled so fast that one of his two long-stops padded his chest with straw, and on one occasion the ball went through a coat held up by one of the long-stops and killed a dog on the other side.

Just beyond Sompting lie the two Lancings—North Lancing on the side of the Downs, a very picturesque and quite unspoilt village ; and South Lancing, less picturesque but nearer the sea. Lancing College, with its vast chapel standing sentinel over the Adur, formerly known, before Drayton rechristened it, as Bramber Water, is gloriously situated on a spur of the Downs, and makes up in the natural beauty of its surroundings what it lacks in age. Close to Lancing College is the " Sussex Pad," once a famous haunt of smugglers, now a Trust House. " Pad," of course, means a horse used for road-work.

The Adur can be crossed by a wooden toll-bridge at Old Shoreham and the fine Norfolk bridge (no longer toll) at New Shoreham. At Shoreham the lover of history may be well content

to stay for a long time, for here he may reconstruct an outline of our whole island history. In its early days it was an open harbour to the sea, and there was a large settlement here long before the Romans came and built their villas and roads. Saxon pirates invaded it ; slaughter is connected with Slonk Hill and sacrifice with Thundersbarrow.

The first sight that meets the eye on crossing the wooden bridge at Old Shoreham is the magnificent Norman church of St. Nicholas, patron saint of sailors, with a lantern tower with eight circular openings and a pyramidal spire. The heads of Henry I and his Queen can be seen carved in stone. There is a thirteenth-century rood-screen, dog-tooth moulding in wood on the roof-beams, and monuments to the family of Poole, who supplied captains of frigates to the Navy, and mastmakers and shipwrights to the great trade of the old town. At the back of the church lies Good Friday Hill, down which children used to roll eggs painted yellow, violet, and pink on Good Friday. To the north of Good Friday Hill lie Old and New Erringham, the former containing an ancient chapel, now rapidly falling into decay.

This is a neighbourhood of many murders, and the scene of Tennyson's "Rizpah," which commemorates the loyalty of the mad mother of Rook, who waited under the gibbet on which her son was hanging for bits of his clothing and bones to drop, so that she might bury them. Fully to appreciate Shoreham you need an old map.

To-day your eye is likely to be occupied by the strange new bungalow town, of which the less said the better, but in the main narrow street of New Shoreham still stands the six-hundred-years-old Marlipins, a building of Caen stone and knapped flints in chequered squares, the use of which seems to be vague. It was once known as the " Maldуppinne in Otmarcat between Moderlove Strete and Procession Strete," and was perhaps used as a storehouse for wine or wool.

Standing opposite to this, you may best visualise the busy town that supplied twenty-six ships to the siege of Calais—more than London, Dover, Bristol, or Southampton ; the processions of the trade guilds in their morality plays ; the monks and Priors of the Hospital of St. John, of the Carmelite Priory, and of the Hospital of St. James ; the foreign sailors who put in to trade, the privateersmen, owlers (smugglers of wool) and salt-carriers of later generations.

Here we may see the ghost of Isabel, the Medea of Beeding, seeking sanctuary in Shoreham church after being forced to murder her children owing to lack of food. Here we may see the wraiths of the two pirates, John Colet and Stephen Sharman, each carrying a cross in his hand and keeping to the King's highway to secure himself from assault until such time as he reached the harbour, only to be pitched overboard, both of them, on their way to France, by the Shoreham sailors who had captured them.

Here we may see the wagons of treasure, pilfered from Aaron the Jew of Lincoln by Henry II, being piled up on the ships, which sank outside the harbour ; the Hungarian " Pastoureaux " who were ruthlessly butchered on daring to raise their standard in this Christian community ; the five royal galleys kept by King John ; and the shade of that sinister William de Braose who in the days of his power helped to make the Church of St. Mary de Haura the magnificent grey pile of flying buttresses and majestic towers that it now is. This de Braose endeavoured to subdue Gwent by inviting the Welsh chiefs to a banquet at Abergavenny and then murdering them. In revenge, the Welshmen sought him out, wounded him, and left him to return to Shoreham disguised as a beggar and seek refuge in France, leaving his witch-wife to be starved to death by King John in Windsor Castle with her infant child, whose cheeks were completely gnawed away by his distraught mother.

Here we may see smugglers hiding kegs in ponds and the river-bed, and parsons secreting bales of contraband in crypt and vestry and hidden priests'-holes in the rectories. Here we may watch the ships on the stocks—early seventeenth-century ships for the East India Company, pinnaces for the Navy, and the man-o'-war *Dover*, afterwards commanded by Sir Cloudesley Shovell. The continuity of shipbuilding is quite remarkable. From the days of Edward II, when there was a

free market held here every Wednesday and Saturday and a two-days' fair at the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, at which time de Braose " took his assize of bread and ale rights over the sea-coast and sea-fishery, and by his own mariners of Shoreham from Beauchef as far as the Isle of Wight and to the middle of the sea," to the great days of the China-tea clippers Shoreham has been prominent in shipbuilding.

Here until recently you might see on the stocks barque, brig, and brigantine, cutter and schooner, and every variety both of square-rigged ships and fore-and-aft rigged vessels.

A seaport that witnessed the landing of King John and made it possible for Charles II to effect his escape, provided Edward III with 780 men to man over a score of ships of its own building, and was so much at the mercy of storm and inundations that its whole population had dwindled to 150 in 1429, fought the French raiders on land and sea and beat them off again and again, and became from 1625 till the latter part of the nineteenth century one of the chief shipbuilding centres in the country, cannot be casually dismissed just because it has now become a holiday resort. It is worth recalling the fact that it was in Shoreham harbour that the famous mystery towers were built in the Great War.

The old part of New Shoreham has long disappeared under the sea ; the harbour mouth has changed position in the course of every century,

and now emerges at Kingston Buci, with a long stretch of shingle on either side. The crowning glory of New Shoreham is the church, whose grey tower rises above the very middle of the town. Its lofty Norman arches, its sturdy Norman pillars and marble font, are all handsome, but the exterior, standing in its open churchyard amid a quadrangle of houses, is of cathedral-like proportions.

There are many woodsheds and wharves to be seen as one passes along the main road at Egypt to the harbour mouth at Kingston Buci, an exquisite tree-embowered hamlet with a flint manor house and Norman church, dedicated to St. Julian, containing some original horse-box pews, a Jacobean two-decker pulpit, an old singing-desk, a big organ that once belonged to the Brighton Aquarium, and traces of an anchorite's cell. There is also a Bronze Age cemetery in this secluded and beautiful village.

Adjoining this paradise of shady lanes is Southwick, a village boasting a perfectly kept Green, on which the local teams play hockey and cricket, a famous football club which for some years has had one of the leading teams in the county, an archery field, and the County Croquet Lawns. A cottage on the west side of the Green is supposed to have been visited by Charles II while he was waiting to escape to France. There are remains of a Roman villa under the allotments east of Southwick Street, the starting-place of Port's Road, one of the

oldest trackways in existence. A village of thriving market-gardening industries, it also has a constant traffic through its lock into the canal that now forms the eastern estuary of the harbour. Here may be seen the last of the wind-jammers bringing firewood from Finland, colliers from Glasgow and Goole, potato smacks from St. Malo, barques laden with bricks from Hamburg, motor-launches, private steam yachts, Brixham trawlers, Shell-Mex boats, speed-boats, ketches, and sailing-yachts.

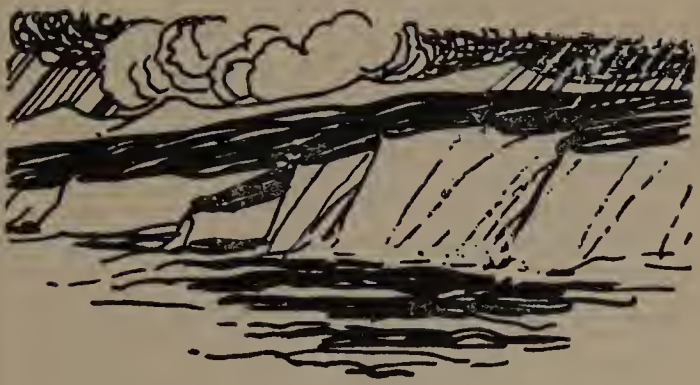
Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose family lived in the Manor House for generations, rightly notices here how " the romance and mystery of the sea may indeed be more intimately near one on a harbour wharf than on the deck of a liner in mid-ocean."

The estuary at Southwick is full of interest, for, as we walk along the canal bank, on the north side lies the canal, with its never-ending stream of shipping, on the south side lie the mud-flats, where may be seen, according to the season of the year, kingfishers, shore larks, wheatears, red-shanks, ringed-plover, oyster-catchers, curlew, wild swans, wild geese, wild duck, cormorants, and every varicty of gull. Here, too, on the banks grows every variety of wild flower—viper's bugloss, sea-campion, nightshade, convolvulus, sea-poppy, sea-pink, stone-crop, and a host of very rare plants that only the botanist knows.

On the south side of the estuary lies a high bank of shingle facing the open sea—an ideal bathing place at all tides. Up to now devoid of all sheds

and tents, it is ideal, but one shudders with apprehension at what may befall it when the crowds discover it.

Seaford: The Seven Sisters



II

THE COAST FROM PORTSLADE TO RYE

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

THE rapes of Chichester, Arundel, and Bramber form the division of West Sussex, and the rapes of Lewes, Pevensey, and Hastings form the division of East Sussex.

East Sussex begins, so far as the coast is concerned, at Portslade, which, like Angmering, is not where most people think it is—on the sea—but a mile inland, nestling in a cup of the Downs adjoining the Manor of Hangleton, one of the most interesting old houses in the county. This flint-built house of Lord Sackville has a magnificently panelled room, with the Commandments inscribed in antique language round the

frieze, and in another room is a finely decorated ceiling containing the bugles of the Bellinghams, who originally built the house, the dolphins of the Scrase family, the Saracen's head of the Shirleys, the *fleur-de-lys* and Tudor rose worked in among intricate intersections of circles. It is a house of cool wine-cellars, massive beams, lofty rooms, stone overmantels, hidden chambers, thick walls, and gentle ghosts, standing in a wilderness of farm buildings in the middle of a golf course. Portslade Church has a fifteenth-century brass plate and through the village runs the ancient track of Port's Road.

Portslade-by-Sea is an extension of Hove, just as Hove is an extension of Brighton. Writers, particularly Mr. E. V. Lucas, have been unnecessarily harsh in their treatment of Hove and Brighton, which for our purpose may be taken together. It would be difficult with justice to deny dignity to the front, just as it would be silly to deny beauty to the lawns. The air is clear, the sun is bright, and there are sands. Richard Jefferies has a remarkable and too little quoted passage on this subject : " Let nothing check," he says, " the descent of those glorious beams of sunlight which fall at Brighton. Watch the pebbles on the beach : the foam runs up and wets them, almost before it can slip back the sunshine has dried them again. So they are alternately wetted and dried. Bitter sea and glowing light, bright, clear air, dry as dry—that describes the

place. Spain is the country of sunlight, burning sunlight. Brighton is a Spanish town in England, a Seville."

One parson of Aldrington, the Rev. Wm. Bull, left his rectory and lived in a cell in his own churchyard. In Palmeira Avenue, Hove, stood a tumulus in which was discovered a priceless cup of red amber, a polished axe-head, and a bronze dagger.

It is usual to think of Brighton as a mushroom growth of yesterday, but a short walk on the Downs, which, it is to be remembered, are now within a mile, will disclose barrows, relics of prehistoric man, and Roman villas. It is mentioned in Domesday Book, and when William de Warenne owned it its rental was 4,000 herrings. It was burnt by the French in the sixteenth century, and in 1651, with the help of Nicholas Tettersell, Charles II escaped to France after resting here for a night and riding four miles westwards to embark on the brig *Surprise*.

It was owing to the efforts of George IV that it became a fashionable watering-place. In St. Nicholas' Church—which contains a Norman font with interesting medieval ships carved on its sides—we may see where Dr. Johnson used to sit with the Thrales in the intervals of hunting the hare, attending balls, and bathing at the age of 73. Martha Gunn, the bathing-woman, Captain Tettersell, and Phœbe Hessel, who died at the age of 108 after serving for 17 years as a private soldier and being wounded at Fontenoy, are all buried in

this churchyard. Brighton was the birthplace of Edward Carpenter and the home of F. W. Robertson and of Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. In the narrow "lanes," now full of antique shops, you can see the houses of the old fishing-village.

On the west of Brighton the Downs end abruptly on the cliff edge. Here lie the girls' school of Roedean, standing naked to the south wind and the sun, the hamlet of Ovingdean, with a fine badgers' holt, a Saxon church, and the Grange that gave its name to Harrison Ainsworth's novel, and Rottingdean, once the home of Burne-Jones, William Black, and Rudyard Kipling, a village of extraordinary charm when it is not overrun with visitors. Its Early English church is delightful, and the private schools here are of ancient foundation and the highest repute. There are caves high up in the cliff-side, where bales of wool and kegs of brandy were hidden by the smugglers. French raiders landed here in the fourteenth century. It bears some slight resemblance to the coves of Devon, with its boats all huddled together on the slipway, out of reach of a high tide that lashes the cliffs themselves.

The walk from Rottingdean to Newhaven was, until a few years ago, one of the finest cliff walks in Sussex. It now remains an everlasting eyesore, and a warning against letting the private speculator ruin the English landscape. Where the hideous and tawdry bungalow-town of Peacehaven (which is neither a haven nor peaceful) now stands there

was until recently gorse-clad downland. Now there is a long, tedious street of shacks and shops, with a happily placed pair of gibbets at either end to show where this unpleasant settlement begins and ends.

It is with relief that we descend to Newhaven, which makes no pretensions to be other than it is, a busy seaport at the mouth of the Ouse, formerly known as the Medewynd, which in Elizabeth's reign fell into the sea at Seaford. From here is made the crossing to Dieppe. The church is Norman, with a low, squat tower and apse.

On Newhaven Head was once a vast camp on which bronze tools of 900 B.C. and Roman coins of A.D. 285 have been found. Coast erosion has caused most of it to disappear.

The road to Seaford is tortuous, as it has to cross the marshy, wide valley which marks the ancient course of the Ouse. The detour enables us to visit Bishopstone, a hamlet cupped in a gulley of the Downs, which contains one of the most interesting churches in the county. The south porch is Saxon, and on the dial-plate above it can be seen the word " Ead-ric " inscribed. There is dog-tooth moulding on the arches. Part of the walls are pre-Conquest. There are memorials to James Hurdis, one-time Professor of Poetry at Oxford, whose poems resemble those of a milder Crabbe, and W. G. Rutherford, one-time Headmaster of Westminster. Not only is the architecture of remarkable interest, but the church

and village are both set in attractive surroundings. Immediately opposite the church stands a manor house with smooth lawns which stretch to the very edge of the road. The field-path to Seaford over the top of a knoll gives a fine view of Newhaven harbour and the surrounding downland.

Seaford is the Eton and Winchester of private schools. The reason is easy to fathom. It is quiet. Each school (there are about forty) has elbow room, room to catch all the sun that is going, room for extensive playing-fields, the driest and smoothest in the south of England. The open sea is within view to the south, as the open Downs are to the north. It is clean, it is small, it is completely unpretentious. Its schools are not adapted country houses, but new and built solely for the purpose for which they are intended. This gives people the mistaken impression that Seaford is a new town. In point of fact, it was at one time a corporate member of the Cinque Ports, and returned two Members to Parliament. The French raiders seldom left it unharried, a certain sign of its importance. When the river changed its course to Newhaven its harbour silted up, and the town fell into decline. The present rather deserted and unfinished appearance of the front is due to this. In St. Leonard's Church there are some very rare twelfth-century carvings. On the top of Seaford Head, to the east of the town, is a pre-Roman camp and a Romano-British cemetery. Coast

erosion has destroyed most of this camp. The view from here is beautiful, extending over the whole of this last stretch of the Downs, and culminating in the dazzling whiteness of the seven undulatory chalk cliffs known as the Seven Sisters. After the desecration of Peacehaven, the relief of seeing the Downland cliffs still free of bungalows is indescribable.

We walk down a long, deep, green gully of smoothest turf to the coastguard cottages of Cuckmere Haven, where there is a pleasant bathing beach, by some miracle still comparatively undisturbed. It is not always possible to cross the mouth of the Cuckmere. On my last visit, however, the river seemed to have altered its course, and emerged at the east and not the west end of the Haven. To be compelled to go round by way of the bridge at Exceat (pronounced Exsete) means putting up from these marshes and the tidal river kittiwakes, plover, curlew, ringed-plover, larks, kingfishers, and snipe, and threading one's way through a paradisal garden of wild flowers.

I know no other valley so peaceful, and few so satisfyingly lovely. It is flanked by Downs fiery with gorse, whose ribbed tilth provides a chequerwork of every colour. Cattle graze in the rich pasture of the hedgeless dyke-land over which we walk. Fishermen stand or sit silent as herons looking for the flash of grey mullet. At Exceat, which is not a Latin, but a Saxon name, is a farmhouse, and the site of an ancient, tiny church can

be seen here. Just over a field to the north, hidden by a knoll, lies the village of West Dean, completely out of the world, with no road running through it, a place of orchards and farmyard walls embowered in trees. The rectory is thirteenth century, and possesses windows that look like narrow slits for archers. There is an old dove-cote and interesting canopied tombs in the Norman church. George Gissing's description of this hamlet in *Thyrza* is very happy.

It is decidedly worth while going down the Cuckmere valley again on the eastern bank of the river in order to climb over the smooth green turf of the Seven Sisters. You may turn inland to visit Friston, where there is a pond, a windmill, a Norman church on the heights, and a lovely Tudor manor house in the valley where the Lady Margery of Selwyn gave sanctuary to the infant found in the manger in the church one Christmas Day ; or East Dean, which also has a Norman church, but in either case it will be for the beauty of the Downland walk rather than for anything in the villages themselves.

The temptation to linger in the neighbourhood of Crowlink should not be resisted. This is no country to race over. While it is still possible to lie on an English cliff and look out over the sea, with larks singing overhead and the scent of wild thyme crushed under one's body, let us do so. Profiteering speculators and farmers are doing their utmost to fence and wire us out from beauty

spots that have been a source of consolation and happiness to countless multitudes. Keep on these heights as long as possible, for disappointment awaits you in the valley.

Birling Gap, once quiet and beautiful, is no longer either ; but as soon as you have climbed again to the old lighthouse of Belle Tout, where there was once a neolithic hill-fort, you will escape again from ugliness and crowds to the undisturbed beauty of the Downs and the sea.

Beachy Head, in spite of chars-a-bancs and crowds, still remains *beau-chef*, the beautiful headland. Off here was fought that famous naval battle on 30th June, 1690, in which the British Fleet, under Lord Torrington, gave a memorably inglorious account of itself. Nothing can spoil the grandeur of that final gesture of the South Downs, stopping abruptly five hundred feet above the sea, the height accentuated by the Lilliputian lighthouse below.

Richard Jefferies, as usual, sounds the right note here. " The glory of these glorious Downs," he says in *The Breezes on Beachy Head*, " is the breeze. . . . It is air without admixture. If it comes from the south the waves refine it ; if inland, the wheat and flowers and grass distil it. The great headland and the whole rib of the promontory is wind-swept and washed with air ; the billows of the atmosphere roll over it. The sun searches out every crevice amongst the grass, nor is there the smallest fragment of surface which is not

sweetened by air and light. Underneath, the chalk itself is pure, and the turf thus washed by wind and rain, sun-dried and dew-scented, is a couch prepared with thyme to rest on. Discover some excuse to be up there always, to search for stray mushrooms—they will be stray—and to make a list of flowers and grasses ; to do anything, and, if not, go always without any pretext. Lands of gold have been found, and lands of spices and precious merchandise : but this is the land of health."

We are now looking down on to the red roofs of Eastbourne, one of the cleanest, best laid-out, and most charming of the big seaside resorts in the country. It had the good fortune to own as landlords the Dukes of Devonshire, who, not being speculative jerry-builders, thought more of preserving dignity and beauty and less of personal profits than the landlords of newer mushroom growths. In every respect Eastbourne is a model of what a seaside resort should be. It is a town of shady avenues, up-to-date theatres, amusement parks, swimming-baths, and dignified hotels. Its main glory is, of course, its proximity to the Downs. Eastbourne, like Seaford, is rich in preparatory schools of the best sort, and for much the same reason. The air is dry and clear, the soil dry and healthy, and the buildings are not huddled together. The twelfth-century carvings in St. Mary's Church should certainly be seen and Compton Place is also worth a visit.

At Eastbourne the South Downs end, and we are now faced with a vast marshy area known as Pevensey Levels. Martello towers guard the deserted stretch of shingle known as the Crumbles. Just inland lies Pevensey, one of the most historically important towns in the British Isles. The ruins of the ancient four-square castle stand on what was once one of a group of tiny islands, close to the shore. The sea has receded, but in Saxon days it possessed a bailiff, and it was one of the Cinque Ports, and as recently as 1700 its harbour was navigable.

There is evidence of a Celtic occupation. The Romans called it Anderida, and fortified it as one of their main defences, its present walls dating from A.D. 250. The construction of these walls is most interesting. They were built on a clay bed 15 feet wide, above which was a foundation of clay and flints three feet deep; then came timbers covered with concrete. The wall, over 12 feet thick and 28 feet high, was built on this, and made of rubble faced with greensand blocks. A clay bank was piled up on the inside against the wall. There were barracks, with rooms about 18 feet square for the soldiers, nine bastions of cemented flints and red-brick courses running through the thickness of the walls.

In spite of its magnificent defences, this fortress fell before the onslaught of Ella and Cissa in A.D. 491. Nothing is known of its history until Earl Godwin and his sons raided it in 1042 and 1049.

On 28th September, 1066, William the Conqueror landed here, and gave the rape of Pevensey to Robert, Count of Mortain, who built the keep. The rest of the castle was built in 1245 by Peter of Savoy. Remains of the drawbridge may still be seen outside the Great Gateway on the west, while on the south-east is the Sally Port from which ships sailed. There is a crypt under the north-western tower, and the font of the chapel still remains. An oubliette 15 feet deep has lately been discovered.

After the Conquest the castle was besieged by William Rufus, Stephen, and Simon de Montfort, and defended gallantly by Lady Joan Pelham.

The fourteenth-century, timbered house of Andrew Borde, the original Merry Andrew, with its fine oak panelling and fifteenth-century frescoes, should be seen, as well as the Mint House, Old Court House, and the Early English church, which has a good wagon roof and some fine arches. A hiding-place for contraband has been discovered under a horizontal tombstone in the churchyard. Adjoining Pevensey is Westham, with a fine church tower, rood-loft of richly carved wood of Henry VI's reign, and a monument to John Thatcher of Priesthawes, the last of his race, dated 1649.

Underneath the marshes lie the buried cities of Hydney and Northeye, but luckily the castle of Hurstmonceux still stands, though it was in ruins when Colonel Lowther bought it in 1910. This almost square manor house (214 feet by 206 feet)

is one of the earliest medieval castles to have been built of red brick. At each corner and on either side of the main gateway is an octagonal tower. Pentagonal towers project from the middle of each wing. There are, of course, battlements, on which a nine-foot-high ghost of a drummer is reported to walk and beat his tattoo. In the lady's bower the ghost of young Grace Naylor, who was starved to death two hundred years ago by her jealous governess, still disconsolately wanders. One of the owners, the 9th Lord Dacre, at the age of 25, was executed in 1541 at the Tower for being concerned in a poaching affair on the preserves of his neighbour Pelham of Laughton, in which a gamekeeper lost his life. The great hall stands on the north side of Green Court. The great oven lies on the west side of Pump Court, and in Chicken Court are the pantry, staircase, great parlour, and library. There is a dry moat round the castle, which is entered by way of a stone bridge shadowed by the most majestic gateway in England. Its two lofty, machicolated towers, 84 feet high, have two circular turrets superimposed, and there are crucifix-shaped loopholes for the cross-bows, ramparts and watch-turrets for the sentinels, a lofty, pointed arch with a recess for the drawbridge, and behind it the square windows of the drawbridge chamber. Altogether it forms a magnificent testimony to the skill of the Malines masons who built it in 1440. In the Norman church is a brass to Sir William

Fiennes, and near by is a fourteenth-century tithe-barn. In this village are made " trogs," oblong willow baskets.

We return to the coast at Bexhill, a town which vies with Seaford and Eastbourne as the centre of the best preparatory schools. Like Eastbourne, Bexhill is lucky in being owned and developed by a landlord of vision and imagination. Lord de la Warr has done for Bexhill precisely what the Duke of Devonshire did for Eastbourne. It is a clean, cheerful, new town, possessing the inestimable advantage of being off the main road. There is an eighth-century coffin-slab with interlaced patterns in the Norman church.

A few miles to the east lie Hastings and St. Leonards, where the Weald ends in red and orange cliffs as the Downs end in the white chalk cliffs of Eastbourne. The tremendous popularity of these resorts makes one inclined to forget that Hastings is an ancient town of considerable importance. There was a neolithic settlement on the top of East Hill, and Hæsten, the Jute who gave his name to the place, landed here about A.D. 400. The old part of Hastings is mainly under the sea, which has eaten its way through and obliterated two harbours, the Priory, and many churches and houses ; but there are still narrow medieval streets to remind us that Hastings was a mint town a hundred and fifty years before the Conquest, and was also the first member of the corporation of Cinque Ports.

It was used by William the Conqueror as his commissariat base, and it is said that the first tournament ever held in England took place in this castle, the Conqueror's daughter being the Queen of Beauty. Under the castle are St. Clement's Caves, once the haunt of smugglers. There are two fine churches, St. Clement's, with good font and brasses, and All Saints, where Titus Oates was once a curate.

The cliffs to the east of Hastings rise to a height of 500 feet at Fairlight, where there is a glen which is as picturesque as any chine in the Isle of Wight. They die away as one looks over the wooded fields and flat plain of Pett Level to the knolls of Winchelsea and Rye.

Once upon a time Winchelsea stood on an island some three miles nearer the sea than the present town. It was a Saxon port, and later became a centre for shipbuilding. In 1238 it was a dockyard for the King's galleys. It was stormed in 1266, and two years later it was destroyed by inundations, and the River Rother was diverted to Rye.

A new town was built by Edward I after the Roman chessboard fashion, and surrounded by a wall with three gates. The sea, instead of encroaching, now receded and left it high and dry. It ceased to be a port in 1450, but remained a Parliamentary borough till 1832. There was already a Court Hall here in Saxon times, of which the ground floor was used as a prison until our own day. On its walls are fourteenth century

paintings on wood, and there is a fine panelled chimney and oak roof. In a large open space in the middle of the town stands the chancel of what was once a very large church, which was built in the fourteenth century, when there were 4,000 inhabitants, engaged in shipbuilding, importing wine, and exporting iron. It was built of Caen stone, and was crúciform, with a tall central tower. It still possesses splendid arches and the ornate tombs of Gervase Alard, Admiral of the Cinque Ports in Edward I's reign, and other members of the same family. The high pew in which Millais painted his daughter is still there. The French raiders attacked the town in 1359, 1377, and 1449, and nearly succeeded in wholly destroying the fine church. There were also hospitals of the Dominicans and St. John of Jerusalem, and the ruins of the chapel of the Grey Friars, built in the early part of the fourteenth century, can still be seen. All the gates of the town, the Land Gate, built in Henry V's reign, the Strand Gate, and the New Gate (half a mile to the south), are imposing. An ash-tree under which John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon in 1790, once stood near the hotel opposite the church, but fell in 1927. As Winchelsea declined, Rye became more prosperous. As Coventry Patmore so happily said : " Winchelsea is a town in a trance, a sunny dream of centuries ago, but Rye is a bit of the old world living on in happy ignorance of the new."

Hurstmonceux Castle

The Long Man: Wilmington

Rye stands about two and a half miles across the green flats, a town of red gables on a sugar-loaf hill, indescribably beautiful and unlike any other place in the British Isles. It was given to the Abbey of Fécamp by Edward the Confessor, and reclaimed by Henry III, who made it a Cinque Port. The French sacked it three times in the fourteenth century, but the fleeing Huguenots were given sanctuary in a later age. The sea has receded even farther from Rye than from Winchelsea, but the River Rother, originally known as the Limen, has kept its trade going and Rye Harbour (one and a half miles distant) is still a port.

The church of St. Mary, on the top of the hill, is full of interest, possessing all styles of architecture—fifteenth-century oak screens, a strange sixteenth-century clock, the pendulum of which swings in the church, a brass of a seventeenth-century mayor in his robes, and a Norman tower from which one gets a magnificent view of the clustering, ancient timbered houses, the narrow medieval streets, the winding tidal Rother, the grey fortress of Camber Castle, built by Henry VIII, rising out of the flat marshes, the grim, square Ypres Tower built in Stephen's reign, and the massive towered Land Gate, built in Edward III's reign. In the Mermaid Inn in Mermaid Street you will see fine treasures, including relics of Mary Queen of Scots. The old Court Hall was built in 1742. In every narrow, winding, irregular street you will find something to remind you of her ancient glory and

her ancient troubles. Elizabeth, Charles II, George I, and George II all visited the town. It has been visited by plague, fire, famine, and marauder, and was at one time a hotbed of smugglers. John Fletcher was born there, and Henry James settled there. It is now the home of many well-known artists.

To reach the sea it is wise to take the steam tramway, which brings us to the lonely and wonderful expanse of Camber and Broomhill sands, which stretch as far as Dungeness. So we leave the coast of Sussex as we enter it on a golden stretch of sand-dunes and beach, where one can dream away the sunny hours without the slightest fear of interruption. Our county may boast the most crowded and most popular shores in Great Britain. She may also boast the least frequented and most desolate.

III

THE DOWNS FROM EASTBOURNE TO EDBURTON

Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE one outstanding advantage of tramping the South Downs from east to west is that one has the sun on one's face all the afternoon and evening.

The reason for tramping over them at all will be at once obvious to everyone except those who despise all hills on the ground that they are not mountains and those who find even the gentlest incline exhausting.

To see the ridge at evening from the train, as one comes home after a hot day in London, is to be uplifted, comforted, and revived in a most strange manner. These Downs are not a " chain of majestic mountains," as Gilbert White appeared

to think, but they have a soothing power that mountains lack.

It was W. H. Hudson, their best interpreter, who discovered that man is not rewarded in proportion to his effort in climbing heights. It makes little difference whether we are 500 or 5,000 feet above sea-level. The glorious feeling of elation that seizes us when we are no longer cabined and confined to a narrow horizon, but are made free of the air, the sky, the sea, and the earth, is not to be measured in feet and inches.

During the whole fifty-three-mile length of the Downs from Beachy Head to Harting the ground never rises above a height of 850 feet, but we feel on the top of the world from start to finish. It is a walk or ride of infinite charm. Gilbert White may have been wrong in describing them as mountains. He was certainly right when he said that he saw new beauties every time he traversed them. W. H. Hudson is more explicit. He regards the climb of the steep escarpment on the north side of the Downs, and this is invariably a stiffer climb than it looks, as "a good preparation, an intensifier of the pleasure to follow." After the hot toil, the sense of freedom and the sense of æsthetic delight called into being by the sight of so much smoothness and roundness is exquisite. The lines of the earth become like the lines of a body, and the curves affect us like the curves of a beautifully built athlete.

There is nothing jagged, angular, or irregular

about the moulded breasts and cups of the Downs. Harmonious and symmetrical, they inspire a feeling of harmony in the minds of all who see them.

They are easy to walk on, and this allows us to concentrate our whole attention on enjoyment instead of concentrating all our energies on trying to find a safe foothold.

They are easy to see from. In East Sussex they are broad and bare, with no trees to impede our view.

It is almost impossible to feel tired on them, for three reasons. The clear, invigorating sea-air, the ever-changing scenery, and the soft, springy turf all combine to keep one fresh right through the hottest day. Rich as they are in shape, they are even richer in colour. There is something grand in the sight of a highland moor all purple with heather as far as the eye can see, but there is something even more attractive about the blending of a thousand different shades of colour. There is every shade of green on these close-cropped carpets of grass, every shade of brown in the upturned soil. A Paradise of wild flowers, it becomes embroidered from May till the winter with a gorgeous medley ranging from the purple of the wild thyme to the flaming yellow of the gorse, from the blue of the milkwort to the white of the hawthorn, and the rainbow hues of the many varieties of the wild orchid.

It is to be remembered that many slopes of the

Downs are under cultivation, so one gets fields of ripening corn, fields of yellow charlock splashed with the blood-red of poppies, and barren, sun-baked patches white with loose flints shining through the thin green lines of growing corn like a threadbare corduroy. The whole medley is, as W. H. Hudson says, comparable to the colours in a Persian carpet or an ancient stained-glass window. The yellow colt's-foot, vivid blue of viper's bugloss, blue scabious, rose-red sainfoin, speedwell, purple ling, the kidney vetch, red stork's-bill, milkwort, traveller's joy, and Sussex glory combine to weave a tapestry lovely enough to make us forget everything else in our admiration of the wild flowers.

Equally enchanting are the fairy fauna of the Downs, about which Hudson writes so charmingly in *Nature in Downland*. From the snails to the saffron and blue butterflies there is as much colour to be found among the living things on the Downs as among the wild flowers. Of the birds the lark reigns supreme, because he sings throughout the year in practically all weathers. He welcomes you on to the Downs as you climb them, and sings farewell to you as you descend into the silent valley. There are magpies and huge speckled missel thrushes, crows and gulls, kestrels and wheatears, but one misses the sea-birds of the estuaries, the ringed-plover and oyster-catchers.

Finally, it is to be remembered that it is on the Downs, and on the Downs alone, that one comes

into contact all the time with prehistoric Sussex. If for no other reason, every inch of these uplands is worth exploring for their innumerable treasures of linchets, covered ways, flint mines, hut-circles, ancient tracks, barrows, and hill-forts. Do not be content to keep in a straight line along the ridge. The only way to the heart of the Downs is to wander slowly in any direction that happens to take your fancy. The obvious place to make for on leaving Eastbourne is Jevington, home of cricketers and race-horses, hidden in a gully on the north-western side of Willingdon Hill. It was a Saxon settlement, and the church still contains Saxon work. It is worth striking north here to see the timbered house of Filching Old Manor, and the tree-fringed valley that leads to Wannock Glen, where there are tea-gardens which are prolific of flowers. Folkington, which is a mile westwards, makes a good starting-point from which to climb Windover Hill over the face of the Long Man of Wilmington, a figure 230 feet long cut out of the turf, holding a staff, resembling the giant at Cerne Abbas. There is a theory that hurdles enclosed these figures and that victims were packed inside and burnt as a sacrifice. Dr. Curwen thinks he was an idol worshipped by seekers after fertility. On Windover are flint mines, linchets, terrace-ways, and barrows.

The Benedictines had a Priory in the village at the foot of the hill, and in the churchyard is a fine yew-tree. On the other side of Windover

Hill is Lullington, whose church, hidden in a clump of trees, is only 16 feet square. Further south is Litlington, famous for its tea-gardens, overlooking the winding valley of the Cuckmere, which is frequently a wide lake in February. There is an interesting farm about a mile to the south at Charlston Bottom which has an ancient circular dovecot. It is very much worth while walking both up and down the valley of the Cuckmere, for every fold of the Downs on both sides of the river is worth exploring. It is full of goldfinches in the early spring.

A good centre for this district is Alfriston, once a centre of smugglers, which boasts in its fourteenth-century, cruciform church " the Cathedral of the Downs." It is raised on a mound, with a village green or tye on its western side and a fine thatched pre-Reformation Priest's House just beyond the churchyard wall. The " Star " inn, which possesses a fine lot of timber both inside and out, is now a Trust House, but was once a sanctuary. There are remains of a market cross. The beauty of Alfriston lies in the fact that it lies embowered in trees in a green, well-watered valley with bare hills on every side of it.

There are two main ways out of it over the Downs westward, one north-west by way of the ridge to Firle and the other south-west by way of High and Over Hill to Seaford. On no account should either walk be missed. Probably the best way to contrive them is to climb first to the top of

High and Over, whence you get a wonderful view over a precipitous green escarpment which takes in the whole of the Cuckmere valley and the range of downland from Beachy Head to beyond Telscombe. Having exhausted the delights of this view, strike over Cradlc Hill to the Camp above Hobb's Hauth, and on to the tumuli at Five Lords' Burgh, as wild a bit of downland as you will find this side of the Adur, and thence rejoin the ridge at Borstal Hill. Here again are long barrows, covered-ways, and terrace-ways.

Below you lie Berwick (pronounced Ber-wick)—with its spire protruding from the trees to mark the home of E. B. Ellman, the author of *Recollections of a Sussex Parson*, Alciston, where the ancient dovecote is now in ruins, and Selmeston, practically in each other's pockets, and a path connecting two farms, Bo-peep and Beanstalk, much marked by the hooves of horses, for here we have many brave runs from the "Barley Mow" with the South Down foxhounds. The ridge projects to a nose at Firle Beacon, from the long barrow of which we look over the wide, green, flat marshes of Glynde Rough, while just below lies Firle Park, the house of the Gage family since 1475. The church at Firle has some fine brasses and a sixtecnth-century altar-tomb.

Having descended the hill to see Firlc church, and probably to call in at the excellent "Ram," you should certainly tramp over the wet fields by way of Barber's Wish and the ford of Bull Dog Bar,

across which hounds so often have to swim, to have a look at Laughton Place, a wonderful relic of the old Pelhams, now a farmhouse with moat and hexagonal, red-brick tower with lozenge tracery in the walls. Obviously at one time it was at the head of the navigable creek of Glynde Reach. Across the fields is Laughton church, in which lie buried forty of the famous Pelhams.

Above Glynde, famous for its Tudor house, its sheep, and the fact that it was Lord Wolseley's home, stand the sugar-loaf of the Caburn, with its fine camp, Saxon Down, Cliffe Hill, where are long barrows and linchets, Bible Bottom, where there is a double rectangle enclosure, and Malling Hill—a little range of downland isolated by itself, which has the advantage of enabling us to see the surrounding Downs across a valley. The result is exceedingly fine. The Caburn consists of a rampart and ditch enclosing three and a half acres. There are over a hundred small depressions, in some of which coins, razors, brooches, blue glass beads, clay bullets, swords, daggers, weaving-combs, and Celtic pottery have been found, from which it is deduced that the hill was inhabited from 500 B.C. till A.D. 50 by an artistic race who carried on many arts and crafts. The view of the Ouse Valley with the Downs rising from it on either side is one of the most delightful in Sussex, and that of Lewes, standing proudly in the bottle-neck, is scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Rye.

Lewes, famous for clean windows and pretty girls

—Cobbett noticed particularly their round faces, small features, little hands, plump arms, and bright looks—has marvellously preserved its air of antiquity. It was an important mint town in Saxon days. William de Warenne held the whole rape, and made the castle his fortress, founded the Priory of St. Pancras and was buried there with his wife Gundreda. Their leaden coffins were discovered when the Brighton railway was being constructed in 1845. Simon de Montfort defeated the forces of Henry III on the slopes of Offham on the 14th May, 1264, in the famous Battle of Lewes. The white cross on Cliffe Hill commemorates the memory of seventeen martyrs burnt by order of Queen Mary in the years 1555–7. Anne of Cleves lived in a house in Southover. Thomas Paine (1737–1809) lived in what was originally the fifteenth-century "Bull" inn. The castle is of very unusual interest. The fourteenth-century Barbican Gate is a grim, machicolated, and crenellated tower. The keep is faced with herring-bone patterned flints. In the courtyard are the remains of trog-like canoes, dug out of the bed of the Arun. There was a second keep, called Brackmont. The view from the courtyard of the keep gives one an excellent idea of the town. One sees the Norman round tower of St. Michael's Church, which contains a monument, dated 1559, to Sir Nicholas Pelham, containing the well-known couplet:

> What time the French sought to have sackt Sea-Foord,
> This Pelham did repel them back aboord.

Across the gully to the south is St. John's Church, Southover, where the coffins of William de Warenne and his wife may still be seen. There is a figure in the north wall of John de Braose of Bramber, who died in 1232. Everywhere are streets of extraordinary steepness and antiquity. Nearly every house from Shelley's, once the "Vine" inn, to the stone mansion of Sir Henry Goring and the famous Pelham House can show magnificent Tudor panelling and decorated ceilings. The prison, whose exterior is less grim than some, is still functioning. The racecourse immediately behind it, over which the battle once raged, is frequently used. On Race Hill are round barrows and a fine platform-barrow.

Before exploring the northern ridge of the Downs, as at Cuckmere, it is well worth while following the Ouse to its mouth and coming back along the top. A field-path over the Brooks brings us to Rodmell, a most fascinating hamlet set in the trees just out of reach of the floods. There was for a little time a literary colony there, but it is now its quiet self again, a place of barns and cottages and a lane in which ducks may waddle without fear. Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have spent some of her childhood there. Southease, a mile nearer the sea, has, like Piddinghoe and St. Michael's, Lewes, and no other church in Sussex, a Norman round tower of flint.

From Piddinghoe, "where they shoe magpies," we climb to Money Burgh, Deans, to visit the long

barrow, and then cross Bullock Down to see the model Downland village of Telscombe, a Saxon settlement with a Norman church, a manor house, but no inn. It is beautifully set in a cup and hidden from every main road. We strike north from here by way of Highdole and Bird Brow to Newmarket Hill, getting superb views of the Channel, the Ouse Valley, and of Lewes all the way. At Buckland Bank is the finest circus in Sussex, with terraces and a Celtic Field where pottery and tear-bottles have been found.

We cross the Lewes–Brighton road at Falmer, where there is a fine pond and church, in which is a memorial to Pelham of Stanmer, once the seat of the Earls of Chichester, now occupied by the new University of Sussex, and regain the northern ridge at Mount Harry or Blackcap above Plumpton, where there is a moated grange and a strange V-shaped hangar of trees planted to commemorate Queen Victoria's Jubilee. On Plumpton Plain is a Bronze Age village of very great interest.

Our westward walk takes us over Ditchling Beacon, with its big dewpond, hill-fort, and sunken track leading down eight hundred feet to the ancient village of Ditchling, where there is a fine gabled, timbered house with exterior steps leading up to it and glorious Tudor chimneys, once the house of Anne of Cleves, who also had a house at West Hoathly, as well as the one at Southover. The late Sir Frank Brangwyn, Alec Waugh and other prominent artists and authors

made their home in this village, which contains a number of interesting old houses, one of the best being Great Ote Hall, which belonged in the thirteenth century to Richard de Ottehale. It possesses fine red-brick chimneys, a roof of Horsham stone, and gables. It is worth reclimbing Ditchling Beacon in order to walk over Tegdown, where there is a disc-barrow, to Patcham, once the home of the Shelleys, by way of the Chattri, the Indian war memorial of white marble. There is an interesting dovecote at Patcham, and some old cottages. In the church is a twelfth-century mural painting of "Doom" and a monument to Richard Shelley of Patcham Place, dated 1596.

This Brighton district is very rich in hill-forts. At Hollingbury there is one of six acres, from which bronze instruments and rare pottery have been excavated. Actually on Brighton Racecourse is Whitehawk, which consists of four concentric rings of ditches with numerous causeways, enclosing an area of ten acres, where pottery, bones, flint saws, arrow-heads, and flint axes have been dug up.

Strike due north again over the Downs to Clayton windmills, over the tunnel of the Southern Railway, cross the road to visit the Norman church of Pyecombe, famous for the manufacture of shepherds' crooks, and then climb Wolstonbury, a lonely spur 670 feet high, with a neolithic camp, later used by the Romans and Saxons. Just below the hill is the Elizabethan E-shaped house of Danny, the home of the Campions, with

a fine library of Royalist pamphlets, a famous portrait of Charles I, magnificent panelling, and a large number of fine mullioned windows. It lies close to the village of Hurstpierpoint, which boasts a boys' public school of the same foundation as Lancing and Ardingly, famous for its shooting prowess, and a church with a spire that is as noticeable as that of Cowfold Monastery. It was in Hurstpierpoint that Elizabeth Hitchener, the friend of Shelley, kept her school. Her father was a reformed smuggler, who changed his name from Yorke on taking up the profession of innkeeper.

Under the western side of Wolstonbury stands Newtimber Place, a moated grange, and Muddleswood, where on wintry days we plunge knee-deep in mud after foxes. Just over Newtimber Hill is Poynings (pronounced Punnings), famous for its magnificent Norman tower in the middle of its cruciform church, which was founded by Michael Poynings, who fought at Crécy and Poitiers. It had been a settlement of the sons of Puna since Saxon days, and at the time of Domesday there was a church, 2 serfs, 2 mills of 12 shillings, 50 acres of meadow, and wood for 40 hogs. The Norman overlord took the name of de Poynings, and the first Baron was created in the thirteenth century. The founder and his wife both lie buried in the church. One of the family married into the family of the Duke of Northumberland ; another became Lord Deputy of Ireland ; other

houses belonging to them were at Slaugham and Halnaker.

Immediately above Poynings lies the Dyke, another neolithic hill-fort, the one part of the South Downs that is known to pretty well every Englishman, for every visitor to Brighton goes to see the superb view of the blue Weald, with Leith Hill and Hindhead easily to be seen on any day of average visibility.

Just to the south of the summit there is a deep green gorge cut from Saddlescombe, an attractive hamlet in the trees, according to legend, by the Devil in a desire to let the sea into the Weald in order to silence their churches. Mistaking the beams of a candle put in her window by an old woman for the dawn, he fled before accomplishing his task. He seems to have been too faint-hearted to try again the next night. The great earthwork is known locally as Poor Man's Wall. There are golf courses here, but the Downs are spacious, and quietude can be regained easily by walking on to Fulking Gorse, a favourite earth of foxes, and Edburton Hill, where there is a fine and rare Norman earth-castle of the motte-and-bailey type, the precursor of the stone castles, just above the hamlet of Edburton, which is supposed to be the town of Alfred's daughter Eadburg. The Early English church has fine oak altar-rails, presented by Archbishop Laud, and a leaden font.

Southease

IV

THE DOWNS FROM EDBURTON TO HARTING

The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Just beyond Edburton Hill we re-enter the rape of Bramber. On Truleigh Hill there are linchets, terrace-ways, and a Celtic road ; from here we get a fine view of the Adur valley, which in February is usually a vast lake, at the head of which is Henfield, a most pleasing village with a large gorse-clad common, a violet nursery, and an Early English church with two good brasses. Between Henfield and the Downs lie Oreham Common, the perfect beauty of which is at last being exploited, and the hamlet of Small Dole, which is less attractive than it sounds. Just south lies Thundersbarrow with fine linchets and a camp.

On the western side of Truleigh Hill we have to descend steeply into the valley to cross the Adur valley. First we come to Upper Beeding, which boasts a convent, and in medieval days owned a Priory. The Adur is crossed by a narrow switch-back bridge which leads us into Bramber, a village of tea-gardens, famous for its ruined castle, which once protected the passage from the sea. The remains of a Roman bridge have been found here, and there was a Saxon castle on the site where William de Braose built his Norman stronghold in the days of the Conquest.

The de Braose family married into that of the Mowbrays, and then into that of the Howards of Arundel, who still own it. The Roundheads captured it and rased it. Charles II, during his escape from Worcester, encountered a Parliamentary troop here, but passed unchallenged. Up to 1832 it returned two Members to Parliament. It is difficult to find the village in a quiet mood, but even uninterrupted traffic cannot altogether spoil the picturesque effect of St. Mary's House, as fine a timbered house as one could wish to see. There is a museum of stuffed animals, most of them nightmarish freaks, the most memorable being a rat about as big as a small badger.

The castle has been completely spoilt by the introduction of the sort of amusements that are acceptable on the south shore at Blackpool. The lover of old buildings will omit a visit to this desecrated ground. The Norman cruciform

church was mainly destroyed by the Puritan soldiers. There are two tiny churches—at St. Botolph's and Coombes—on the south side of the village under the Downs that should be visited. The former has some Saxon work in it, an old sundial, and a fourteenth-century priest's house adjoining it. The Norman church of Coombes is even more retiring, and may easily be passed unseen. It lies just under Coombehead Barn, which stands among trees quite alone on a ridge of its own.

Just beyond Bramber is Steyning, the supposed burial-place of King Alfred's father, Æthelwulf. It was here that St. Cuthmann, the Saxon shepherd-saint, caused rain to fall in perpetuity on one field at haymaking time because the haymakers ridiculed him for wheeling his mother in a barrow, using supports for his shoulders of elder-twig in place of a broken rope. He built here its first wooden church. It was a royal city in Alfred's day, and at the time of Domesday one of the largest towns in England. Its church is a magnificent example of late Norman work, with a chancel arch nearly 40 feet high, and a good deal of dog-tooth moulding. For 550 years it sent two Members to Parliament, but was disfranchised in 1832. There was a time when ships anchored outside the castle walls at Bramber, but by the middle of the fourteenth century the harbour of Steyning was beginning to be useless. The Grammar School, once Brotherhood Hall, slightly resembles the Grammar

School at Stratford-on-Avon. Dr. Pell, the famous seventeenth-century mathematician, who was born at Southwick and knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch at the age of 20, became Professor of mathematics at Amsterdam University, and Cromwell's political agent, only to die in the direst poverty in 1685 in King's Bench Prison, was educated here.

The climb out of Steyning to Steyning Round Hill is by way of a steep, smooth, close-cropped grass terrace-way of great loveliness. You have the choice of two arms of a horseshoe-shaped incline with shrubs growing on the precipitous sides of the hollow. Once on the top, you may well feel at a loss which direction to take. There are many green tracks, all equally inviting. On the other side of No Man's Land and Park Brow, where are the sites of ancient hut-circles, a prehistoric road and a circus, stands Cissbury, the Maiden Castle of Sussex, a place of deep trenches and gorgeous views, a camp of flint-mines and linchets; southward lies the gorse-covered hill of Steep Down, scene of many a kill with the Crawley and Horsham, where there is a covered-way; north-west lies Chanctonbury—and north-west is the direction that nine out of ten people will take.

There is scarely a dissentient voice when lovers of Sussex are asked their favourite viewpoint in the county. Chanctonbury can be seen from everywhere, its beech clump shaped like a giant mole, and from Chanctonbury nearly all Sussex can

be seen. This beech clump is not old, being planted less than two hundred years, but there stands underneath it, undisturbed, the remains of a Roman temple, and among its earthworks Roman pottery, coins, and drain-pipes have been found. There are terrace-ways and a covered-way here.

On this spot the wise traveller, having feasted his eyes on the glories of the park and fields at his feet and the distant blue hills of Surrey and Hampshire, will draw from his pocket Charles Dalmon's *Singing As I Go* and loudly declaim that wonderful "Letter to an Old Sweetheart" which contains in it the quintessence of the loveliness of this altogether lovely beauty spot.

The beeches were planted by a Goring of Wiston, the Elizabethan manor house standing in the Park in the valley below. Here lived those famous Shirleys of whom Thomas Fuller wrote so entertainingly. Sir Anthony set sail in *Bevis of Southampton* in 1596 and captured St. Iago with 200 men against 3,000 Portuguese. His brother, Sir Robert, performed great service against the Turks, married a Persian wife who had more of ebony than ivory in her complexion, and died on his way to Persia to answer an impeachment for boxing the Persian Ambassador's ears. Sir Thomas, the third brother, undertook sea voyages into foreign parts to the great honour of his nation, but small enriching of himself. The works of Shakespeare have been accredited to one of the brothers. The hall of Wiston is a copy of that of

the Middle Temple, a perfect cube of 30 feet in each direction. The church which adjoins the house contains a brass to a fifteenth-century de Braose. In the chapel of Buncton there is Norman work, and Roman brick-work.

Both the northern slopes of Chanctonbury and the Park of Wiston are well wooded. We are forced to descend from the heights to cross the main London–Worthing road between Washington and Findon, both of which villages are worth a visit. Washington was the Saxon settlement of the sons of Wassa, and contains an inn that Mr. Belloc has made famous in *The Four Men.* Before going westward it is worth making south towards Findon, famous for its white peacocks, training-stables, sheep fair, and the Tolmere Pond and flint-mine, and then skirting Salvington, taking the track that touches the edge of Clapham Wood to visit the hamlets of Clapham and Patching, that lie almost hidden in trees. The former church has brasses to the Shelleys. Just north of the latter once stood the ancient mansion of Michel Grove, pulled down about a hundred years ago by the Duke of Norfolk.

The two five-hundred-feet high knolls of Black-patch and Harrow Hill are of amazing interest, for here we see the excavated flint-mines which Dr. Curwen describes so vividly. Our way lies northwards to the ridge at Dial Post and Chantry Hill, whence we look down on Sullington and the furze-clad pine-tree-covered commons of

Storrington, to which Francis Thompson gave enviable fame in his poems.

Just west of Storrington is the magnificent park and Elizabethan house of Parham, once the home of Lord Ashby de la Zouche, now in the possession of the Hon. Clive Pearson. There is a fine great hall with stone overmantel, and a long gallery running the whole length of the house. The front of the house bears a remarkable resemblance to Parnham House, Beaminster. In the tiny church adjoining the lawn is the only surviving example of a fourteenth-century font, bearing the coat-of-arms of Andrew Peverell repeated nine times. There used to be a famous heronry on the north side of the park near the sinister-looking Wassail Pond on the edge of Wiggonholt Common. Greatham, just beyond, was the home of Wilfrid Meynell.

Good though it is to descend into the valley to see ancient houses and churches, it is wise to go back to the point where you descended in order not to miss any of the sights that are to be seen from the top. Parham, for instance, viewed from the top of Kithurst, where there was a Romano-British settlement, a road and linchets, or from Rackham where there are terrace-ways and a covered-way, is of incomparable loveliness, and the view of the Amberley Wild Brooks, particularly in flood-time, when the whole valley except the railway line is under water, is glorious.

As with the Cuckmere and Ouse valleys, so when you come to the Arun must you explore both

banks. From Amberley Mount, where there are linchets and a terrace-way, you should descend to explore the castle and the church of Amberley, where the people are said to be web-footed and the trout exquisite. The church has a fine Norman chancel arch and a fifteenth-century brass. The castle can be reached through a gate in the churchyard wall, which leads on to a green lawn, but it presents its most formidable side to the Wild Brooks in the north, where the wall is about a hundred yards long.

This castle was once a residence of the Bishops of Chichester, then became a farmhouse, and later was finely restored by the Emmott family. The walk across the Wild Brooks, by way of Noah's Ark Barn, to Greatham is really wild, the breeding ground of a number of rare birds.

South of Amberley lie North Stoke and South Stoke in a loop of the River Arun, connected only by a footpath. It was here that the ancient British canoe that now lies in Lewes Castle was dug up. Both hamlets are culs-de-sac, ending in fields, and hence neither is busy. On the east side of the Arun, where the Downs meet the river, lies Burpham, with a fine cruciform church, containing Saxon and Norman work, on a mound overlooking the Downs. There is a good promontory fort here built by the Saxons to defend the river, a precursor of Arundel Castle. A crystal-clear stream runs through green meadows dividing Burpham from Wepham, a paradise for ducks and

children. There is a Leper's Path stretching away over the Downs. Just over the ridge is the chalk-pit of Warning Camp Hill, whence you get the best view of that great grey castle of Arundel, which so exactly answers to the castle of our dreams. The Gothic Roman Catholic church of St. Philip Neri, perched on the top of the steep streets, gives Arundel a very foreign appearance.

The river Arun, flowing almost up to the walls of the castle, is tidal. The Romans are supposed to have settled here, and the Saxons built a fort before Roger de Montgomery built the castle, which passed first into the hands of the FitzAlans, and then by marriage to the Howards, the Dukes of Norfolk, in 1580. Henry I, Stephen, and Waller in turn successfully besieged it.

There is a Norman keep, and Bevis's Tower reminds one of that famous knight who, with his good sword Morglay and horse Arundel, given to him by the Princess Josyan, killed sixty heathen knights, and the dragon of Cologne, and defeated the King of Damascus. There are also massive barbican towers, and Earl Roger's Tower. The inhabited part of the castle is modern and magnificent. The ordinary tourist sees no more than the imposing walls in a steep street and the towers behind, for admission is granted only in the summer months, and then only on Mondays between 1 o'clock and 4.30.

On the other hand, the church of St. Nicholas is nearly always open, and in the FitzAlan chapel

are beautiful chantry tombs of the 11th earl and his wife. On the other side of the road stands the modern Roman Catholic church of St. Philip Neri, built by the late Duke as a memorial to his son.

In Defoe's time timber was carried from here to other British ports, and vessels can still navigate this channel, but very little business is done.

The park, to the north of the castle, is magnificent, and open to the public. It is full of deer, and in Swanbourne Lake, which is of an exquisite clear green colour, there are swans and wild duck. The views across the Arun valley to the gleaming chalk-pit of Amberley and the undulating downland beyond are splendid. There are Roman remains and Celtic earthworks in this vast park. The main road north passes through dense woods that afford in summer splendid shady places for picnics.

The favourite of these is Whiteways Lodge, where the whole Weald opens out before us, but the whole of this area is exquisite, and no one should leave this district without first exploring the green rides of Houghton Forest and Rewell Wood. On Rewell Hill is a wandering ditch and fine earthworks. At the end of Fair Mile Bottom, where the Spanish chestnuts and the juniper-trees smoke, lies Slindon, where there are giant beeches, the home of Stephen Langton, the birthplace of Hilaire Belloc, and the scene of the murder of Betsy Thorpe, the local Godiva, who was done to

death by Ben Tapner the smuggler in George III's reign. There is a wooden sixteenth-century effigy in the church, and a Roman Catholic chapel in the grounds of the turreted Elizabethan manor, once the home of the Kempe family whose coat of arms was three gilliflowers. The panels in the Great Hall of this fine house are like organ pipes.

The walk from Slindon over the fields to Bury Hill is magnificent, and we join the green track of Stane Street on the ridge, where it is 93 feet wide, the broadest Roman road in the world, which immediately tempts us to follow it into the valley, if only to visit the famous Roman villa at Bignor. The remains stand in a field under thatched roofs, and have only been discovered just over a hundred years. It is worth spending as long as possible inspecting these patterned pavements, with their pictures of Medusa, Ganymede, gladiators, and the rest worked in mosaic in the floor. We also see the heating-flue tiles and the bath. The church at Bignor stands on a ridge, and there is an old village shop, thatched, with exterior steps to the door, timbered in the most picturesque fashion, with fillings of thin red bricks.

Before ascending the Downs again, it is worth going to Bury, which is off the main road, in order to visit the ancient "Dog and Duck" inn, the twelfth-century church standing over the Arun, which may be crossed here by ferry *en route* to Amberley, and the sixteenth-century tithe-barn. John Galsworthy once lived in the village.

On reclimbing Bury Hill, where there are covered-ways, you will notice at once that, whereas the Downs to the east have all been bare and smooth, we are now about to walk through a country that is densely wooded in many places and is overgrown with yews and junipers all along the ridge. This adds variety and beauty to the walk, but it deprives us of the feeling of complete freedom that we get on the treeless Downs.

We have now come to the threshold of the loveliest and historically, or prehistorically, most fascinating part of the Downs. Here on Glatting Down, Burton Down, and Upwaltham are covered-ways. At Upwaltham and Donnington, Cobbett got angry about the absentee rector.

On regaining Stane Street, it is well worth following the track past Gumber Farm, over the scrub of Eartham Wood, to the ruins of Halnaker, once a Tudor manor. Near the ruined walls is a most interesting amphitheatre or sports ring. There is a deserted windmill close by which is a famous landmark in this country. In Eartham Church is a Flaxman monument to Hayley's son. The Hayleys once owned the manor. Close to Halnaker is Boxgrove, where there are remains of a Benedictine Priory founded in Henry I's reign. The Priory Church is exquisite, and contains a Norman tower, an Early English chancel, a peculiarly effective system of quadripartite vaulting, marble pillars, the de la Warr tomb, fine oak galleries, and flying buttresses.

Within a mile or so is Goodwood Park, the home of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, with fine portraits by Van Dyck, Lely, Lawrence, Reynolds, Romney, and other famous artists. The walk up to the racecourse takes us through avenues of tall trees where no birds sing, and we emerge on the Trundle, a prehistoric round earthwork of absorbing interest, for there are three concentric rings, the inner being neolithic and the outer of the Iron Age. Flint-mines were worked here in 2,000 B.C. and bones of oxen, horned sheep, pigs and dogs have been revealed, snail-shells indicating a much wetter climate than ours, and very rare pottery. In the fifteenth century St. Roche's chapel stood on the top of this hill. We look down from here on the beautiful green turf of England's loveliest racecourse on the one side, and on the flat green plain of Chichester, the glittering creek of Bosham, the Solent, and the cliffs of the Isle of Wight on the other.

There is a wild and gorgeous walk through forests of real wildness back to the northern ridge of the Downs at their highest point (837 feet) at Tegleaze, just above the clump known as the Bishop's Ring. The temptation to descend into the valley to explore the hamlets of Sutton, Barlavington, and Duncton, the home of the great cricketer, James Broadbridge, should not be resisted, for this is a lovely area of gorse-clad commons, pinewoods, and unexpected quiet sheets of water. Lord Woolavington, the racehorse owner, has a

house at East Lavington. However long your stay in the valley, you must reascend the hill to Bishop's Ring, for the walk along the top from here to Heyshott Down, where there are covered-ways and eight barrows, above Cocking, is one of the most memorable in Downland. To the south lie the beech trees of Charlton Forest, cool glades of ineffable beauty, while on the north the steep sides of the Downs are thickly wooded. From Heyshott Down you look on Graffham, Heyshott, and Cocking, with the red roofs of Midhurst some four miles away.

You have to descend to cross the London-Chichester road here, and you will probably be glad to know that Cocking contains a good inn. It is worth turning south by way of Singleton and West Dean, both picturesque villages with ancient churches. There is a fine park at West Dean. Strike south-west from here to Kingley Vale, where there is a grove of yews, and then climb up over the ancient entrenchments to the scrub-covered top of Bow Hill, on which are four barrows, once known as Kings' Graves. Bow Hill is one of the finest neolithic centres on the Downs, for it contains flint-mines, barrows, a neolithic road, ramparts, a Celtic road, linchets, a circus, and covered-way. There is supposed to have been a battle at the foot of this hill between Cadwalla and the men of Wessex on the one side and Æthelwalch with his South Saxons on the other. In this area lie the four Mardens, one of which,

North, has a Norman church; Stoughton, also with a fine Norman church; and Compton, north of Rowland's Castle. There is a fine walk northwards along the ridge to Chilgrove, where there is a picturesque inn facing the sides of the hill. From here we strike north-east through West Dean woods to Cocking Down, and then continue our walk westward along the ridge.

I put this walk from the bottom of Kingley Vale to Cocking Down as one of the loveliest in England. This grove of mighty yews reminds one of a fine park, so exquisitely smooth and green is the grass. We climb up the slippery sides of Bow Hill, which is shaped like an inverted Y and from the Kings' Barrows look down on Bosham Creek, the Solent, the tree-clad plain of Hampshire, the forest of Charlton, and the undulating Downs of Linch and Didling. We then walk along the top partly in the open and afterwards in a cool green glade thick with honeysuckle and wild roses. We descend on to the broad Green in front of the "White Horse" inn at Chilgrove to refresh ourselves, and continue our journey up a dusty chalk lane to a plantation of silver birches, oaks, chestnuts and mountain ash-trees. We then enter another green glade and for two miles are lost in a thick forest until the crowing of a cock or barking of a dog gives warning of a forester's cottage. There is actually a sign-post in these deserted woods. Suddenly we emerge on Cocking Down with the red roofs of Cocking and Midhurst below and

the ridges of Blackdown and Hindhead away in the distance. We may now sit down and regale ourselves with the wild strawberries that we have picked, the smell of the wild thyme, and the humming of a million bees.

Below us lie the tiny hamlets of Bepton, Didling, Treyford, and Elsted. Bepton church is small, but very old, and has a fine canopied tomb. Elsted and Treyford churches are in ruins, that of Treyford hidden among trees on a prehistoric tumulus, while of Elsted's former glories only the traceried windows remain. There is a new church at Treyford with a stone spire. Didling church has a circular Saxon tub font. It is no use merely looking down on these isolated places from above. They like being visited, and become even more enchanting as one gets nearer to them. On Treyford Hill are the barrows known as the Devil's Jumps, and on Harting Hill the terrace-way of the Miller's Walk and covered-ways.

It is well to take this last phase of our Downland journey slowly, for all too soon we find ourselves above South Harting, gazing down on the green copper spire of its fine church, the last Downland village in Sussex. The Featherstonhaughs of Northumberland used to live at Up Park, on the top of the Downs. Anthony Trollope and Gilbert White both lived here, and Pope used to stay at Lady Holt with Caryll. The village of Harting is quiet and picturesque, and contains an excellent inn—the " Ship."

Photograph: Valentine

Arundel Castle

Cowdray Castle and the Old Granary

V

THE WEALD FROM THE WESTERN ROTHER TO HENFIELD

The Middle Tract, garnished with medowes, pastures, corne-fields, and groves, maketh a very lovely shew. CAMDEN.

Our reluctance on descending from the heights of Downland at South Harting is soon forgotten in the delights of the green Weald in which we now find ourselves. Our way for a little lies north, as we have now reached the Hampshire boundary. The first obvious track to explore is the river-bank of the Western Rother, originally known as the Shire, one of the least known and most beautiful of inland waters.

It enters the county on the south side of the road that links Petersfield and Rogate, where there is a fine church and (near by) the ruins of Dureford Abbey. It winds its way among rich

meadows shaded with trees, and is crossed by a lovely fourteenth-century bridge at Trotton, a picturesque village of very great interest, for here was born, in 1652, that hapless dramatist, Thomas Otway, who, after writing a tragedy, *Venice Preserv'd*, which earned the highest commendation from Dr. Johnson, died of a broken heart, because Mrs. Barry, the Siddons of her day, showed a preference for the Earl of Rochester. Otway's father was curate of the church here, which contains the tomb of Hotspur's wife, who afterwards married Thomas Lord Camoys, a hero of Agincourt, who died in 1419. It would appear that Shakespeare was wrong in calling her Kate in *Henry IV*, for her name was Elizabeth. The brass to Margaret de Camoys, decorated with fifteen shields, is said to be one of the oldest in the country. Charles the Second used to bathe as a boy in Milland Pond, which is also known as Tuxlythe, meaning "Field of the Boar's Tusks." Near here are Dangstein, Rake, where smugglers used to be hanged in chains, and Ebernoe, where a horned sheep is roasted whole and given to the cricketer who makes top score on Horn Fair Day, which takes place on 25th July, St. James's Day.

Stansted Forest, about two miles east of Rowland's Castle, is worth visiting on account of its fine beech avenues and green avenue. The seventeenth-century house was burnt down thirty years ago. Terwick has a strange cross in the churchyard.

Following after Trotton in quick succession are the villages of Chithurst, which contains a Norman church, and a gabled farm with mullioned windows, once a priory ; Iping, with its five-arched bridge and Roman remains ; Stedham, which boasts a giant yew and another ancient bridge ; and Woolbeding, the greenest village in England, with Saxon church, old manor house, and yet another bridge.

This wild walk along the upper reaches of this attractive river from the Hampshire border to Midhurst cannot be over-praised. It is England at her quietest and most beautiful. Everywhere there are poplars and willows, beeches and oaks, with tiny church spires and towers peeping out from between the clustering trees, and ancient grey bridges at every bend. Here we may watch the many-coloured butterflies, the dragon-flies and may-flies hovering over the surface of the lazy, meandering stream, and plunge knee-deep into beds of irises and golden marsh-marigolds.

At Woolbeding the river turns south again, and takes us past the ruins of Cowdray to Midhurst. Dr. Johnson said of Cowdray that he would like to have stayed there twenty-four hours. This is high tribute from a man who really cared nothing for the country. " When one has seen one green field, one has seen all green fields," was his attitude to rural beauty. But his reason was not that he might dwell on its architectural loveliness or rich setting in the green park, but

to study how our ancestors lived. It is indeed easy, owing to the magnificent work of reconstruction carried out at the expense of Lord Cowdray, to repeople it as it was in the zenith of its glory.

Stand on the top of the roof above the Norman kitchen and look down on the roofless shell of the once great castle, and live over again the pageant given in honour of Queen Elizabeth's visit in 1591, who thus repaid the loyalty of the old Lord Montague for his services at the time of the Armada. A hundred and forty geese and three oxen were consumed at her first breakfast. For her entertainment, sixteen bucks were pulled down by greyhounds on the lawns. Nets full of fish were landed at her feet. She herself hunted and shot with her own hand three or four deer, witnessed a country dance, dined at a table nearly fifty yards long, and, after knighting six squires, went on her way. In the chapel beyond the great hall the 5th Viscount shot his chaplain for beginning Mass before his arrival, and had to hide in a priest's hole for fifteen years to escape the vengeance of his neighbours. His wife, dressed in white to give the impression that she was a ghost, would steal out to join him at night.

Cowdray is one of the many houses condemned by a curse. When Sir Anthony Browne, 1st Lord Montague, took possession of Battle Abbey after the expulsion of the monks in 1538, the last monk prophesied that the family should perish by fire

and water. Two hundred and fifty years afterwards, the last Lord Montague was drowned in the Rhine a week after his home had been gutted by fire. Since 1793 the castle has been the empty shell that we now see, but until 1909 was overgrown with ivy, and rapidly falling to pieces.

Now we look down from the roof on to a fair quadrangle enclosed by one almost perfect range of buildings on the east side, good remains on the west, and foundations on the north and south.

The east wing is usually entered under the porch, which bears the carved arms of Henry VIII, magnificent fan-vaulting of stone, with a rose within a crown of pomegranates in the middle of the key. Screens separated the passage from the great or buck hall, which possesses a magnificent six-storied oriel window and recesses showing where huge wooden figures of brick once projected from the walls. This hall was paved with white lozenge-shaped marble, and the wainscotings were covered with painted panels. The high-pitched roof was of the hammer-beam type in oak, and there was a hexagonal louvre to carry off the smoke.

North of the great hall lay the great parlour, and above it the great chamber. North of these were the velvet bedchamber, Lord's withdrawing-room, hexagonal tower, and Queen Elizabeth's bedchamber. The great staircase, which connected the hall with the upper rooms, was on the

north side of the chapel, which, in addition to being very ornate, had exquisite Tudor windows.

Between the hall and the kitchen, which is at the south-eastern corner of the castle, lay the buttery, pantry, and kitchen court.

The south wing contained cellars and kitchen offices, and the west wing had a number of rooms on either side of the three-storied gatehouse, which still stands, with its polygonal turret at each corner. Over the main archway is an armorial panel bearing the motto "SVYVE RAISON," one single hand of the old clock, the original bell-pull, and lantern-ring. A double door of oak separated the outer arch from a square hall which led to the porter's lodge, armoury, billiards room, and library. The whole of the north wing was occupied by the north gallery, where the fire started.

The house was obviously one of the first built when castles were no longer primarily meant to be a defence. It gives on its eastern side straight on to the vast park of Cowdray, with no moat or other defensive wall to keep out the unwelcome stranger.

Dr. Johnson was certainly right. As we look down into, or walk about among, what were once the Yellow Bedchamber, the Red Damask Bedchamber, the Red Bedchamber, the Blue Dressing-room, the Old Chintz Bedchamber, Lord Viscount Montague's Room, and the rest, we certainly do get a very vivid impression of how our ancestors lived in a way that would be impossible if it were

less in ruins or if the courteous owner were less generous in extending hospitality to visitors.

Its mullioned windows, machicolated towers, and clean stone, set in their bower of green lawns and giant chestnuts, with the Rother meandering by, create an impression on the mind that is quite unforgettable.

As we leave the gates, we see on the opposite side of the road the Grammar School of Midhurst, founded in 1672 by a quilt-maker. Among its eminent pupils, Sir Charles Lyell and Charles St. John are perhaps the best known.

Midhurst's main street is broad and picturesque. On the east side of the street lies the ancient "Angel" inn, and, almost opposite it, the Vicarage, the lovely garden of which, owing to the kindness of the then Vicar, the Rev. Frank Tatchell, author of *The Happy Traveller*, one of the most refreshing travel-books ever written, was thrown open to the public when I last visited it many years ago.

Borough-English, by which the youngest son inherited instead of the eldest, was for a long time the custom here, and for a short period (1648–1672) the borough used to issue its own tokens. From 1311 to 1832 Midhurst always returned two Members to Parliament, Charles James Fox being one of these. The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem built a commandery at Midhurst, but all that remains of the house is a doorway at the back of the "Spread Eagle" inn, a

fifteenth-century hostelry with good timbered rooms. The point of having an attendant standing at the door dressed as a Roundhead is obscure.

The pleasant road south of the town takes us back to the Downs, but there is a field-path to Heyshott which all lovers of Cobden take, for he was born here in the farmhouse of Dunford.

Our way out of Midhurst lies north, through or by the side of Cowdray Park, which is thrown open to the public, to Easebourne, where a priory was founded by one of the de Bohuns in the thirteenth century for a prioress and ten nuns. In 1441 the prioress was punished by the Bishop for extravagance and being £40 in debt, and had to convert her "fur trimmings, superfluous to her condition and very costly, to the discharge of the debts of the house." When, in 1535, the priory was suppressed, it came into the hands of the family of the Earl of Southampton. The hall where Queen Elizabeth held her feast is now the parish room, and the Vicar lives in the east wing. The eleventh-century church was rebuilt in 1876, but contains a twelfth-century Purbeck marble font, an effigy of Sir David Owen, who died in 1540, and the tombs of the 1st and 6th Viscounts Montague.

The north road from Midhurst runs through rich, dense woods, over high ground, to the county boundary just short of Haslemere, the most interesting and beautiful village *en route* being Fernhurst, which lies in the valley between Blackdown and Bexley Heath. Its church has Norman

windows, a mural painting, and an old font. Through the woods to the north-west lies the village of Linch (not to be confused with Linch Down), and beyond it Shulbrede Priory, founded in the thirteenth century for Augustinian canons. It is now a private house, a dairy occupying what was once the monks' room, the prior's room being famous for its frescoes, where we see animals with labels in their mouths. The cock crows, "Christus natus est." The duck quacks, "Quando? quando?" The raven croaks, "in hac nocte." The cow bellows, "Ubi? ubi?" And the lamb bleats, "Bethlem! Bethlem!"

With a little imagination it is easy to hear just these phrases from these animals and birds.

From Shulbrede we can return to Midhurst by striking south through quiet woods and little winding lost lanes till we regain the Rother, or we can turn due east through Linchmere to the wooded hill of Blackdown, the highest point in Sussex (918 feet). We look across the wooded blue Weald to the long, unbroken ridge of the South Downs, or east across the claylands to Horsham. This heather-clad, fir-topped Down is magnificent both in its distant views and in its wild walks.

You will not quickly forget it, if you strike due south to Lodsworth, to regain the Rother on the eastern side of Midhurst. First, however, you must pay a visit to Aldworth, on its eastern side, where Tennyson's white house gleams among the trees.

Bexley Hill lies across the valley to the south, an open common 626 feet high on its eastern side, rising to 648 feet near Woolbeding. As we crossed that on our northward journey, we can leave it on our right as we take the lane to Lodsworth, where at Leggatt Hill is a magnificent common, from which one gets one of the most extensive views in Sussex. It is worth turning aside to see the village green and Norman church of Lurgashall, which contains a curious exterior wooden gallery, put up for the convenience of parishioners from a distance who wished to eat and drink there before, between, or after services.

Lodsworth is at the east end of Cowdray Park and it is worth while recrossing the Park from this end to see the lake and the deer and rejoin the Rother at the ruins of Cowdray.

The river from here to Stopham, where it joins the Arun, provides one of the richest walks in Sussex. It used to be canalised, so it is possible to find a path on one or other side of the water. It is also well fished, and the Crowhurst otter-hounds hunt this water. It runs along the southern edge of the Park past the new castle, where the present Lord Cowdray lives, past the hamlet of South Ambersham, where there are deep-cut lanes in the sandstone soil, past Selham, where there is a tiny Norman church and a railway station, and then with great twists winds its way to Coultersham Bridge just by Petworth station. Huge

bushes overhang the water, making the angler's job a tiresome one, but adding to the beauty of the stream itself.

We are continually being tempted away to the south, not by the ridges of the Downs, which are never out of sight, for we have covered those, but by the intervening land of Ambersham Common, Graffham Common, Lavington Common, and Duncton Common, wonderful stretches of heath and gorse, irrigated with rivulets running through green copses, unexpected Lilliputian lakes, and many fir copses. It is very difficult to tear oneself away from the main stream, but every lane and stream gives a rich reward, and no one in this richest corner of Sussex can afford to be in a hurry. Every inch of it is worth penetrating.

Between Coultersham Bridge and the famous bridge at Fittleworth, which all the world knows, is Shopham Bridge, and here there are many sights southwards to take our attention from the water —the hammer-shaped ponds at Burton full of duck, Coates Castle perched on a hill, with the one-time National School hidden in the dense woods behind, now converted into a private house, the house and grounds of Bignor Park, and the many excellent roads through the trees winding their way to Sutton, Bignor, and Bury.

The motorist who takes the direct road from Midhurst to Petworth has the glorious drive through Cowdray Park, passes many thousands of rhododendrons in full flower, is never out of

sight of the Downs, and gets a good idea of the size of the great wall of Petworth, but he misses a walk of indescribable loveliness if he omits to wander by the side of the Rother from Midhurst to Stopham, and fails to discover the heaths that lie between the Rother and the Downs.

In the end, however, whichever route we take, we arrive at Petworth, one of the most picturesque of all Sussex towns.

It is, of course, most famous for its great house, the home of Lord Leconfield. At Domesday Peteorde possessed a church, a mill worth a sovereign, a river containing 1,620 eels, and pannage for 80 hogs. At one time the manor was worth ten shillings. Robert de Montgomerie held it till 1102, when it fell to Josceline de Louvaine, brother of Henry I's widow. Josceline married Agnes, daughter of William de Percy, and took her surname. Harry Hotspur was of this family, and his sword still hangs here. His son died fighting at the battle of St. Albans. The third Henry was killed at Towton, the fourth was assassinated, the sixth was a lover of Anne Boleyn, the seventh was beheaded for rebelling against Elizabeth, the eighth killed himself as a prisoner in the Tower, one of those who had the misfortune to back Mary Queen of Scots, the ninth, a scholar and a scientist, was imprisoned for fifteen years for helping Guy Fawkes. He had to pay a fine of £30,000 to secure his liberty. The tenth earl became Lord High Admiral of England, and the

eleventh died without a son. His daughter was married three times before she was sixteen.

Petworth House, built in 1688–1696, with a fourteenth-century chapel, has three hundred and sixty-five windows, and, mainly owing to the enterprise of the third Earl of Egremont (1763–1837), its galleries contain some of the greatest masterpieces of Hobbema, Van Dyck, Murillo, Romney, Velazquez, and Turner, and has been described as the finest private collection in England. There is a lake in the Park which Cobbett described as consisting of " a parcel of those hills and dales which Nature formed here when she was in one of her most sportive moods. I have never seen the earth flung about in such a wild way as round about Hindhead and Blackdown, and this Park forms a part of this ground. From an elevated part of it, and indeed, from each of many parts of it, you see all around the country to the distance of many miles. From the south-east to the north-west the hills are so lofty and so near that they cut the view rather short ; but for the rest of the circle you can see to a very great distance."

Outside the western walls of the Park lies Tillington village, with a house, Pitshill, where Charles I relics are preserved. The southern walls form the northern boundary of the road to Midhurst, and the eastern walls that of the road to London.

The town of Petworth itself is a paradise of

architectural delights. The Somerset Hospital, Sadler's Row, and the church are only the most obvious of a score of buildings that everyone should visit. The church, which has a conspicuous spire, as befits a town standing on a hill, contains many good monuments of the Percies and Wyndhams.

The north road out of Petworth, leading to London, is wooded, with wide green rides on either side after the great wall is passed, and passes through North Chapel before escaping into Surrey. North Chapel was the birthplace and burial-place of Noah Mann, one of the Hambledon giants of cricket, who used to travel twenty miles to practise every Tuesday, and pick up handkerchiefs from the ground while galloping, once hit a ten off one ball, and, going in last against an All England team when ten runs were needed for victory, scored six of them in one hit.

The next village to North Chapel along the northern boundary of the county is Plaistow, described by Mr. E. V. Lucas as on the road to nowhere and without an equal for quietude in England. It lies south-east of Shillinglee, the home of the Earl of Winterton, the Conservative Member for West Sussex. I can testify to Plaistow's quietness, for a friend of mine has recently engaged a housemaid from that village, who at the age of twenty had never seen a train. A hill near by with a solitary tree on the summit is known as "Nell's Bell," and is popularly associated with Nell Gwyn. Plaistow Place is a handsome house

with oriel windows, decorated ceilings, and is roofed with Horsham stone.

At Plaistow we turn south again through Kirdford, which is a large parish full of splendid oak-trees. Its church has good oaken altar-rails and pews. The way from here over the wooded hills to Fittleworth, where we rejoin the road from Petworth and the Rother, is wild and very beautiful. Everyone seems in the end to arrive at the famous "Swan" inn, with its signboard, like that of the "Green Man" at Ashbourne, extending right across the road. Here are kept policemen's truncheons of all eras, and the panels of one room have all been painted by artists. There are fir-woods and commons on the north side of the village, where picnickers hold revel on sunny afternoons; and on the south there is the old bridge on which one may sit and watch the mill-race for the whole of a lazy day, if one doesn't mind the passing motors. The wiser man wanders along the river-bank to Stopham, where the fourteenth-century seven-arched bridge crosses the Arun, the finest arched bridge in Sussex, if not in the South of England. Notice particularly its high centre arch and fine buttresses. Between the two rivers is the picturesque Stopham House, the home of the Barttelot family. In the Norman church there are brasses and monuments to this family from 1428 right up to the present time.

The obvious thing to do when you come to a river is to follow it to its source, so, having

arrived at Stopham and finished with the Rother, we now wander up the bank of this broad and shallow water, only to find very soon that we are walking along the towpath of the old Surrey and Sussex canal. On our left hand rise wooded hills ; on our right the land is green and flat, except for the knoll on which Toat Monument stands, some 216 feet above sea-level. The river winds all over the place, and frequently splits up into three channels, leaving us with a forced wading if we choose the wrong bank.

Just beyond the pleasant house of Lee Place there is a bridge and a road leading through gates to Wisborough Green, which stands well up on a hill and possesses a satisfying Green with a pond, and a fine Norman church, the pews of which still contain the names of neighbouring farms—Equel, Beldam, and so on. There are remains of thirteenth-century paintings on the walls. It was here that Cobbett saw a woman bleaching her home-spun and home-woven linen. " I have seen no wretchedness in Sussex," he said, " a pig in almost every labourer's house, gardens some of the best in England."

We rejoin the valley of the Arun at Love's Farm, and continue up a quickly diminishing volume of water until just below Gibbons' Mill, where we turn off up the western tributary to visit the lovely village of Loxwood, before continuing up the main water which wriggles its way with many windings from the north-east,

Wisborough Green

turning due east at Bucks Green, where there is an amazing inn, the "Queen's Head," that might give a lesson in cooking and courtesy to the most praised of continental country inns. Here you may see the largest and best bred ducks in England, and watch cricket worthy of comparison with the best that Sussex can show. No wonder it is famous for its bean-feasts.

Just north of Bucks Green lies Rudgwick, on high ground overlooking the Weald as far as Chanctonbury. Its church tower is thirteenth-century. It boasts an eighteenth-century peal of bells, and its font is made of Sussex marble. "Rudgwick for riches, Green for poors, Billingshurst for pretty girls, Horsham for w . . . es," runs the proverb.

Our way back to the tiny Arun takes us across Roman Woods and the main road from Horsham to Guildford. The reason for the name of Roman is soon obvious, as we find ourselves, just beyond ancient Dedisham, looking down an unending road of ruler-like straightness south-west, but disappearing into a thicket on the north side of the road. This is the famous Stane Street, along which we will certainly walk when we have seen the Arun a little farther on its way. One branch, as we have already seen, has escaped over the Surrey border beyond Loxwood, another goes away north-west as soon as Stane Street is crossed, and we follow the main water, which takes a south-eastern turn almost to Christ's Hospital,

which has now had nearly sixty years' association with Sussex after 350 years of Newgate. This famous Public School of mellowing red brick harbours some 800 Blue Coat boys, and counts among the most famous of its old pupils Charles Lamb and Coleridge.

Just before reaching the school the infant Arun turns north-east by way of Warnham Mill-Pond under Kingsfold, and thence out of the county. But it has led us near Warnham Court, in the Park of which emus used to be kept. The church contains a good screen and a Jacobean monument to a Caryll. The interesting thing to everyone about Warnham is not the Court, but Field Place, the birthplace of Percy Bysshe Shelley, lying just off the Horsham–Guildford road on the north side. The room in which the poet was born on 4th August, 1792, bears a tablet. He spent his childhood and wrote "Queen Mab" here, but it is impossible to trace the influence of this corner of Sussex on his poetry.

We cross the Arun on the south side of the road in order to take the footpath by the deserted mill to Slinfold, where James Dallaway, who wrote the outstanding and complete history of West Sussex, was rector from 1803 to 1834. There are some wonderful timbered cottages here, with tall Tudor brick chimneys and roofs of Horsham stone. Our way now lies along the famous Roman road of Stane Street, with the Norman church of Itchingfield among the yew-trees below Sharpenhurst

Hill on our left and the woods of Ingfield Manor on our right.

The first village we reach on the street is Billingshurst, where Cobbett met the boy in the smock frock. The church, which has a fine tower and spire, contains a brass to the Bartlets dated 1489, Roman bricks in the walls, and a fine monument, dated 1617, to Edward Goringe.

At Adversane there is an inn, and within a few miles we descend at Pulborough to rejoin the Arun, which we left about a mile farther west at Stopham.

Pulborough, as one would expect from its position, on the hill overlooking the Amberley Wild Brooks, is full of interest and beauty. Its church has a fine buttressed tower with a staircase turret, a fifteenth-century brass to Thomas Harting, and two others of the same century to the family of Mille. Small oyster-shells are worked into the north porch. The nave is Perpendicular and the chancel Early English. The lych-gate is fourteenth-century. On the north side of the road connecting Stopham and Pulborough is Park Mound, a fort built by the Celts, and used by both Romans and Normans to defend the junction of the Rother and the Avon.

On the south side, almost, but not quite, spanning the river just to the west of Stane Street, is an ancient bridge leading to a trackway. The river valley here is particularly rich in irises and marsh-marigolds, and the river itself is navigable.

Among the Roman remains discovered here is a piece of lead bearing the inscription :

TI. CL. TR. LUT. BR. EX. ARG.

Just south of Pulborough, on Stane Street, lies Hardham, once a Saxon settlement. Mr. S. E. Winbolt's excavation in 1926 proved that the place had been occupied before the time of the Romans, and abandoned about A.D. 150 as a station. The church of St. Botolph contains Roman tiles and traces of Saxon work. There are remains of mural paintings of great antiquity. Hardham Priory, founded in the early part of the thirteenth century, standing just above the marshes, is in ruins, but a farm occupies the refectory, and the chapter-house may still be seen.

There is a most pleasing road with gates connecting Coldwaltham with Greatham across the Arun valley. Coldwaltham and Watersfield stand on the western ridge above the marshes, and the former hamlet has a thirteenth-century tower and an eleventh-century gravestone. The yew-tree in the churchyard has a circumference of thirty-two feet. The well has a rhyming inscription cut in the stone, composed by William Hersee, who was at once shepherd, ploughman, poet, and editor. It is worth continuing as far south as Bury to revisit the twelfth-century church with the picturesque spire and the sixteenth-century tithe-barn, which we may have missed when we descended from Bury Hill to the " Dog and Duck."

There are two exquisite ways of returning to Greatham and Pulborough—one up the river-bank, the other by taking the ferry, walking across the fields to Amberley, and then striking north over the Wild Brooks. The eastward road out of Pulborough turns south just before Nutbourne, and passes over the open common of Wiggonholt, where is a small church and big rectory, with the tiny stream, the Stor, on the east side of the road, and the fine park wall of Parham on the west.

The wise traveller will take this district slowly and explore the valleys both of the Stor and the Chilt, for they will lead him to the fir clump of Roundabout—which, alas ! the builders have now found—and the enchanting village of West Chiltington, where there is a good windmill called Meekens, and a Transitional church, with fine pillars and a wooden pulpit. There is a particularly picturesque pond here by an inn called the "Elephant and Castle," and the walk through the sandstone lanes by way of Smock Alley and Sullington Warren to Storrington is delightful. There is a fine hidden smugglers' way, a deep ditch between two very high hedges connecting the common and Thakeham on the north, which is very well worth exploring. It emerges at Thakeham Place, and we turn first to the fine towered church on our left, with its ancient tombs and brasses to the family of Apsley, and then walk over the fields eastwards to Warminghurst, the

church of which contains a fine brass to Edward Shelley, his wife, and nine children, dated 1554. It is quite deserted. Rats have eaten the hymn-books, the walls are green with mildew, the windows broken, and the churchyard overgrown. It is an unforgettably sad sight ! The great house here was bought by William Penn in 1676, and one of his children lies buried at Coolham. No trace of the house or of the park or lake remains. On the other hand the " Blue Idol," the famous meeting house of the Society of Friends at Coolham which Penn used to attend with Gulielma Springett, his wife, still stands. The Penns used to drive the four miles in a wagon drawn by a team of oxen.

Close by, in a hollow to the east, lies the farm of West Wolves, a fine, timbered old house well reconstructed.

The northern road out of Thakeham takes us over Dane Hill into the flat, well-irrigated valley of the upper reaches of the Adur. At Coolham it is worth turning east to follow the path of the stream to Shipley, a charming hamlet with a windmill to mark the home of Mr. Hilaire Belloc at Kingsland. The church which is on the river-bank is of extraordinary interest, possessing a massive tower with piers nine feet thick. There are monuments in it to the Burrells of Knepp, and a particularly fine one, containing five rhyming couplets, of a knight in armour, Sir Thomas Caryll, with his wife and four children. The graves

in the churchyard are covered with wooden tablets. The water is crossed by a clapper bridge. In the twelfth century the Knights Templars built their monastery and church here, to be displaced by the Knights Hospitallers by Edward II, who actually visited and held high revel here in 1324. The famous Byzantine Shipley Reliquary shrine, once kept in the church, now rests in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The names of certain ancient farms, Beyntons, Goringlee, Crookhorn, Durrant's, and so on can be traced on the pews. It was at Shipley that Simon de Punele, caught with Matilda, was given the choice of marriage, losing his life, or "*ipsam Matildam retro osculare.*"

Close by the village on its eastern side is the park and castle of Knepp with its vast, hundred-acre lake, the largest sheet of water in the county. The old Knepp Castle is in ruins, standing on a mound, once the stronghold of de Braose and a favourite hunting-lodge of King John. It was destroyed in the Civil War by Waller. The new house belongs to the Burrell family, one time ironmasters in the forest, and later, lawyers. One of the family collected the famous Burrell manuscript, now in the British Museum, a storehouse of Sussex history.

As usual, the temptation to follow the course of the river should be obeyed. As soon as we cross the London–Worthing road we find on our left hand a park even more gracious than that of Knepp. This is West Grinstead, once the home

of John Caryll, the friend of Pope. In this park the poet composed "The Rape of the Lock." John Gay was also a visitor here. The castle, which once belonged to the Burrells, later became the home of Mr. J. P. Hornung.

West Grinstead church, like that of Shipley, lies on the Adur bank with a clapper bridge connecting the cottages known as Butcher's Row. It lies off the road, just over a knoll, invisible except for its spire. To reach it you have to pass a lovely square manor house with roof of Horsham stone. There are fifteenth-century brasses to the Halsham family, a stone coffin, imposing monuments to the Burrells, a brass to a daughter of David Strabolgy, Earl of Athol, 1376, and one to Captain Powlett, the headless horseman who haunts St. Leonard's Forest.

The pews are inscribed with the names of the following farms: Pointer's, Great Tuckman's, Fuller's, Jole's, Daniel hold, Place Farm, Little Champion, Small Ham, Clothall's, Sunt, Pin Land, Polthill, Dial Post, Prior's Bine, Bowsholt, Bassell's, Sharp's, Jolesfield, East Rith, White Foot, Gore Land's, White Soan, Thistlewood, Dunstans, Bright Hams, Figland, Hobshort's, and Lancaster's. There is a painting of St. Christopher on the north wall.

Timber in King John's reign was transported to Shoreham down the Adur from this then-famous region. There is a magnificent walk south over the footbridge by the church, which will do

more to reveal the Weald of Sussex to you than any other walk I know. Your way lies from farm to farm, from Butcher's Row to Clothall's, thence to Hobshort's and Goreland's, up into the woods of Capite, Frenchlands, and East Wolves, or from Dayland Farm to Hole Street you can follow a tiny tributary of the Adur well known to otter-hunters.

As we are just under the shadow of Chanctonbury, we turn east to see what is left of Wappingthorne Manor, a glorious Tudor brick house, with mullioned windows reaching from ground to roof, and stone steps leading up to a fine Jacobean porch, over which a coat of arms and the date 1609 are engraved in the stone. It was built by Thomas Leedes in Elizabeth's reign, and the arms of the Leedes, Normanvilles, and Bonetts can be traced on the escutcheon.

It is queer to find a basement here, but it may have served a useful purpose in the days of the recusant owners. At Domesday the house was held by William Manne ; afterwards by the Bonetts, Wylcombes, and Leedes in the early fifteenth century. One of the Leedes, who married a Palmer of Parham, became a recusant ; and his son Thomas, a Knight of the Bath, married one of the Leedes of Yorkshire. The house passed from the Leedes into the hands of the Gorings, whose name is bound up with the fortunes of Wiston, the grey Elizabethan house across the deer park.

We looked down on this beautiful house from above when we were on Chanctonbury. A nearer view shows us a vast hall, many gables and mullioned windows, a dry moat, a terraced garden, and a church almost touching the walls. Its earliest possessors took its name, and called themselves Wistonstone. It passed in Henry III's reign, through the marriage of Elianor de Bavant to William de Braose, to the family of Bavant, the last Braose owner, their grandson, being buried in this church, where there is a brass showing him in full armour. The stone effigy of a child under one of the arches is supposed to represent his son.

Wiston passed to Beatrix Braose, who married Sir Hugh Shirley, Master of the King's Hawks, killed at the Battle of Shrewsbury, 1399. A later Sir Thomas Shirley, who died in 1612, was Sheriff of the county, but displeased Elizabeth and forfeited all his estates except Wiston, which he had settled on his wife, a daughter of Sir Thomas Kempe, the mother of the famous three brothers about whom Fuller wrote. They brought the Shirley régime to an end, and Wiston was bought by Sir Thomas Fagg, and remained in the possession of that family until in 1743 Elizabeth Fagg married Sir Charles Goring.

Lady Wolseley has admirable chapters on this district in her enchanting book *Sussex in the Past*, where she reminds us of the historic interest of nearly every field in an area where the Romans left so many traces, and even so recently as sixty

years ago hundreds of silver pennies of Edward the Confessor's and Harold's reign, struck at Steyning and other places, were dug up. Here, hidden in the trees and among the hangars, are picturesque half red-brick, half timbered cottages and farms with tall chimneys and roofs sloping almost to the ground, each with its gabled wooden and flint barn, yew-tree and oak, and gay garden of hollyhocks and sunflowers.

It is worth lingering in this area to discover from the farmers where are the Wiston fields known as the Moor, Moat Mead, Turpin Road, the Rokers, Vines Croft, Great Town Field, Inhams, Great Strawberry Field, Lion's Bank, Part Normans, Floodgate Mead, Buck Bridge Field, and the Stomacher, which Lady Wolseley, with her characteristic assiduity, has unearthed. There may be little attraction in the village of Ashington, and you may not even notice the tiny Norman church of Buncton, or the moated grange of the red-walled, gabled Buncton Manor, once the home of the Bavants, the Brocks, the Brownes, the Luckyers, and the Denyers, with its barn that bears an early fifteenth-century date on it ; but to wander, as Lady Wolseley does, with her keen eyes and ears fixed on the significant place-names, will cause you to be reluctant to tear yourself away from a district bearing such challenging titles as Hawking Sopers, Guesses, Enhams, Merry Field, Wishing Gate, East Ebburn, and Le Hookmare.

In the end, under Lady Wolseley's guidance, we

shall find our way to red-roofed Steyning, which we passed through hurriedly on our Downland trek. She helps us to see where the Saxon burial-ground lies, to notice " the slightly curving outline of the street," betraying "where the heavy farm-wagons with their blue bodies and red wheels . . . have swayed as horses breasted the incline . . . the houses have shaped themselves according to this outline, made, perhaps, in Tudor times."

One easily understands the delight of the stranger on first seeing the variety of gable and roof, bow-window and Tudor, yellow and red walls ; but Lady Wolseley can do more than call your attention to the beauty of exteriors. She takes you behind the scenes into some of its glorious interiors.

There is Newham, for instance, down Sheep Pen Lane, with a walled-in forecourt, Tudor front, low-beamed hall, linen-fold panelling, once the home of the Parson family—a member of which was suggested as the fit and proper person to hide Charles II at Beeding on his memorable ride to Southwick—and later of the Leedes and Lamports. The Parsons were related to William Holland, the founder of the Grammar School, which was purchased by him from Sir Edward Bellingham. In order that the schoolmaster should not be oppressed by a multitude, the number of pupils was limited to fifty, each one paying eightpence a year, a penny of which per quarter went to the buying of brooms and rods, and the rest for candles.

Opposite the Grammar School and next door to the Vine Press, which was formerly a private printing-press, is a cottage bearing traces of Saxon wattle-work. On the left-hand side of Chantry Green is the Smuggler's Cottage, with holes in the bricks for hiding contraband. On Chantry Green, John Launder, the husbandman martyr, who was burnt to death in 1555, probably met his fate. The lofty Norman-towered church, with its chequerboard of flint and stone, its massive round pillars, and fine dog-tooth moulding requires no second invitation to admire it every time we pass through the town. Lady Wolseley calls attention to the coats of arms of the Draycotts, Fitz-James, and Henry VIII on the wainscot of a room in the vicarage.

On the north side of the church, only an ivy-clad Jacobean porch remains of the ancient house of the Farnefolds of Gatewick, but Lady Wolseley, as usual, sheds fragrance on even so small a ruin by reminding us of the sixteenth-century will of one of the family, in which " my greateste pot my greatest pane of bras too greate drypping panes my chrstenenge shet my goblets of sylver and gelte the whole garnysone of newe vessell of pewter my beste fether bed ye best bedstedall a payer of shetes ye bolster too pillows " calls to mind a careful housewife.

Another Steyning house to which she takes us is Jarvis, Garvys, or Garvays, another home of the Farnefolds, dating from the thirteenth century.

Its door is studded with wooden bolts, there is an inglenook with an original pipe cupboard, an arched tree-trunk stretching the entire length of the house as a beam, and "drip-sills," gutters or grooves near the four holes made for iron uprights, used before the days of glass to keep out thieves. One of the Farnefolds of Jarvis, Sir Thomas, was knighted in 1621, and represented Steyning as a Royalist in the Long Parliament.

By far the most picturesque way of leaving Steyning eastwards is, not by the main road, but by the ancient lane past the church that leads down to the river-bank at King's Barn, once a great grange belonging to King Æthelwulf, father of Alfred the Great. We have now reached the Adur again, and immediately turn to follow it north, after crossing it to have a look at the ancient remains of the Priory of Sele, now occupied by Upper Beeding Vicarage, with the church standing on a knoll amid trees, at the end of a long and narrow avenue of yews.

The meadows on either side of the Adur are bordered by deep and wide dykes. In the winter the whole area is often under water for weeks at a time, and it is nearly always muddy, but the walk is wild and full of interest, particularly to bird-lovers.

Lady Wolseley has obviously walked it to some purpose, for she has found something interesting to say about no less than five of the farms that lie on its western bank.

First there is Staplefields, the panelling of which was once in Wappingthorne. Just north of it lies Nash Farm, with the remains of a moat, once the home of the Farnefolds, and north again, across the fields, lies Huddlestone, with its pond, walnut-trees, and Elizabethan cart-shed.

We now turn east across Twelve Acre Rue ("rue" means copse-sided hedge according to Mr. Winbolt), past Shelley's, to Wyckham Manor, where there is a field with barrows in it called Ryerumps. We hear of Wyckham Manor in 1330, when Margaret Grandyn died seised of it. It came into the hands of the Farnefolds, a daughter of the family marrying Sir Edward Culpeper in 1584. In the early eighteenth century the lands were bought by Richard Trevor, Bishop of Durham, whose descendants held them until recent years. There was an ecclesiastical establishment on the other side of the Adur at the moated Streatham Manor, and it has been noticed that danewort, which is supposed to grow only in the neighbourhood of old monasteries and religious houses, grows in great profusion both at Wyckham and at Scotland, a farm close by on the bank of the river.

So it is not only bird-lovers who get a rich reward for wandering up this very watery valley. Just north of Wyckham lies Horsebridge Common, on the east side of which is Northover, an old farm with Horsham stone roof and red-brick walls and large inglenook, which again brings us into contact with the Parson and Farnefold families.

Horsebridge Common is a fine broad common on the Steyning–West Grinstead road, with thick woods on the west and, of course, the valley of the Adur on the east.

Ashurst, about a mile or so farther north, possesses a ruined windmill, a pleasing inn called the " Fountain," and in the hidden, quiet churchyard under the hill is the last resting-place of " Michael Fairless," the authoress of *The Roadmender*, whose real name was Margaret Fairless Barber. The plain oak cross above her grave is inscribed with the words : " Lo, How I Loved Thee." The house " Peppers," close by, built in 1400, was one of the homes of the Bridger family.

At Bines Bridge we leave the road to pursue its way past Partridge Green, while we wander on by the side of the river until we emerge once more at the clapper bridge at Butcher's Row, West Grinstead, turning north here over the fields to see the Dominican Priory, before crossing more fields north-east to see the church of Cowfold, where there is a fine fifteenth-century brass to Thomas Nelond, Prior of Lewes, ten feet long, dressed as a Cluniac monk.

We turn south here along the Henfield–Horsham road, for on our north lie the highlands of the forest. The spire of Cowfold monastery, a mile or two south among the trees on the western side of the road, can be seen all over the Weald. This Carthusian monastery of St. Hugh is the largest in England, and was built about eighty years ago.

Steyning: The Grammar School

Cowfold

Male visitors are shown round, and the tonsured monks, with pale faces, walk the roads bareheaded in long white coarse coats once a fortnight, when the ban of silence is removed.

Having seen the monastery, the wise walker will cross to the eastern side of the road and make his way down the stream that passes Pook's Farm, in order to wander about in Shermanbury Park, where we rejoin three tributaries of the Adur, and visit the beautiful moated house of Ewhurst, with its magnificent Perpendicular gateway, and the more imposing white Elizabethan house of Shermanbury, which has a tiny church, rebuilt in 1710, abutting on its garden and overlooking the river. On its pews one reads the names of farms—Bufford, Sakeham, Simark's Hall, and Wymark's.

We re-emerge on the Horsham–Henfield road at Mock Bridge, where there are three or four timbered houses of great beauty, and a garish inn called the " Bull." Herons may be seen in these meadows, which are a favourite ground for fox-hunters and otter-hunters. It was in the house on the south side of the water, on the western side of the road, that " Michael Fairless " wrote *The Roadmender*, that was to bring such a sense of peace and beauty to so many hundreds of thousands of readers, before she was snatched away by an early death.

A little south of her house, over the ridge, another tiny tributary of the Adur crosses the

road, which is well worth exploring on both sides, particularly on the eastern side, because it takes us to the tiny hamlets of Blackstone (set on a hill) and Woodmancote, which has a large red-tiled, red-brick house with lattice windows, lake, and church all set pleasingly among the trees just off the Brighton road, before reminding us that in Henfield we have reached the last village in the Weald of West Sussex, on the wide and lovely common of which Borrer, the ornithologist, once saw fourteen golden orioles on a thornbush. Before we cross the border into the Weald of East Sussex we shall do well to sit on the steep slopes of Nep Town, the southern suburb of Henfield, and look out over the western Weald that we have covered and marvel that it should be as attractive in its general outline as it is interesting in detail.

VI

THE WEALD FROM HENFIELD TO THE EASTERN ROTHER

Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

RUDYARD KIPLING

We can best start our exploration of the East Sussex Weald by taking any of the field-paths or tracks that run north from the foot of the Downs between Edburton and Poynings, and striking a bee-line for the Bishop's Palace at Albourne through Muddleswood. This house is supposed to have been built by Archbishop Juxon, who attended Charles I to his scaffold and escaped from the Roundhead soldiers by disguising himself as a bricklayer. There is a priest's hiding-hole in the house.

The London–Brighton road supplied Richard Middleton with one of his finest inspirations, but luckily in our journey north we can achieve all

our more delectable destinations without doing more than cross it. Two roads run parallel with it, one mile and two miles to the west respectively, the farther one being actually the boundary-line between east and west Sussex. The boundary road passes Little Wopses and Great Wopses farms, and crosses two tributaries of the Adur over clapper footbridges, so that one can still walk dry-shod in winter when the dips in the road are turned into fords.

The hamlet of Wineham is well known to all fox-hunters, for here, at Twineham Grange, in the park opposite the inn, lived a former Master of the Crawley and Horsham, Colonel McKergow. The kennels are half a mile north of West Grinstead station, on the eastern side of the railway line. The village of Twineham lies on the parallel road that lies nearer to the main London–Brighton road, and is reached by a footpath that passes in front of the Grange over fields that are usually wet. Its sixteenth-century brick church stands in the middle of these fields, on a knoll, and contains a good Jacobean pulpit and pews.

At Hickstead Place, a jolly Tudor house just off the London road, lived Richard Stapley, whose domestic diaries, written during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, make such entertaining reading that one longs for an omnibus volume entitled *Sussex Diaries*, in which the Stapleys, Turners, and the rest may all be printed together at full length.

One does not easily tire of these good fishing stories, recipes for oatmeal pudding and prescriptions for whooping-cough.

A couple of miles north of Twineham is Bolney, just off, but visible from, the London road, with a fine church with pinnacled tower embowered in trees, famous for the silvery tone of its bells, which are best heard by standing by the side of the lake just south of Gravenhurst, now an hotel, where Knox used to watch an osprey eating fish. " Merry Bolney, rich Twineham, proud Cowfold, silly Shermanbury," is the old verdict.

The road north rises into the Forest, so we turn eastwards past Gravenhurst to Ansty (pronounced An-stye) where there is a good inn standing on high ground. We turn south here through some lovely and quite unknown Weald country that takes us by the water of Mill Leigh pond, Floods Barn, which stands just out of reach of the flood, the new buildings of St. John's College, a sister school of Lancing and Ardingly, and eventually to the town of Hurstpierpoint, with its church spire set on a hill and its long, queer street set on a high ridge leading to Hassocks, with thc beautiful grey Elizabethan house of Danny standing among the trees on our right.

To regain the north we turn up the alternative Brighton–London road at Hassocks, over a tributary of the Adur, past Clayton Priory and the outskirts of Burgess Hill to Ansty, in order to see the long avenue of limes that leads to Cuckfield

Park, the original of Harrison Ainsworth's "Rookwood Hall." The house, which contains a wonderful decorated screen in the morning-room and a beautiful oak staircase, has been in the hands of the Sigerson family for centuries. One of the lime-trees is supposed to shed a bough whenever any member of the family is about to die. In Ockenden House, famous for its fine panelled bedrooms, lived Timothy Burrell, from whose account-books we learn how much our ancestors of two hundred and fifty years ago ate. It must have needed a particularly good digestion to wait on appetites capable of tackling two carp, pigeon pie, leg of mutton, roast chicken, asparagus, Scotch pancakes, three geese, four soused mackerel, raisins in cream, calves' foot jelly, flummery, and Savoy cakes at a dinner for four people.

At the back of Cuckfield Park there is an enchanting footpath leading to the girls' school of Wyllies, but long before we reach the exquisite lonely dell in which it is placed we realise that we are trespassing out of our domain. This is Forest, not Weald. We must reluctantly retrace our steps to Cuckfield, one of the most picturesque of all Sussex villages. The church overlooks the Weald, and gives a superb view of the whole range of the Downs. It has a fine Early English tower containing a corbel-table, two brasses to Henry Bowyer (1587) of Cuckfield Park, and monuments to the Sigerson family and to Gerald Burrell, who went with Henry V to France. There is a very good

ancient inn near the church, called the "King's Head."

The road turns south-east along the ridge, which is covered with new but not unsightly houses, to Hayward's Heath, which is really a continuation and a new suburb of Cuckfield, containing nothing to delay us, so we turn south again to Wivelsfield to revisit Great Ote Hall, the lovely old house with tall red-brick chimneys, roof of Horsham stone, and walls of timber and plaster which in the thirteenth century belonged to Richard de Ottehale, then to the Att Ree family, Thomas Godman, the Shirleys, and then to Selina, Lady Huntingdon, the supporter of Whitefield.

We cross Ditchling Common, famous for its gibbet of the Jew, Jacob Harris, who murdered three people at the inn here in 1734, its skating-pond, and its glorious view of the Downs, in order to reach Ditchling village, where we join again the road we should have taken had we not turned north at Hassocks.

This road from Hurstpierpoint to Ditchling, like that from Cuckfield to Hayward's Heath, lies on a ridge, and has houses on both sides all the way, so that you cannot easily tell where Hassocks, Keymer, or Ditchling begins or ends. It is worth looking at Clayton church, just south of Hassocks, for it has a Saxon chancel arch and a sixteenth-century brass.

Ditchling church, opposite the ivy-clad, timbered,

gabled home of Anne of Cleves, with the exterior steps, is Early English, lofty and cruciform, and contains an old font and fine work in the tower-piers and chancel. The waters of Ditchling were once drunk as a cure for rheumatism. Another Sussex diarist, John Burgess, tailor and sexton, lived here, and tells us of an attendance of two thousand spectators at a cricket match in 1785, of bull-baiting at Friar's Oak, now famous as a favourite meet of the Brighton Beagles, and of "washing in ye sea at Brighthelmstone."

Just south of Ditchling, nestling right under the Beacon, is Westmeston House, the history of which Lady Wolseley recounts in her delightful book, *Some of the Smaller Manor Houses of Sussex*.

She paints a lively picture of the Prior of Lewes ambling along with his retinue on mules to inspect the paintings on the walls of Westmeston and Clayton church, and regards Westmeston Place as one of their hostels, colour to which is given by the legend of the Westmeston ghost, who sits quietly in monkish robes in one of the upper rooms. The L-shaped building is partly faced with red weather-tiles, has small gables, mullioned windows, and stone Tudor chimney-pieces. It was the home of the Michelbornes of Newick, one of whom was buried in the sixteenth century at Winchester, his epitaph describing him as

Of Sussex soil both borne and bred, beloved of each man soe
That none of him can speke but well, no, not his mortall foe.

The initials J. M. have been found in several rooms, and there is a priest's hole giving access to the scullery and thence to the garden.

In 1612 William Michelborne married Elizabeth Roots, and their daughter married a brother of Archbishop Juxon. The Dobells acquired the lordship of the manor from the Gorings in the seventeenth century, and it remains in the possession of descendants of that family.

The tiny hamlet of Plumpton lies a couple of miles to the east of Westmeston, right under the Downs, and contains, in the "Half-Moon," an inn that Down-walkers are glad to run down to at lunch-time on a hot day, for it is the only house of refreshment for miles round. Near by is the famous moated house of Plumpton Place, where, according to Thomas Fuller, Leonard Mascall, "being much delighted in Gardening, man's Original vocation, was the first who brought over into England, from beyond the seas, *Carps* and *Pippins ;* the one, well-cook'd, delicious, the other cordial and restorative. For the proof hereof, we have his own word and witness : and did it, it seems, about the Fifth year of the reign of King *Henry* the Eight, Anno Dom. 1514." From his book, *Of the arte of manner howe to plant and graffe all sortes of trees, howe to set stones, and sowe Pepines to make wylde trees to graffe on,* 1572, Mr. E. V. Lucas takes this delightful extract : "For eare-wigges, Shooes stopt with hay, and hanged on the tree one night, they come all in." In order to

make apples fall from a tree "put fiery coles" under, "cast off the powder of Brimstone therein," and watch the power of gravitation.

Mr. Lucas also reminds us of another famous inhabitant, John Dudeney, born here in 1782, a shepherd boy who dug a study and library in the chalk of the Downs and taught himself mathematics and Hebrew, and eventually became a schoolmaster in Lewes.

Just over the fields, across two tiny tributaries of the Ouse, we come to Streat, where there is an Early English church and a Jacobean house, Streat Place, behind the chimney of which was a hiding-place, into which a Royalist rode on horseback, pursued by Roundheads, and was never seen again.

A couple of miles to the east of Streat, past Plumpton Mill, where the water makes an attractive setting for the house, lies East Chiltington, where there is a fine yew-tree and a Norman church.

The stranger to Sussex must be careful to notice a trick of the county by which places that sound as if they ought to be close together are in reality far apart. East Chiltington is near Lewes, West Chiltington is near Storrington ; Upper Beeding is in the low land near Bramber, Lower Beeding is in the high land north of Cowfold ; East Dean and West Dean are separated by Friston ; West Blatchington is a suburb of Brighton, East Blatchington is a suburb of Seaford ; West Hoathly is in the Forest, East Hoathly is in the Weald ;

East Grinstead is on the north side of the Forest, West Grinstead is in the western Weald ; Easebourne and Eastbourne are at opposite ends of the county, and Uckfield and Cuckfield share nothing in common except similarity of names. Ifield is in the extreme north, Isfield in the centre, and Iford and Itford on opposite sides of the Ouse valley near Southease.

We have the choice of four parallel roads running north here, each a mile apart from the next. They are all picturesque. The most frequented is the one past Plumpton racecourse—the prettiest steeplechase course in England—and the church of Plumpton Green, towards Wivelsfield Green, but a jollier road is the one to the west of it, through North America, Hundred Acre Farm, and Coldharbour, where Mr. Frederick Wood, the author of *Round About Sussex Downs*, and *Sport and Nature in Sussex Downs*, found his best material. Here are copses and lanes richer in birds and flowers than any other area of the eastern Weald. The lane to Bedales and the field-path to Scaynes Hill are both well worth loitering in on our way to Lindfield, one of the most picturesque villages in England, with its pond and fine Green and medieval street of gabled, timbered houses, containing two excellent inns, the " Stand Up " and " Bent Arms."

It was in existence as long ago as A.D. 765, when Aldwulf, Duke of the South Saxons, gave lands in Lindfield to endow the monastery of Malling. There was a weekly market and two annual fairs

here in the fourteenth century. The Early English church is cruciform, with a fine tower, sixteenth-century font, and memorials to Coverts, Crawfurds, Challoners, and Boards.

Just behind the church is the famous timbered house of Old Place, once the home of the Challoners, then the parish workhouse, and now splendidly restored.

As we are again drawing dangerously near to the Forest, we must treat the Ouse here as our boundary, so we take the field-path between the church and Old Place, leaving Pax Hill on our left, down through rich pastures and hedges lined with tall trees to the river-bank, which we cross because we cannot resist seeing from the closest possible angle the magnificent timbered gabled house of East Mascalls, once the home of Mascalls and Newtons, which was marvellously restored by a recent owner, Mr. McNaught. While we are here we might as well steal on down the lane, turning east at the cross-roads past Cockhaise Farm to the mill at the crossing of the stream, and under the East Grinstead–Lewes railway line to Freshfield Crossways, about which Lady Wolseley is extraordinarily informative.

She reminds us that we are now in the very thick of what was once the iron trade. Freshfield had a furnace of its own which continued till after 1650. Furner's Green lies just over the fields. The forests lie to the north, and provided timber for ships and housebuilding, and fuel for the

furnaces. There were forty-two forges. In the sixteenth century there were fifty-nine iron-works' centres and one hundred and forty furnaces and forges in Sussex. As late as 1740 Sussex still owned ten furnaces, when no other county had more than six. A bell-shaped pit, some 20 to 30 feet deep, was sunk, the iron-stone then excavated and taken to the kiln, the furnace, the moulds and the forge. In 1254 Sussex supplied 30,000 horse shoes and 60,000 nails for the Royal use. The classical period of the industry was between the fifteenth and middle of the seventeenth centuries. The river just below the village brought up barges from the sea to the "Sloop" inn, which lies a mile to the south of us. On the farther side of the lock and inn, where they still wassail the apple-trees at Christmas time to ensure a good crop, we cross the wooden clapper bridge and climb to Massetts Place, once the home of Lady Wolseley.

In this district we find whapple- or bridle-ways, along which the salt-carriers brought their cargo from the coast, and could only pick their way by the presence of lonely, tall poplars planted near the farms for their guidance. These tracks are usually to be found near any place called Ley, and behind Massetts is a wood of this name which enables us to trace the track of one of these ancient ways that linked up Chailey with Wych Cross.

Weatherboards cover the original building of Massetts, the foundations of which are of ancient stone. We look from sandstone mullioned windows

over the Elizabethan garden to the Weald and the long ridge of the Downs. Everywhere there are old beams fixed with wooden bolts and uneven floors. There is a trap-door in the room above the kitchen concealing a great hole. Wooden latches, lifted by pulleys made of string, are used for opening the doors.

Here lived in the sixteenth century the Attrees, who were related to Philip Henslowe, who, with Edward Alleyn, bought the Rose Theatre at Southwark in Shakespeare's day. In 1579, Dionysius Pancost bought Massetts. The tenements in the Manor were held by a yearly payment of a silken lace, a pound of cummin seed, a rent of ten shillings, or a pair of gilt spurs, at the choice of the lord. In 1682 the house passed to John Wicker, who had married a Penticost (Pancost). It then came into the hands of Cornwalls, Colgates, Newtons, and Granthams.

Two farmhouses close by are called Butter-Box and Wapsbourne, the latter notable for the squared timbers of its exterior, and its six tall, very old chimneys. This L-shaped red-brick house was probably built in Henry VII's reign, and, after passing through the hands of Dalyngrygges, de Playz, and Lewknors, became smaller. The present house was obviously built on the site of a much larger medieval fort with moats. The front door is of oak studded with nails, as are all the other doors, and the latches have designs engraved on them. The bedrooms open out of one another,

and there are hidden dressing-closets, and a hole in the floor, shaped like a grave, for priests to hide in.

As far back as 1197 we hear of the tenant Ralph de Playz conceding to Maud de Dieu the lake at Werpleburn. King John is reported to have used it as a hunting-box. One of the de Playz family married, first, Beatrix de Say ; then, after divorce, the daughter of Lord Montfichet. Later, Margaret de Playz married Sir John Howard, and then the Dalyngrygges, one of whom built Bodiam, took possession. After them the Lewknors, relatives by marriage, occupied the house until 1538, when Sir John Harcourt, the Middletons, and Nortons came into it.

Just south of Wapsbourne across a stream lies Warr's Farm, where King John is said to have housed his horses and hounds, with an oast-house, red roof, and ancient stone doorway. A little to the east of Wapsbourne, on the other side of the Ouse, lies Sheffield Park, with its magnificent gardens and lakes, in the grounds of which the Australians used to open their cricket season on coming to England.

Sheffield Park is, however, chiefly remembered for its association with Edward Gibbon, who was buried in the neighbouring church of Fletching in 1794. It was in 1769 that Lord de la Warr's estate was bought for £31,000 by John Baker Holroyd, who became in 1816 the first Earl of Sheffield. It was for the sake of this friend that

Gibbon left Lausanne—in order to condole with him over the loss of his wife.

The villagers are allowed at all times to use the park, and on certain days the public are allowed to wander among its lakes, through its woods, and along its terraces.

Fletching, which lies just outside its eastern gates, is the village where Simon de Montfort rested his army on the night before the Battle of Lewes. The church has a Norman tower, monuments to Gibbon and the Earls of Sheffield, a fine brass to Sir Edward Dalyngrygge and his wife (1390), and another to Peter Denot (1450), a glover who supported Jack Cade. "The people of Fletching live by snapping and ketching," says the proverb. I was charged for my fire when I had tea at the inn here.

We may take the road north of this village of timbered cottages as far as Splayne's Green, but then we turn east again to inspect two exquisite cottages at Down Street and Daleham with Horsham stone roofs, red-brick tall Tudor chimneys, crazy diamond-paned windows, exterior timber in parallel vertical lines on the upper storey, and square and rectangular on the lower storey.

We follow the road as it bends south over a gradually widening common until, at the "Star" inn at Monkey Puzzle Corner, we find ourselves on the lovely and world-famous Pilt Down. There is a large pond and golf course on this furze-clad

common, where Mr. Charles Dawson discovered in 1912 the lower jaw and broken parts of a human skull in a flint-bearing gravel-bed. It was described by Sir Arthur Keith as "the most important discovery ever made in England of fossil human remains" in view of the fact that it is proved to belong to the most primitive type of man yet known. Three years later, Mr. Dawson discovered in the same place a second skull of almost equal importance. The view from Pilt Down across the Weald to the Downs is one of the most extensive and beautiful in Sussex.

The main road over the common south-west crosses the Ouse before taking us past Newick, which boasts a Green, a warm-looking church tower, and yew-tree, to Chailey Common, where you may look from its white windmill as far as Leith Hill, Pevensey, the North Downs, and the whole sweep of the South Downs to the farthest western corner of the county. A more admirable position for the famous Heritage Craft Schools for crippled children, so ably looked after for twenty-five years by Mrs. C. W. Kimmins, its founder, it would be hard to conceive. Here are wild walks among the bracken and the brambles for miles in every direction. The undulating road to Scaynes Hill is inviting, but we have explored that, so we turn south to Chailey, a most picturesque village, in the woods of which followers of the South Down Foxhounds are accustomed to spend much time. The Early English church, which has

a pyramidal tower, stands among trees overlooking a tributary of the Ouse known as the Longford stream, which flows through the grounds of Newick Park, the home of Lord Brentford, whose family name is Joynson-Hicks.

Just beyond the "Eight Bells," on the eastern side of the road, we pass the long, low, red-roofed buildings that mark the famous Chailey potteries, and soon afterwards we cross another tributary of the Ouse, and still another, before coming to the London–Lewes railway line at Cooksbridge, whence we look again on that dark, V-shaped clump of trees on the sides of the Downs, above Plumpton, that commemorates Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Just in front are the two lovely houses of Offham and Coombe Place, once the home of Sir John Bridger, standing in one park right under the Downs at Offham Hill, where the Battle of Lewes was fought in 1264.

We are now back in Lewes, which we explored on our Downland tour. As we are almost bound to have missed something on our first visit, we shall be wise to wander again through its streets before starting out northwards up the banks of the Ouse. We might try, for instance, to find the site of that theatre over which Jack Palmer presided. We might visit the grave of Dr. Russell, who first gave Brighton's health-giving properties publicity, at South Malling. We might attend a Fifth of November celebration, for no town takes its Guy Fawkes so seriously as Lewes. We might

spend profitable hours in the museum of the Archæological Society, just by the side of the Barbican tower, and look again on the skull of the Saxon from Ringmer, the female fetters for Horsham felons, a Roman bronze thimble, a Pyecombe crook, rubbings of brasses which we have seen in Cowfold and West Grinstead churches, and the linchpin of an early British chariot. Everyone who cares about Sussex at all quickly becomes a member of the Sussex Archæological Society.

We might go down to the Dripping Pan, which was scooped out to supply the Calvary mound of the Priory of St. Pancras, now the scene of great cricket and football matches. We might visit the place where over three thousand birds were housed in the columbarium, and spend a little time investigating the life of the author of *The Rights of Man.* Tom Paine settled in Lewes as an exciseman in 1768, married Elizabeth Ollive here in 1771, and became a tobacconist and grocer. He shone as a debater in the "White Hart." His house in the High Street, which is decorated with a tablet, we saw on our last visit. In 1793 he was burnt in effigy at Cuckfield. His biographer, Thomas Rickman the Quaker, was born in Lewes in 1760. It was in his house that *The Rights of Man* was written. John Evelyn was educated at Southover, and Mark Anthony Lower, author of *Sussex Worthies*, and T. W. Horsfield, the county historian, both lived in the town.

That remarkable book, *A Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, " originally begun by the celebrated Daniel Defoe, continued by the late Mr. Richardson, author of *Clarissa*," and brought down to the " present time " (1769) by a " Gentleman of Eminence in the Literary World," gives a pleasing picture of Lewes. " Lewes is a pleasant town . . . large, well-built, agreeably situated in the Middle of an open Champaign country, and on the edge of the *South-Downs*, the most delightful of their kind in the Nation ; it lies on the Bank of a little wholesome fresh River, within eight miles of the Sea, and was formerly encompassed by a Wall, but there are few remains of it now to be seen. But what contributes to the Advantages of this Town is that both it, and the Country adjacent, are full of the seats of Gentlemen of good Families and Fortune : of which the Pelhams must be named with the first, whose Chief is his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. Here are also the ancient Families of Gage, Shelly, etc., formerly Roman-catholics, but now Protestants, with many others. Lewes returns two Members to Parliament. . . . The principal Inns are the Star, which is indeed a very elegant building, the White-Hart, White-Horse, Crown, King's Head, the Bear and Swan, and Castle upon the Cliff, for so that Part of the Town nearest London, before you cross the River, is called."

It was while he was on a visit to the Shelleys that Dr. Johnson lifted a small girl who bothered

him with questions into a cherry-tree and left her there. The "Star" inn, of which Defoe speaks, is now occupied by the Town Hall, and contains a three-hundred-year-old carved oak staircase which was originally in Slaugham. The Duke of Newcastle's house, afterwards the office of the South Down Motor Bus Company, is next door. Finally, we should not leave Lewes until we have paid our sixpence and been over the ruins of the Priory of St. Pancras and seen the sites and remains of the Rere Dorter, the Dorter, the Frater, the Cloister, Chapter House, Chapel, and Great Priory Church.

Bowman's map of Sussex, 1769, shows many of the walls that encompassed the town, though it fails to show the steepness of St. Mary's Lane, down which George IV drove a coach and four for a wager.

On our way back to the High Street from the Priory we should not miss the sixteenth-century Southover House, just by the bank of the Winterbourne, which dries up in summer, or the cobbled, steep lane of Keere Street. Having sufficiently rested, revived old memories, and made new ones, we leave this most interesting of Sussex towns northward by way of the river, which takes us to Old Malling Farm, on the eastern bank, the site of a Saxon collegiate church, where the Archbishop of Canterbury had a residence. There is a legend of a table here which refused to bear the arms of Becket's murderers when they rested here.

The river here has many channels, and on an

island knoll between two of them lies the Norman church of Hamsey, with a fine altar tomb. This church is unfortunately fast falling into decay. Just north of it, on the western bank, is the picturesque village of Barcombe, where there is good boating in the many reaches that take us to Isfield (Lower Field), where, in the private Shurley chapel, are monuments and brasses in great profusion to the family who lived at Isfield Place, which has, like Slaugham, a tower at each angle of its stone-walled garden. The finest tomb is that of Sir John Shurley, who died in 1631, his two wives, Jane Shirley of Wiston and Dorothy Bowyer of Cuckfield, and their nine children.

The river splits into three here, the westernmost being the Longford stream that runs through Chailey, the northern tributary taking us by way of Buckham Bridge, a very lovely, quiet hamlet, to Newick and Sheffield Park, and the eastern branch, which is our route, to Uckfield (Upper Field), which is remarkable for some giant sandstone rocks, a very pleasant inn, the "Maiden's Head," with a fine signboard, and a notice in the gallery of the church discouraging "UNSEEMLY CONDUCT." In Pudding Cake Lane is a minute and very picturesque old Grammar School.

There are excellent walks through the woods across a tiny tributary of the Ouse to Pilt Down and Maresfield, where there is a fine park which was used as a camp during the War and was made famous by the Army Signal Corps.

As we are on the fringe of the Forest, we turn east here to Buxted Park, a quiet place of bracken and deer, where we are reminded of the exploits so magnificently recounted in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. Buxted is famous for its premier position in the days of the iron industry. At Hog House, which has a hog carved over the door dated 1581, we are reminded of Ralph Hogge, who cast in 1543 the first English cannon in one piece. "Master Huggett and his man John they did cast the first can-non." The owner of Buxted is Lord Portman, and the church, which has a tall spire on a tower, is in the park. The thirteenth-century church was dedicated to Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Earls of Liverpool are buried here, and there are brasses to a thirteenth-century rector, and to Bretellus Avenel (1408). There is a thirteenth-century chest and an Early English font. Over the porch is a female figure holding a churn, which is supposed to represent a pun on Allchorn.

The eastern road runs along a high ridge past the old house of Five Chimneys, over Hadlow Down, and turns south along the ridge that acts as a dividing-line between the valley of the Eastern Rother to the east and the Ouse to the west. We can follow the road all the way round the ridge across Waldron Down, which provides us with extensive views of the Weald, or with more excitement and entertainment go into the valley between the two roads and follow the tiny stream.

In either case, our objective is Framfield, where in 1792 eleven out of fifteen persons, whose united ages amounted to 1,034 years, offered to play cricket against an equal number of players of the same age from any other part of the county.

Our way south lies through Little Horsted into the wet flat lands of Plashett Woods, where the South Down foxhounds are often to be seen after foxes which ring and refuse to break covert, and thence to Ringmer, where are the kennels of the South Down, a pleasant village with a Green, the birthplace of Gulielma Springett, who married William Penn. The bust of her Puritan father, Sir William Springett, who died at the siege of Arundel, can be seen in the church, which has other good seventeenth-century monuments and brasses to the Springett family and a picturesque wooden porch. It was to this village that Gilbert White rode every year from his home at Selborne. It was here that Defoe saw " an ancient lady, and a lady of very good quality, I assure you, drawn to church in her coach by six oxen : nor was it done in frolick or humour, but from sheer necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it."

Riders to hounds in this district in February, and riders in the Point-to-Point which is held at Broyle, close by, in March, would bear out Defoe's estimate.

Just across the flats lies Laughton Place, which we saw from the top of the Downs. Under Lady

Wolseley's charge we can give it a closer inspection. Its dark brick tower can be seen, rising from the hedgeless fields, for miles round. There is a lane to it from Broyle, where motorists are warned not to touch the water in the duck-pond, with deep ditches on either side, and, as I said before, the tidal river used to wash its walls in medieval days.

Most of the buildings are now barns, the most beautiful being the brick granary with lozenge-shaped blue bricks worked into the red and a hexagonal turret at the end of it, standing above a clear moat. Originally it is supposed to have been the home of the Badlesmeres or the de Veres, Earls of Oxford. The Pelhams came into possession in 1534. The old drawbridge is now supplanted (as at Hurstmonceux) by a stone bridge which crosses the moat and takes us to the square brick tower which is fifty feet high. The famous Pelham buckle is carved above the portal. This is the buckle of a sword-belt given at the surrender of King John of France at Poitiers to John de Pelham.

The next Sir John was one of John of Gaunt's esquires, and became Constable of Pevensey Castle. It was his wife, Joan, who put up such a superb defence at the siege of Pevensey.

Sir William Pelham, who built Laughton in 1534, probably did so because of the sport to be had in the neighbourhood, the Broyle being the home of the Master of the Game in the Ashdown Forest. He only lived in the house for four years, and left money for twenty sermons to be preached.

He married, first, Mary Carew, whose brother was beheaded in 1539, and then, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of Lord Sandys. It was his eldest son who defended the coast against the French in 1545 so well that the monument in Lewes was put up to him, which we have seen before.

We shall be wise to turn straight north again after leaving Laughton, with its grim, thick walls and circular stone staircases, across the fields to Halland, where a later Pelham built a more famous house. Fox-hunters often ride up the long, straight lane that leads from Laughton Common to this place, but other people never see it, because it is off the beaten track.

All that remains is the colossal brick barn, which was once the Duke of Newcastle's coachhouse, and a farmhouse with large garden walls.

It was built in 1595 round a courtyard, and had five gables and two great chimneys. There was a Park with a decoy pond that still exists, but it no longer occupies eleven acres. It was here that Thomas Turner lay down to contemplate astronomy after a too successful dinner with the Duke. Lady Wolseley suggests that Laughton Place, in the midst of the marshes, became too damp, so it was decided by Sir Thomas Pelham, the first Baronet, to build Halland for the sum of £80 down and £20 annually. He certainly chose an admirable viewpoint, for we look down across Glynde Rough to Caburn and Firle and the valley of the Ouse.

In 1657 we hear of Sir Thomas being shot at on his way to East Hoathly church by Colonel Thomas Lunsford of Whiligh, supposed to be an eater of babies, in revenge for having to pay a fine of £1,000 to the King and £750 to Sir Thomas for killing his deer. It always seems to have gone hard with those who sought to diminish the supply of Pelham deer. It was on account of a Pelham deer that young Lord Dacre of Hurstmonceux lost his head. The bullet passed through his coach and lodged in the woodwork of the church door.

It was the son of the first Lord Pelham who in 1715 was created Duke of Newcastle for raising a troop to fight against the Pretender. He married Henrietta, the granddaughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, whose mother's affection for Congreve was notorious.

The Duke and Duchess were famous for their lavish entertainments, as we read in the diary of Thomas Turner, one of the most entertaining of all Sussex diarists, whose journal was republished about thirty years ago.

Turner, who enjoyed the Duke's hospitality to the extent of going home "not quite sober," protests against a profanation of the Sabbath, the employment of so many French servants, and the behaviour of levity, drunkenness, and all sorts of immorality that characterised a dinner-party at Halland. He gives an elaborate account of the Duke's funeral in 1768. Most of us remember "Permis," as he was called, from the picture

Horace Walpole draws of him as a young man at the funeral of George II, when he stood on the train of the Duke of Cumberland to avoid catching the chill that would follow his standing on a marble floor. Yet Lady Wolseley proves a whole-hearted apologist for him, pointing out that he spent half a million and was reduced to a paltry £6,000 a year before he died.

From Halland the obvious path to take is that over the fields to East Hoathly (pronounced Ho-lie), the home of this Pepys of Sussex, Thomas Turner, who was born in 1729, and began his diary in 1754, when he was earning threepence a week as a schoolmaster in this village. He became general dealer, clothier, druggist, undertaker, and factor. He married first, Peggy Slater, with whom he quarrelled a good deal, but whose death he deplored and did not lightly forget, and then Molly Hicks, at which stage of his career we leave him.

He reads the *Spectator*, *Paradise Lost*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, Boyle's *Lectures*, and Homer's *Odyssey*, drinks a good deal, and complains about his wife more. "I went to the audit and came home drunk; but I think never to exceed the bounds of moderation more."

He watches Charles Diggens and James Fowle run twenty rod for one guinea each at Pilt Down. "I got never a bet, but very drunk." He tells us, after a visit to Battle, that 97,974 *common* men were killed at the Battle of Hastings.

Let us plunge at random into his fascinating book.

" *Thursday, Feb. 25, 1757.*—This morning about six o'clock just as my wife was got to bed, we was awaked by Mrs. Porter, who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar : but as soon as my wife got out of bed, she vowed she would come down. She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife, with a lighted candle, and part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next thing was to have me downstairs, which being apprized of, I fastened my door. Upstairs they came, and threatened to break it open ; so I ordered the boys to open it, when they poured into my room ; and, as modesty forbid me to get out of bed, so I refrained ; but their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed, as the common phrase is, topsy-turvey ; but, however, at the intercession of Mr. Porter, they permitted me to put on my ——, and instead of my upper cloaths, they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoats ; and in this manner they made me dance, without shoes and stockings, until they had emptied the bottle of wine, and also a bottle of my beer."

It is interesting in the light of this frolic, which Dr. Johnson would certainly have enjoyed, to find on the following Sunday this entry :

" We had as good a sermon as I ever heard Mr. Porter preach, it being against swearing."

And on the Sunday after that he supped at Mr. Porter's, got very drunk, dancing, and pulling

wigs, caps, and hats, but, as there was no swearing and no ill words, Mr. Porter described it as innocent mirth, " but I in opinion differ much therefrom."

A less pleasing escapade at Lewes, which, as usual, involved his drinking so much that he could not remember who his companions were, led to his being pulled by the nose and thrashed with a horsewhip.

We find him complaining that " the exorbitant practice of tea-drinking has corrupted the morals of people of almost every rank."

He talks, on February 7th, of being glad that Christmas celebrations were at last over, partly on account of the expense and partly because he prefers " a recluse and steady way of living."

He watches horse-racing at Lewes Downs, gives thanks for the taking of Quebec, plays a good deal of brag, and laments the loss of three shillings, which would have been better employed had he given it to " some necessitous and industrious poor " rather " than fooled away in this manner. I was not a-doing right when I was a-loosing it."

We hear of Lucy Mott, servant to Mr. French, going off to commit suicide " in her worst apparel. . . . There is also the greatest reason imaginable to think that she was pregnant."

He walks with his wife to Whitesmith, " to see a mountybank perform wonders, who has built a stage there, and comes once a week to cuzen a parcel of poor deluded creatures out of their money, by selling his packets, which are to cure people

of more distempers than they ever had in their lives, for 1/– each, by which means he takes sometimes £8 or £9 of a day."

He is never absent when any new form of entertainment is to be witnessed.

> "*Ap.* 28.—There being at Jones's a person with an electrical machine, my niece and I went to see it ; and tho' I have seen it several years agoe, I think there is something in it agreeable and instructing, but at the same time very surprising. As for my own part, I am quite at a loss to form any idea of the Phoeinomina."
>
> "*June* 10.—Was fought this day, at Jones's, a main of cocks, between the gentlemen of Hoathly and Pevensey. Quere. Is their a gentleman in either of the places that was conserned ? "

After the death of his wife he appears to forget that she was ever a thorn in his side, and quotes the " incomparable Mr. Young " : " Let them whoever lost an angel, pity me."

He tries to cure his " melancholly " by sawing wood, and continuing to get drunk. He now compares his lot as a widower very much to the disadvantage of his previous state. " Everything then was serene and in order ; now, one or both servants out, and everything noise and confusion. Oh ! it will not do. No, no ! it will never do."

> "*Oct.* 31.—No service at our church in the morning or afternoon. I dined on a roasted

goose and apple sauce : I drank tea with Mr. Carman and his family. This is not the right use that Sunday should be applied to. No, it is not."

" *June* 28.—In the even, Joseph Fuller and myself plaid a game of cricket with Mr. Geo. Banister and James Fuller, for half a crown's worth of punch, which we won very easy, but it being hot and drinking a pretty deal of punch, it got into my head, so that I came home not sober.

" *June* 29.—Very stiff and disagreeable to myself upon my game of cricket last night."

In September we read of the death of Mr. French (whose servant girl committed suicide) through drinking twenty gallons of gin a year.

" *Nov.* 24.—Mr. Banister having lately taken from the smugglers a freight of brandy, entertained Mr. Carman, Mr. Fuller and myself, in the even, with a bowl of punch.

" *Tuesday*, *May* 29.—In the afternoon, there was plaid at Hawkhurst Common, in this parish, a game of cricket, between this parish and that of Ringmer ; but it was not plaid out, Ringmer having three wickets to go out, and thirty notches to get ; so that in all probability, had it been plaid out, it would have been decided in favour of Hothly."

" *July* 6.—This day came to Jones's a man with a cartload of millinery, mercery, linen-drapery,

silver, etc., to keep a sale for two days, which must undoubtedly be some hurt to trade : for the novelty of the thing (and novelty is surely the predominant passion of the English nation and of Sussex in particular) will catch the ignorant multitude, and perhaps not them only, but people of sense, who are not judges of goods and trade, as indeed very few are ; but, however, as it is, it must pass."

It is only to be hoped that we have in our midst chroniclers of small beer possessed of this trick of putting down what posterity will want to know ; for we get more idea of rural Sussex from this extraordinarily entertaining journal than from any other source I know.

We find barbers fined half a crown for shaving on Sunday, and we find that the spelling of a letter dated 1620 was considered, a hundred and forty years later, to be scarcely altered. We know that " salt-fish, egg-sauce, parsnips and potatoes " provided Friday's fare in 1760 just as it does to-day.

We see the widower sitting up with his fresh " charmer, or intended wife, or sweetheart or whatever other name may be more proper " till past five in the morning, and chronicling the next day : " In the even very dull and sleepy ; this courting does not well agree with my constitution, and perhaps it may be only taking pains to create more pain."

None the less, we soon find that he was not able to continue his journal owing to his marriage to Molly. "I have, it's true not married a learned lady, nor is she a gay one ; but I trust she is good-natured. . . . As to her fortune, I shall one day have something considerable, and there seems to be rather a flowing stream."

I hope I have proved that he who would see Sussex in the eighteenth century, and meet a man scarcely less entertaining than Pepys, should immediately procure the entire *Diary of Thomas Turner*.

The name of Turner still exists in East Hoathly, as the notice-board of the wheelwright opposite to the "King's Head" proves.

As we came out of our way to Halland from Laughton, so we turn south again through the thick coverts of Vert Wood, where once deer were hunted and now the fox rings, to the "Roebuck" (there is also a "Green Man" hereabouts to remind us of the old-time occupations of this neighbourhood) at Laughton, with the church just down the road containing more than forty members of the Pelham family buried in the Newcastle vault. The walk over the fields from the church to Laughton Place begins in an inviting narrow avenue, and then dies away into a field-path, the track of which is almost indecipherable.

Our way lies over the fields south-east to the villages of Ripe and Chalvington (pronounced Chawton), which lie right in the middle of the

flat, wet fields between the Ouse and the Cuckmere. Ripe has a fine Perpendicular church tower, with the Pelham buckle over the west door and some old stained glass. Chalvington's church is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, or perhaps St. Bartholomew. "When Beddingham hills wear a cap, Ripe and Chalvington gets a drap." When hounds are running the two hamlets seem to melt into one, they are so near and so small.

Our way lies over the usually sodden fields which give however a fine view of the Downs from Firle Beacon to Wilmington Long Man. At Selmeston there is a very jolly inn, the "Barley-mow," one of the best meets of the South Down. Everyone says that this village calls itself Simson. I think this pronunciation is dying. The restored church contains a fine sixteenth-century tomb to one Betrix, wife of Sir Edward Bracy, a row of wooden pillars, and an ancient altar-slab with five crosses. In the churchyard the smugglers, having descended from the Borstal over the Downs, deposited their contraband in an empty grave. Their track across Heighton Hill to Denton and Tarring Neville, where the font is built into the wall of the Early English church, is one of the finest Downland walks I know. "Heighton, Denton, and Tarring : All begins with A" runs a local saying.

We saw the villages of Alciston and Berwick from the top of the Downs, but it is worth revisiting both these places from a different angle. The

lane leading to Alciston is a cul-de-sac, which gives the hamlet a lovely lost look. The church stands on a knoll, with a farmyard, pond, fine red-roofed barn, and very ancient, ruined dovecote on one side of it, and a converted grange with a terrace and moat on the other.

Berwick has an Early English church, with a spire standing out of the trees, on a knoll, and in the chancel is a beautifully canopied tomb and a memorial to a former rector, George Hall, which betrays the brevity of human reputation. The rector of Berwick whose memory is likely to live much longer is Edward Boys Ellman, whose *Recollections of a Sussex Parson* provide one with excellent gossip about this area during the greater part of the nineteenth century. He is not to be compared with Thomas Turner, but he too had the trick of knowing what posterity wanted.

We have now arrived on the banks of the Cuckmere, and, according to our plan, we immediately turn north again along its banks.

We may start just north of Alfriston, with Berwick Tower on the west bank and Burlough Castle on the east. If we do this we shall be wise to pay a second visit to the eleventh-century Benedictine Priory at Wilmington, which we descended over the surface of the Long Man to see on our Downland walk. What did we miss last time? Perhaps the low stone bench in the Norman church, the yew-tree, the Norman crypt of the

Priory, or the towered gateway. As this is one of the loveliest of all Downland hamlets, we cannot visit it too often. Always some fresh beauty makes itself manifest.

The river winds between Monkyn Pin (there's a name for Lady Wolseley) and Pothills, with the old house of Cobb Court on its western bank and Arlington on the east, which has a fine church containing a Roman urn and tiles, a Saxon window and arch, and Norman windows and chapel. There is Early English dog-tooth moulding in the tower and arch, and there are also two later Perpendicular windows, a stone tomb, oak pulpit, wall paintings, and a modern carved screen, locally wrought. Mr. Winbolt says, "As a compendium of church architecture Chichester Cathedral itself is hardly superior."

Just north of Arlington on the east bank is the Moat, and on the west Claverham ; but the most interesting old house is Michelham Priory, right on the water, an Augustinian house built in 1229, of which the moat, tower, three-storied gateway, stone bridge, frater, crypt, and mill still stand. It was founded by Gilbert de Aquila. Edward I spent a night there in 1302 on his way from Lewes to Battle. At the Dissolution in 1538 it came into the possession of the Earl of Arundel, and later into that of Lord Buckhurst, who built the Tudor wing that has recently been burnt down.

A couple of miles through the woods from Michelham brings us to Hailsham, with its

twelfth-century church, embattled tower, and peal of eight bells—the tenor of which still rings curfew—and three-acred cattle-market.

On the western bank we cross Upper and Lower Dicker to reach Peke's, the haunted manor of which Lady Wolseley writes so charmingly. Sir Richard Milward still walks in his brightly polished armour, with upraised visor, looking to the window of that bedroom from which his daughter Agnes escaped to marry John Jeffrey, the grandfather of the judge who became Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1577, and lived at Chiddingly Place close by.

Peke's is a warm-looking house of many red gables, flagged paths, oast-house, lily-pond, lattice windows, tall chimneys, tiles, stone-fireplaces, timber beams, trees, and quiet gardens overlooking the valley of the Cuckmere, one branch of which winds at the foot of the meadow on its north-eastern side.

Hellingly, which lies at the junction of the two tributaries on a knoll, possesses two interesting old houses, the timber-built Horselunges and the Jacobean Carter's Corner.

The church, which is partly Norman, contains an open timber roof and the brass of a lady with a horned head-dress.

Near Hellingly is Amberstone, where the Czar, in 1814, was entertained by the two Quakers, Nathaniel and Mary Rickman.

We follow the western branch of the river under

Thunders Hill to Chiddingly, the Early English church of which has an old stone spire, horse-box pews, Jacobean pulpit, a quiet-ticking clock, and a fine Elizabethan monument to Sir John Jeffrey, the grandson of the man who eloped with Agnes Milward. It also contains a suggestion book for visitors. The view from the churchyard over the Weald to the Downs and Pevensey Level is magnificent.

The remains of Chiddingly Place, the Tudor home of Sir John, now a farmhouse, lie to the west of the church, on a tributary of the Cuckmere which rises in East Hoathly.

Our way lies up the northern tributary, which winds its way up a gorgeous, wooded valley with the main London–Eastbourne road a mile or so to the west, until we emerge at Waldron, which has a fine church tower and a magnificent view. We now climb out of the valley in which the Cuckmere rises, having traced it to its source, and at Beacon Down, Cross-in-Hand, find ourselves five hundred feet up, looking north-east into the deep gully that forms the watershed of the eastern Rother.

It is worth turning east along the ridge to Heathfield (pronounced Heffle), partly because of the stupendous views, partly because of its Annual Cuckoo Fair on April 14th ("An old woman takes the cuckoo in her basket to Heffle Fair and there turns it out"), partly because Jack Cade was caught and killed here by Alexander

Iden in 1450, partly because of its fame as a gun foundry till 1755, and partly because of Heathfield Park, the home of George Augustus Eliott, the defender of Gibraltar, afterwards created Lord Heathfield.

Its church tower, which is built of chalk and bears the date 1445 in Arabic numerals, has a shingled spire and a seventeenth-century oak alms-box. Mr. E. V. Lucas reminds us of Heathfield's love of Puritan names. "Replenished" and "More-Fruits" are Christian names selected for girls, and "Elected" and "Fly-Fornication" for boys, in this neighbourhood.

Just south-east of Heathfield is Warbleton, where, at Rushlake Green, there are remains of the chapel of an old priory. The church, which stands inside a Roman earthwork, was used as a sanctuary in the days of Queen Mary's persecution, and one of the local ironfounders, Richard Woodman, who was afterwards burnt at the stake at Lewes in 1557, is supposed to have wrought the work in the oak door of the tower. There is a fifteenth-century brass to the Prior of Battle, Dean Prestwick, and tombs and monuments to the family of Lade.

Our way lies north of Heathfield across the wooded valley of the Rother up to Mayfield, a city set on a hill of extraordinary beauty. Coventry Patmore called it the sweetest village in England. After Heathfield's long street of ugly modern houses it is wonderful to recapture in Mayfield's street the spirit of medievalism again.

Mr. Winbolt tells us that the meaning of this village is not the field of hawthorns but of chamomile, from the Saxon word *maegthe*. It was here that St. Dunstan, when Archbishop of Canterbury, built a wooden church in 960, and lived in a cell close by making gold chalices or horseshoes. The Devil, appearing in his forge in the guise of a fascinating girl, made the mistake of showing his cloven hoof under his frock, so the Archbishop instantly pulled his nose with his red-hot tongs, with the result that the foiled Tempter leapt with one bound to Tunbridge Wells, where he plunged his nose into the spring on the Pantiles, thereby imparting to it those chalybeate properties which afterwards made the fortunes of that town. Discovering that his church was a little out of position, St. Dunstan leaned against it to put it right.

The remains of the palace where the Archbishops of Canterbury used to live adjoin the church. In Cranmer's time it was exchanged for other property, and Sir Thomas Gresham lived there when Queen Elizabeth dined with him. It is now a convent, but still harbours the tongs that St. Dunstan used. The great hall, which is now used as a chapel, has a magnificent roof. The church—called, of course, St. Dunstan's—has a shingled spire on an Early English tower—the only part that remains of the original church, which was burnt in 1389. There are monuments to Philadelphia, Marthanna, and John I, II, and III,

sons and daughters of Baker of Middle House, remains of a screen, four tomb slabs of Sussex iron to the Sands family, and a Jacobean font. Curfew is rung nightly from Michaelmas to Lady Day.

Opposite the church is Middle House, a sixteenth-century gabled house with very ornate timbered front, which Richard Jefferies found displeasing.

" Now at Mayfield there is a timber house which is something of a show place, and people go to see it, which certainly has many more lines in its curves and woodwork, but yet did not appeal to me, because it seemed too purposely ornamental." An upstairs room is shown where an owner shut up his wife for ten years. She escaped by hitting him over the head while he was drunk.

Thomas May (1595–1650), the friend of Ben Jonson and translator of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, was born here, and Mr. E. V. Lucas has rescued from the Sussex Archæological Collections some amusing extracts from the diary of Walter Gale, the local schoolmaster, who was dismissed in 1771 for neglecting his duties.

Coventry Patmore rightly reminds us that we " must traverse leisurely the spacious circular valley which Mayfield, with its great archiepiscopal palace, dominates, in order to feel the harmony and contrast of its surroundings, and to catch those distant and various views of it which are themselves half its beauty and the fitting preparation for a closer acquaintance with the rest."

You may think the front of Middle House over-decorated, but the old-time post and chains on one side of the wide street, and the raised footway on the other, the weather-boarded, gabled, tiled cottages reached by steep steps let into a grassy bank, the view of hills and dales, forest and weald, and the distant Downs, all combine to make Mayfield as memorable for her beauty as Broadway, Chipping Campden, Burford or Bibury.

North of us lies the Forest, so we must once more turn south-east into the valley of the Rother, crossing it at Bivelham to visit Burwash, the home of Rudyard Kipling and John Coker Egerton, the author of *Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways*. James Hurdis, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, wrote *The Village Curate* while he was curate here. It was at Burwash that we hear of the children being put to bed early on certain evenings with the injunction : " Now, mind, if the gentlemen come along, don't you look out of the window." We know these " gentlemen " from Kipling's splendid poem. The church has a very early, perhaps Saxon, tower with shingled spire. The font bears the emblem of the Pelham buckle, and a cast-iron slab, made at Socknersh, has a Latin inscription : " Orate pro annema Jhone Coline," who was a local iron mistress. Kipling's Tudor house, Bateman's, is the object of many pious pilgrimages. We are now in the land of oast-houses and smugglers.

A few miles east, where the main road dips to

cross the Rother, is Etchingham, the church of which contains fine brasses to Sir William de Echyngham (1345), who founded the church, another Sir William, with his wife and son (1444), Thomas Echyngham (1482), and two ladies of this family (1480). There is an inscription in French on the first of these reminding us that the knight was made of earth and returned to earth. There used to be a moat here, at the bottom of which was a bell that would resist all efforts to drag it up until six yoke of white oxen were harnessed to it. The whole area is a lacework of hop-poles. At Haremere Hall, near by, the dwarf, Sir John Lade, once a friend of George IV and later coachman to the Earl of Anglesey, lived. It was this Sir John who undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley from the Brighton Pavilion twice round the Steyne. When he accepted the bet, the dwarf told him to take his clothes off, as he had undertaken to carry only his lordship. By means of this Portia-like trick Sir John won his bet.

We turn south here, leaving the Tunbridge Wells–Hastings railway on the east of us, and cross or wander along the valley of the Dudwell, a tributary of the Rother, in order to visit Brightling Beacon (646 feet) and Dallington. The Early English church of Brightling contains a bust of John Fuller, the patron of J. M. W. Turner. There is a fifteenth-century brass and fourteenth-century stained glass. On the Beacon Fuller

built an obelisk, called the Needle, and an observatory. When he was offered a peerage, Fuller said, " I was born Jack Fuller, and Jack Fuller I'll die." He founded the Fullerian professorship and bought Bodiam Castle when it stood in some danger of being destroyed. He had a reputation for swearing in Parliament, and once referred to the Speaker as " the insignificant little fellow in a wig." He armed his coachmen and footmen with swords and pistols whenever he drove to London.

Dallington has a stone spire set on its solid church tower, which bears the emblem of the Pelham buckle. From its height we descend into the valley of the river Ashburn, past Penhurst—the church of which contains an iron monument to Peter Gower (1703), made in the celebrated Penhurst ironworks, which were only closed down in 1811—through Ashburnham Park, the home of the Earl of Ashburnham.

It is said that an ancestor of his held Dover for Harold against the Conqueror. In this house are kept the shirt and silk drawers worn by King Charles I on his scaffold, his watch, and the sheet which was thrown over his body. These were given to John Ashburnham, who was at that time King's Groom of the Bedchamber. The church, which was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, contains monuments of the family. Ashburnham Forge was the last to remain at work, and a labourer who died less than fifty years ago could

remember the final putting out of the fire in 1813.

Just south of Ashburnham is Ninfield, in which parish is Standard Hill, where William the Conqueror pitched his standard after the Battle of Hastings. We have already seen Hurstmonceux when we were exploring the coast, but it is worth paying it a second visit to inspect the Dacre monument in the church on our way to Priesthawes and Willingdon.

Priesthawes is one of the many houses that was honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth. A certain John Thatcher of this house married a daughter of Sir John Gage of Firle and a James Thatcher married a daughter of Sir Edward Gage in a later age. There is a slab of stone at the entrance to the house, containing the effigy of a medieval bishop in full robes. The house has a magnificent buttressed garden wall and fine Tudor chimneys, mullioned windows, stone fireplaces and gables. Lady Wolseley, with her customary energy, has collected the field-names of some of the Priesthawes fields which are of great interest. They include Great Dunce, Moll Coppers, The Theeches, Allons, Joan Roach Marsh, and Hip Holes.

At one time the Alards of Winchelsea owned the house, then came the Thatchers from Ringmer, one of whom married a Lewknor, another an Oxenbridge, and a third a daughter of Lady Meriall Tresham.

In Westham church is a monument to John

Thatcher, " the last of that name and Familie," who died " without isshew " in 1649. The house then passed into the hands of the Medley family.

Near Priesthawes is Otham, a farm marking the site chosen by the monks who afterwards went to Bayham. Their chapel of St. Laurence is now used as a barn.

At Willingdon we are under the Downs and near the sea, but the Norman church is worth seeing for the sake of the two sixteenth-century brasses and monuments to the Parkers of Ratton.

From here we cross the flats, through Westham, to have another look at Pevensey, which we cannot visit too often, *en route* for a second visit to Battle Abbey, up the Ashburn River, or by way of Hooe, Crowhurst, and Catsfield.

Hooe church, dedicated to King Oswald, has a stained-glass window of the fourteenth century showing figures of Edward III and Queen Philippa and a huge tree-trunk hollowed out as a church chest. Crowhurst, which gives its name to a pack of otter-hounds who hunt all the Sussex waters and some of the Kent ones, has the Pelham buckle on its Perpendicular church tower, and a yew-tree which is 37½ feet in circumference. The Manor House was built about 1250.

Catsfield church contains a memorial tablet to Lady Brassey, reminding us that the big house of Normanhurst, with its wonderful grounds, was once the seat of Lord Brassey. It is now, like Battle Abbey, a flourishing girls' school.

We are now once more at Battle, which we probably visited from Hastings but are unlikely to pass without another look at the high altar, where Harold fell after his nine hours' struggle, or Abbot Retlynge's fourteenth-century battlemented gateway. We look again at the Market House, the Monastery Guard, in the lodge of which Isaac Ingall lived to the age of one hundred and twenty, with its figureheads of Edward III and Philippa, and perhaps Harold and William.

Once more we can admire the ruined stair-turrets of the monastery guest-house which Sir Anthony Browne of Cowdray built on the site of the terrace, the vaulting of the long dormitory, the Purbeck marble pillars of the crypt, the lovely avenues of lime and yew and cedars, the pilgrim's hostel, and the dungeons, and stand on the terrace looking across the valley to Telham Hill, where William's forces were posted before the attack, which was twice driven back, and only succeeded when the flight became a feint. We can still see the red water of the Asten stream.

The church of Battle was built by the Abbot Ralph, at the beginning of the twelfth century, and contains good stained glass, a lepers' squint, an alabaster tomb of Sir Anthony Browne, the father of the 1st Lord Montague, and his first wife (1548), and brasses to Sir John Lowe, 1426, Dean Clere, 1542, and others dated 1435, 1597, and 1615. The famous Roll of Battle Abbey, which contained the names of all William's knights who

Bodiam Castle

fought at Hastings, was taken to Cowdray, and there burnt when the house was destroyed in 1793.

It is not easy to tear ourselves from Battle without reliving some of its great days, and visualising William swearing to build the great monastery if he won, solely because he was offered his suit of mail on the morning of the battle wrong side out; the troubadour Taillefer, dashing alone and headlong among the Saxons to start the battle; the Saxons' overnight revelry, and cries of "Bublie," and "Wassail," and "Drink to me," while the Normans celebrated High Mass; the ghastly thoroughness of the Norman slaughter; the peaceful monks getting ever richer and richer on the land where so much Saxon blood was spilt; King John seeking pardon for his sins with the gift of a piece of Our Lord's sepulchre; King Edward II accepting William de Echyngham's offering of three peacocks, twelve bream, and six muttons, his share of a night's royal feast in 1324; or the cursing of the house of Montague by the monk, which we saw fulfilled at Cowdray.

One may, I repeat, go back to Battle many times. Each time we shall find something fresh to see, hear some new legend.

Every visitor to Battle immediately sets his face eastward through Whatlington, where there is a brass in the church, to Sedlescombe, which is always being described—probably on the strength of its Butter Cross and village Green, where they

dance—as the most picturesque village in Sussex. It is red, it is long, it is straggling. I could name at least twenty villages that are equally attractive, and the hamlet of Saddlescombe, just by Poynings, is infinitely lovelier. It stands, however, pleasantly among trees above the valley where the River Line becomes the Brede.

It is very much worth while following this stream upwards, for it leads to Mountfield, which has a Norman church containing a cylindrical font, and in Limekiln Wood, near Netherfield, is the famous Bore Hole, 2,000 feet deep, dug in 1872 to discover gypsum, which led to the establishment of cement works.

Just north of this we join the Glottenham stream, and follow it to Robertsbridge—described by Horace Walpole as wretched on account of the bad roads, and by Hilaire Belloc as remarkable for the excellent port sold at the " George "—with six bridges crossing the Rother, which comes down from the north and joins the Glottenham stream here. Just down the water, on the southern bank, lie the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey, which passed, on its suppression, to Sir Philip Sidney's grandfather. There still remain some ruined arches, a groined vault, and an Early English arch.

On the north side of the Rother lies Salehurst, under Silver Hill (384 feet), which Horace Walpole described as a precipice, with an Early English church tower. There are seventeenth-

century iron gravestones in the churchyard, a salamander carved on the font, and monuments to the Culpepers.

Our way lies east across the fields above the broad green valley of the Rother, once obviously much bigger, until we come at Bodiam to a castle that you will never forget. Haddon Hall strikes one dumb with the beauty of its grey towers among the trees, Compton Wynyates by its absolute seclusion, Cowdray by its defencelessness, Bodiam by its grimness. Here, we feel, is the castle of our dreams, a moat that is a moat, towers that are towers, drawbridge and portcullis that perform their proper functions. What terrific tourneys and assaults must these old walls have seen !

Alas ! That life should almost always be so deceptive. Here is a perfect medieval castle, totally devoid of history.

Lord Curzon, who so generously bequeathed it to the nation, has told its story in a book that everyone who cares for old houses must own.

Its greatness lies in what it is, not in what it was.

The Manor belonged, after the Conquest till 1370, to the de Bodiams, and then to the Wardeux. The castle was built by Sir Edward Dalyngrygge, a hero of Crécy and Poitiers, in 1386.

Before we reach the castle we pass a green field which was originally the tilt-yard. The walls are over forty, and the towers sixty, feet high, rising sheer out of the water of the moat that

encircles it. Water lilies grow here in great profusion. There is a ruined barbican, and beyond it and above the portcullis, which has thirteen iron points, the machicolated great gate. Here stands the unicorn's head of the Dalyngrygge family and the coats of arms of the de Bodiams and Wardeux. We walk under the great gate to a grass court, with the site of the chapel, lady's bower, and great chamber on the east side, and the great hall, kitchen, postern gate, and well on the south. The postern tower is the only one that can be climbed. From the top of this we see that at each angle is a round tower, and in the middle of each side a square tower, each of which has, or had, a circular staircase. At Hurstmonceux it will be recollected that the angle towers were octagonal and those in the middle of the sides pentagonal.

It is a place to linger in for hours. It lacks the grandeur and extent and history of Carnarvon, but it is a sort of Carnarvon in miniature, and hence much less tiring to explore. Here we do not have to bother about facts, but merely let our imagination wander and people it with whomsoever we like—Ivanhoe, Hereward the Wake, Sir Gawayne calling on the Green Knight, all the heroes of Froissart, and, perhaps best of all, the characters of Ford Madox Ford's *Ladies whose Bright Eyes*. As Bodiam has no history at all, we can invest it with as much as we like.

Just north of the castle lies the church, a small

Early English building overlooking the river to the south and the Kent Ditch, the county boundary, on the north.

It is decidedly worth while walking half a mile down the road to the north to see the ancient moat and mill, and then crawl along the Ditch, which really is a ditch (see Mr. Belloc on the subject), until we reach the main water of the Rother again just north of Ewhurst (not to be confused with the moated house of Ewhurst in Shermanbury Park), the church of which has a marble font.

There is a glorious walk across the fields from here to Northiam, which is ten times as picturesque as Sedlescombe, is locally pronounced Norgem, as Bodiam is pronounced Bodgem, and has a wonderful Norman church with coats of arms of Latons, Clarkes, Scotts, Congerhursts, and Wardeux—from which family the county gets its coat of arms of the Sussex martlets—worked in stone on its exterior, and two good brasses dated 1518 and 1538. On the Green stands Queen Elizabeth's oak, under which she dined in August 1573, and her shoes of green damask silk are still kept in the exquisite timbered house of Brickwall, once the seat of the Frewens, two of whom were christened Thankful and Accepted. The latter was outlawed by Cromwell with a price of £1,000 on his head, but afterwards became President of Magdalen and Archbishop of York at the Restoration. It was in the Rother at Northiam Bridge, or Maytham, that a Danish vessel was found a hundred

years ago ten feet down in the mud. Her dimensions were 65 feet by 14 feet, and in her were discovered a human skull with a pair of goat's horns attached, a dirk, glazed tiles, parts of sandals, two earthen jars, a stone mug, and a piece of board with thirty holes in it—either a game or a sort of calendar.

Northiam was one of the iron-foundry centres, and guns were made here during the Civil War. Its inn on the Green, the " Six Bells," is excellent.

Beckley, on the road to Rye, has some fine chestnuts in the churchyard, and Peasemarsh, the village beyond it, has a good park in which lies a Transitional church.

South of Northiam, across the valley of the Tillingham, lies Broad Oak, a fifteenth-century yeomen's hall, and Brede, famous as the place where Jonathan Swift's cradle still rests in the fine Early English church, which also contains a chantry built by Sir Goddard Oxenbregge (1537), two Oxenbregge brasses, dated 1487 and 1492, and a poor-box with the inscription, " Sarve the Lord, remember the poor, 1697."

Brede Place, a fine, gabled, tall-chimneyed Tudor house, was built by Sir Goddard Oxenbregge. One of his family was supposed to be turned into a child-eating ogre only capable of being killed by a wooden saw, which miracle was performed by the villagers in Stubb's Lane, by Groaning Bridge. There is supposed to be an underground passage leading from the house to

the church. Stephen Crane has used this as a setting for his stories.

East of Brede, on the ridge between the Tillingham and the Brede, we come to Udimore, with its fine Early English church, about which we are told that when it was being built the stones were removed to its present site by angels, who cried, "O'er the mere," which gave its name to the village.

From Udimore we cross the river Brede to visit the Norman church of Westfield and the village of Guestling, the church of which contains monuments to John Cheyney and Sir William Ashburnham of Broomham Park, who became Bishop of Chichester. From here we regain the lovely Fairlight Glen, which we explored when we came along the coast. On Fairlight Down (540 feet) we are at the end of the southern forest ridge. Our eastward way from here lies through Pett and Icklesham, where there is a beautiful Norman church overlooking the broad valley of the Brede on the north and the Pett Level to the sea on the south. Mr. E. V. Lucas discovered some delightful entries in the churchwardens' accounts, including fifteen shillings to the ringers for "Rejoycing when ye Rebels was beat," 26 April, 1746. This refers, of course, to Culloden.

We are now back in Winchelsea, which well repays a second visit ("He who drinks from St. Leonard's well will never rest till he returns to drink again"), so that we can revive our memories

of the landings here of William the Conqueror in 1087 and of Henry II in 1138, of the floods and the French raiders, of the sea-battle between England and Spain, of the recession of the channel, of the Alards, of Thackeray, Ellen Terry, Henry James, and John Wesley, as we walk under its gates, among its squares, by its ancient prison, now used as a billiard-room, and its very old "New" inn, still used for its old purpose, and out again on to the Level past Camber Castle to pay our second and last visit to Rye before turning back to the last stage of our journey through the forests.

At Rye let us re-visit the "Mermaid" and the church and the Ypres Tower, and think once more of Fletcher the dramatist, whose father was vicar here, of the three Samuel Jeakes—the first of whom became a lawyer, astrologer and preacher; the second, omniscient at nineteen, drew horoscopes, and at twenty-nine married a girl of thirteen; and the third who made a flying-machine which failed to fly.

And this time, instead of going down to Camber sands to bathe, let us visit the two villages of Playden ("Sauket church, crooked steeple, drunken parson, wicked people") and Iden on the road towards the Rother and the Kent Ditch, Playden with an exquisite church spire and its tomb of the Flemish brewer bearing the inscription, "Hier is begraven Cornelis Roetmanns—*bidt voer de ziele*," and Iden, the traditional home of Alexander Iden, who killed Jack Cade and lived

at Motes, nothing of which remains but the moat. In the church is a fourteenth-century brass to Walter Sellar.

There only remains East Guldeford church, the loneliest spot in Sussex, to remind us that we are now actually at the eastern boundary of the county. The best way back to the Forest is by way of the Kent Ditch, which we can regain north of Iden beyond the Rother, and follow along the river valley past Newenden and Bodiam, until at Ticehurst, among the woods, we begin our last tramp, across the highland forests that act as northern boundary to our county of infinite surprises.

VII

THE FIVE FORESTS FROM TICEHURST TO HORSHAM

A vast and unfrequented place, heathie, vaultie, full of unwholesome shades, and over-grown hollowes. JOHN STEEL, CHRISTOPHER HOLDER AND A WIDOW WOMAN (1614).

THE final stage of our long journey takes us over the high, sandy forest ridge of north Sussex, beginning at Ticehurst, "the wood of the fairy Tys," the church of which has a fine spire and contains a brass of John Wybarne and his two wives, engraved half the size of their husband, dated 1490. The "Bell" inn dates from the early part of the fifteenth century.

The next village on the highroad is Wadhurst, which has a fine church spire and about thirty iron grave-slabs. The church's oak door dates from 1682.

About five miles north-east of Wadhurst lie the ruins of Scotney Castle, on an island in a lake

formed by the river Bewt. One circular, grey machicolated tower remains of the original four, capped by a conical roof and a lantern. This was built in Richard II's reign. Other buildings, also in ruins, are supposed to have been built by Inigo Jones. In 1259 Walter de Scottiney was hanged for trying to poison Simon de Montfort's rival, the Earl of Gloucester, who lost his teeth, nails, and skin. In 1598 the Jesuit, Father Blunt, escaped from his hiding-place here by swimming the moat. The Darrells, who owned the castle for five hundred years, became smugglers and were besieged for three days in Goudhurst church. One of them arranged a sham funeral and attended it himself.

South-west, past the monastery at Mark Cross, lies Rotherfield, with its beautiful church on a hill, visible for many miles round. Here is the fine church of St. Denis, with a tall tower and spire, and a wagon roof. Over the north door there is a priest's chamber. It contains the chapel of the Earls of Abergavenny, a Burne-Jones window, a wooden screen and pulpit, a tomb with a sword on it, and wall paintings. A Roman jug, some green-glazed urns, and a copy of the will of Bertould, Duke of the South Saxons, who built the original church in 792, are also to be seen. This will tells us that by the just judgment of God " I Bertould, Duke . . . fell into a sickness of which none of the doctors was able to heal me," so he went to Gaul and was healed at " a monastery of the holy

martyrs Dionysius, Rusticus, and Eleutherius," which enabled him to return and build his church on his estate at Redrefeld. There is a fine yew in the churchyard. In this village are the sources of the Rother, the Ouse, and the Medway.

North of Rotherfield lies the great Park of Eridge, the seat of the Marquis of Abergavenny, whose initial letter, tied with tassels, can be seen carved on nearly every cottage in the neighbourhood. In his Park stands Saxonbury Tower, marking the site of one of the stations of Ella during his invasion of Anderida in the fifth century. From here it is possible to see the cliffs of Dover. There is also a place in the Park called Dane's Gate, probably the line of communication between Crowborough and Saxonbury.

Eridge Castle was visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1573. She stayed here for six days, and Lord Burleigh, who was with her, described its dangers as worse than those of the Peak.

It was a guest at Eridge, Lord North, who in 1606 found by accident the beneficial effect of the chalybeate springs in the Pantiles, which made Tunbridge Wells the fashionable resort which it afterwards became.

On the road that borders the Park on the east lies Frant, lying 600 feet high, a charming village built round a Green on which are archery butts. On the north-east side of the village, actually on the county border, lie the ruins of Bayham Abbey, founded in 1200 by Sir Robert de Turneham,

one of Richard Cœur de Lion's knights, who also founded Combwell, the revenues being taken after its Dissolution by Wolsey to found colleges. To reach it you cross a pleasing three-arched bridge over the Teise, a tributary of the Medway. Edward I and Edward II both stayed here, and St. Richard, Bishop of Chichester, gave a bed to the Abbey which cured everyone who lay on it. We can trace the ruins of the Early English church, some of the chapels of which still keep their vaulting, and three ivy-covered arches of the chapter-house can still be seen. Some of the pillars are very handsome.

We are now practically in Tunbridge Wells, which is no longer in Sussex, but no one would willingly miss those splendid Pantiles where Johnson and Beau Nash, with his coach and six greys, Lord Chesterfield and Bishop Gilbert, the notorious Duchess of Kingston and Pitt, Garrick and Richardson, Colley Cibber and the "Vicar of Wakefield" hobnobbed together. "A very sweet place, private and refreshing," was Evelyn's verdict. When Lord North discovered the springs in 1606 Tunbridge Wells was a pleasant common. When the Court, after the Restoration, visited it, and Nell Gwyn acted there before Charles II, there was still no town. In 1685, when they decided to build a church, it was surprisingly dedicated to St. Charles the Martyr, for the Puritanical influence of the place can be gauged from the names of Mount Ephraim, Mount Zion,

and Beulah Road. Queen Anne gave £100 for the paving of the Pantiles, which still form the town's chief attraction. But in the eyes of some even greater charm lies in its glorious Common and quaint-shaped sandstone rocks, one of them, at Rusthall, resembling a giant toad. Ladies of fashion no longer hanker after pin-boxes of Tunbridge wood, but it is a fine place, in spite of the fact that Macaulay's glowing description of it is no longer true.

We regain Sussex at Groombridge, an unusual village, the old part of which, on the north side of the Kent Ditch, lies in Kent. The timbered houses on the Green on the steep sides of the hill attract many visitors.

Luckily the next two villages of Withyham and Hartfield, both lying in this green and pleasant valley, are in Sussex, and we can look at them more closely.

Withyham has a most enchanting inn called the "Dorset Arms," standing at the back of a triangular Green, with double-gabled roof. The church is hidden, but very much worth a visit. It was destroyed by lightning in 1663 and rebuilt in 1672. The Dorset Chapel, which is hung with banners and adorned with shields, contains monuments to the Sackvilles, an altar-tomb with the figure of a son of the 5th Earl of Dorset (1697) with his father and mother kneeling by his side, done by Colley Cibber's father, the 3rd Duke (1799), the 4th Duke by

Flaxman, Arabella, the Duchess by Chantry, and others.

This family has been here since the days of Henry II. The first earl, who wrote *Gorboduc*, was born here in 1536; the second founded Sackville College, East Grinstead; while the sixth was the poet who wrote "To all ye ladies now on land." It was a member of this family who was selected to bear the news of her impending execution to Mary Queen of Scots.

The house where the present head of the family, Earl de la Warr, lives is New Buckhurst. Only the Perpendicular gate-tower of old Buckhurst still stands. There is a fine timbered farm here called Duckings, which Mr. E. V. Lucas rightly describes as "a superb piece of old Sussex architecture."

It was of Duckings that Richard Jefferies wrote at such length and with such fine appreciation in his essay on Buckhurst Park. "It is not large, nor overburdened with gables, not ornamental, nor what is called striking in any way, but simply an old English house, genuine and true. The warm sunlight falls on the old red tiles, the dark beams look the darker for the glow of light . . . there are swallows and flowers and ricks and horses, and so it is beautiful because it is natural and honest. It is the simplicity that makes it so touching, like the words of an old ballad."

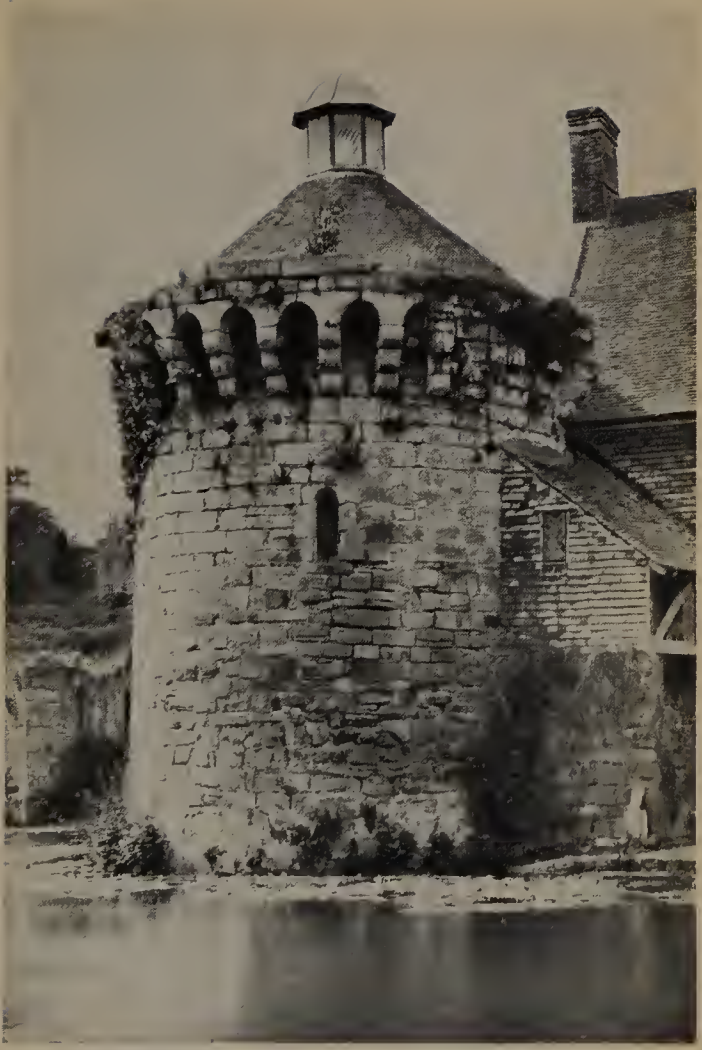
It is at this stage of his essay that he compares it with Middle House, Mayfield, to the great

disadvantage of that better-known house. "I prefer the simple old home by Buckhurst Park."

It is little wonder, in the face of such treasures, that Mr. Lucas is led to describe Withyham as the "jewel of Sussex" outside the Downs. It is a little unkind of him to dismiss the next village, Hartfield, as uninteresting, because it boasts an inn as picturesque as that at Withyham, a lych-gate with a timbered house attached dated 1520, and in the truly noble red-brick Tudor gateway of Bolebroke a fine reminder of the Dalyngrygges of Bodiam, who once lived here. There is also an artificial mound called Castle Field, which in Mr. Winbolt's opinion marks the site of a hunting-lodge of the lords of Pevensey.

Having now successfully skirted the eastern and northern fringes of the Forest, we at last make a bold plunge into the centre of it. First of all it is to be remembered that we are concerned not with one forest, but five. Our immediate object is Ashdown Forest, which is bounded by gates, Friar's Gate on the north, Coleman's Hatch on the north-west, Chelwood Gate on the west, and Pound Gate on the south. These were the entrances in old days to the hunting-ground of the King's forest, which boasted ash, hazel, beech, oak, and birch, until the iron-making Middle Ages demanded the felling of these trees, leaving the bracken-covered uplands over which we are about to tramp bare.

The ridge we now climb rises at Crowborough



Scotney Castle, near Lamberhurst

Ashdown Forest: The Summit of Camp Hill

Beacon to just short of eight hundred feet. Most of it is over six hundred feet. The lower parts are still thickly wooded, but the summit is moorland, giving magnificent views of the Weald and the distant Downs.

The Romans knew this Forest, which once extended for 120 miles from Kent to Hampshire, as Sylva Anderida, Pevensey being known to them as Anderida. The Saxons called it Andreaswald. There are no longer wolves, wild boars, or even deer on it, but in the days of the smugglers it was no place for law-abiding citizens to penetrate.

It is worth remembering that in the old days a horn was kept in the cottages to summon aid from robbers, and that remains of a seventy-feet long and nine-feet high iguanodon, of crocodile, and megalosaurus have been found here. Pigs were allowed to run in the Forest except for a month from the fifteenth day before the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist till the fifteenth day after, when the deer were not to be disturbed. Cattle were excluded for six weeks from 29th September till 11th November, that is from Michaelmas till Martinmas, in order to avoid damage to the acorns and beech nuts. In Norman days there was pannage for 34,000 pigs in the Forest. Windfall wood belonged to the tenants, but uprooted trees to the King. When the timber was felled it was practically impossible to take it away, because the roads were impossible for transport.

With these thoughts in our mind as we climb on to Gill's Lap or Friar's Gate, we see with some surprise that the crest is bare of trees, and at Crowborough has been converted into an ordinary very unromantic, prosperous suburb. We climb the eight hundred feet Beacon, admire the amazing view, and quickly turn our backs on a modern settlement which has nothing to show, and make for the "Crow on Gate" inn at Poundgate, the only inn of that name that I can recall, and look down on a succession of lakes in the bracken-covered gully to the north and the glorious wooded combes of Heron's Ghyll and Clay Gate, the source of the Ouse, to the south.

We shall not easily exhaust the delights that are to be found in the walks on the slopes of the ridge in the area of Duddleswell, Nutley, and Danehill, where the moor is all green and purple.

The best way, in fact the only way, really to appreciate this wild country of steep, wooded combes is to explore every stream, no matter how much trespassing is involved. By so doing we shall come upon that small, square house of Colin Godman, about which Lady Wolseley writes with such subtle understanding. It is supposed to have been a smuggler's hiding-place for wool, and its large cellars certainly lend colour to the theory. The lanes leading to it are all hidden tracks. Its long and narrow red bricks are said to be Roman. There are hiding-places, a great hearth, vast beams, and an inner court.

It belonged at one time to the Bowyers, one of whom married a Goring, then to the Michelbornes of Broadhurst, and after them to the Bannisters, Elphicks, Trumbles, Awcocks, and Geers, and later to Lord Sheffield.

In 1737 we find that the yearly rent of its eight acres was £10 1*s.* 1*d.*, with two hens, ten eggs, and two days' work in harvest. Ten acres of meadow for the rent of a rose on St. John's Day deprives the word rent of all its horrors.

Lady Wolseley has performed a noble service in calling our attention to these houses, for how else should we have discovered the ancient barn and tall chimneyed house of Broadhurst, which she christens the " home of the little Bishop " ?

Most people pass Chelwood Gate and Birch Grove in their swift cars without more than a passing glance at the beauties hidden in the deep ravines and behind the trees. But the wise man walks along the old whapple paths of the salt-carriers, and one of these takes us to the Elizabethan E-shaped manor-house which once had its own bowling green and archery butts among the yews, in the days when Archbishop Leighton walked and fairies danced on its terraces and green lawns.

In this house of fine stone overmantels is one of those massive oaken doors at the top of the staircase which can be let down like a trap-door to protect the sleepers. The barn is thatched and timbered, and forms with the shed an attractive

picture. It belonged at one time to the family of Keynes, who derived their name from Cahagnes near Bayeux, until a daughter Joan married Roger de Leukenore, one of whom, Jane, married Sir William Bavantyne, whose son inherited.

Then came the Michelbornes, one of whom married Cordelia Campion of Combwell, and after them Edward Lightmaker, whose wife was Archbishop Leighton's sister. This Sapphira lies in Horsted Keynes church, where we read of her: "A widow indeed and (notwithstanding Solicitations to a 2nd marriage) lived so 44 years." She died in 1704, at the age of eighty-one. The parson of her day, Giles Moore, another of these famous Sussex diarists, complains of neglect during her lifetime of her chancel. "Likewise I afterwards mended the bridge towards Broadhurst, paying 2*s*. to Gower and his man for a dayes worke, and affording as much timber as they judged worth 2*s*. more, for which shee would not allow mee a penny when I moved her unto it, no, not one farthing! though she stripped a good part of my church for her leads."

This is the woman about whom it was said on her tombstone that she "was a devout woman and a Mother in Israel . . . *Prole . Parente . Toro . rebus . pietate . Senecta . Moribus . Ingenio . laude . beata . obiit.*"

Truly a man, as Dr. Johnson pointed out, is not on oath in lapidary inscriptions.

A more pleasing entry in the parson's diary

reads: "1675, July 11th, I sent Mistress Michelborne a galon of rose water, and one quart of damasks, shee sending mee back by the messenger 3 dozen pigeons."

When Sapphira's small son died, her brother the Archbishop wrote a most beautiful letter of sympathy, containing these memorable words: "John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, as children used to do, and we are undressing to follow."

Another brother, Sir Elisha, rose to a high position in the Royalist army, and was described by Pepys as "a mad freaking fellow" in spite of being "one of the best companions in the world." After the Leightons came the Piggotts, iron founders, and then, through the Trevors, Broadhurst passed to Richard Trevor, Bishop of Durham, and ultimately to Lord Dacre, father of Lord Hampden, the Speaker.

The custom of heriot, described by Dr. Johnson as "a fine paid to the lord at the death of a landholder, commonly the best thing in the landholder's possession," was kept up at Broadhurst until forty years ago, the fine varying from an ox or hog to a horse.

Our way now lies north over the Common past Wych Cross (658 feet high), where there is an upstanding clump of firs that can be seen for miles round, and the meeting of five ways, with Ashdown Park (the only cultivated part of the Forest) below us on the east and Forest Row in front of us among

the trees in the Medway valley. On the banks of this stream lie the ruins of the Jacobean house of Brambletye, once the home of Lewknors, which fell into decay after one of its owners fled to Spain in 1683 on suspicion of treason.

In the pinnacled church of St. Swithin at East Grinstead, one and a half miles north, originally built in the eleventh century and rebuilt on an average once in each of the following ones, there is a fine brass, dated 1505, to Katheryne Grey, daughter of Lord Scales, who married Richard Lewkener of "Brambilletey." She lies between her two husbands. There is also a Sussex iron slab to Anne Barclay (1570). This living is in the hands of the Sackville family, who built the famous Sackville College, and ivy-covered almshouse for sixteen poor people.

This was founded in 1609 by the 2nd Earl of Dorset and built of sandstone. There is a quadrangle with common room, chapel, and fine hall, with mullioned windows and good oak furniture. John Mason Neale was once warden of this college. The Judge's Houses, with gables, mullioned windows, and high Tudor chimneys, are worth seeing, but East Grinstead is a strange mixture of new and old. A hundred and fifty years ago it boasted a theatre, and nearly four hundred years ago three of its inhabitants went to the stake for their religion. Now it bears some traces of suburbanisation. However curfew is still rung here.

Having exhausted the ridge of East Grinstead, we cross the valley south once more to visit West Hoathly, passing the Tudor house of Gravetye, owned by William Robinson, the famous horticulturist, deep in the wooded hollow south of Kingscote.

Selsfield Common, like Bodiam, the Priest's House at Alfriston, and Cissbury, are in the hands of the National Trust, and belong to the nation for all time. The village of Hoathly stands up gloriously on the forest ridge, and possesses an Early English church of great beauty, with a twelfth-century font of Sussex marble, two iron slabs to Infelds (1619 and 1624), a war memorial book, wall paintings, and a majestic oak door with iron studs marking the date, March 1626. The two gables, diamond-paned windows, and lichened stone tiles of the stone manor-house on the opposite side of the road are very impressive and remind one of a Cotswold manor. In the hall, which contains a railed-off dais, the Courts Baron were held till sixty years ago. The old panelling and stone mullions have been restored by Mr. King, who has also collected a good museum, which can be seen at the fourteenth-century priest's house on our way down the road to Ardingly. There is a good inn here called the " Cat."

About a mile to the west, at Rockhurst, is the famous "Big-on-little" stone about which Cobbett wrote in *Rural Rides* : " This big rock is no trifling concern, being as big, perhaps, as a not very small

house. How, then, came this big upon little? What lifted up the big? It balances itself naturally enough; but what tossed it up? I do not like to pay a parson for teaching me, while I have 'God's own word' to teach me: but if any parson will tell me how big came upon little, I do not know that I shall grudge him a trifle."

The obvious way south is to be drawn by the magnet of the church spire of Highbrook, standing on a southern spur of the ridge overlooking the junction of two tributaries of the Ouse, and indeed it would be hard to overpraise the beauty of these well-watered glens, seen through the trees and over the hedges as we make our way to Horsted Keynes. In the church here is the stone effigy of an unknown crusader, a monument to the Wyatts of Treemans, and the burial place of Archbishop Leighton of Broadhurst, who died in 1684. This village was the home of the Rev. Giles Moore, whose diaries (1656–79) make such entertaining reading.

There is a broad Green with houses on both sides and two inns, the "Green Man" and the "Crown," and a road running between that is most picturesque. The village contains timbered Tudor houses no whit less attractive than those at Lindfield, which lies just across the valley.

Our way lies north-west past Sheriff Farm, where there is a wild waterfall quite as picturesque as Watersmeet at Lynton, up the Ouse valley to Ardingly, whose red-brick Public School forms such

a prominent landmark seen from the viaduct on the London–Brighton railway line.

The fourteenth-century church is of stone, and contains many brasses, notably to Richard Wakehurst and his wife (1457) and six to members of the Colepeper or Culpeper family, who used to live at Wakehurst, the present home of Gerald Lowther, built by a Culpeper in 1590, a worthy companion to Parham and Danny. There is another Wakehurst at Bolney, the seat, until recently, of the Huth family. Thomas Box, who refused to wear gloves when keeping wicket to even the fastest bowler, was born here. The church remains in my memory because of its musty smell and the fact that the west window was alive with bees when I last visited it.

Across two valleys and a hill to the west lies Balcombe, known to all train travellers for its long tunnel under the heart of the forest, a village of giant oaks, and an axe-shaped hammer-pond. The walk north through Balcombe Forest is one of the wildest and loneliest in Sussex. Tracks go off in every direction. These paths are rich with flowers, and we may wander for hours without seeing a house or a person.

Away to the east lies the big red house of Paddockhurst, a seat of Lord Cowdray, with Selsfield Common and Turners Hill, where there is an inn, as its eastern boundary. Across the Stanford brook to the north-west lies the forest of Tilgate, and due north the forest of Worth, with

its Saxon church that summons up more enthusiasm among archæologists than even Sompting or Bishopstone.

It lies behind a lych-gate in an avenue of trees, is cruciform, and has a circular eastern apse. The Saxon chancel arch rises from semi-circular piers three feet thick, has a span of fourteen feet, and is, at its greatest height, twenty-two and a half feet from the ground, the largest example of Saxon work in the country. There are three Saxon windows in the nave, set high in the walls, indicating that it was used as a fortress. There are two fonts, one Saxon, placed on top of one another. There are inscriptions in the church to the families of Bysshe, Shelley, and Blunt. The pulpit dates from 1577.

Just to the north of Worth lies Crabbet, the home of that patriot poet, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, and a mile to the east of it is Rowfant, the home of the Locker-Lampson family, the library of which is only less famous than the Britwell library.

Our way lies west through Crawley, on the London Road, famous for its inn, the "George," built in the fifteenth century, and the "ancient Prior's House," which was built three centuries earlier, and contains fine timber beams and stone fireplaces. The church has an oak roof and an old couplet inscribed on one of the beams warning us that "warldly good maketh man blynde." There are fifteenth-century brasses and a window to Mark Lemon.

The road south through Tilgate Forest by way of Pease Pottage to Handcross is to be avoided, because it happens to be the Brighton road.

Luckily, it is quite easy to avoid it by walking a little way down the Horsham road, and then turning south along the boundary that divides east from west Sussex over Buchan Hill and Shelley Plain to Ashfold and Slaugham (pronounced Slaffem), one of the most beautiful villages in all Sussex, with a Norman font in its Decorated church, which contains many sixteenth-century monuments and brasses to the family of Covert, whose house was at Slaugham Place, the ruins of which lie in a field only just off the main London road, yet are perfectly peaceful and undisturbed. There is a ruined wall, with a tower at each angle, enclosing three acres of bowling-greens and terraces, broken-down arches and stone fireplaces with panels and coats of arms, and a tiny pond which is one of the principal sources of the Ouse.

In its great days Slaugham Park occupied 1,200 acres, and the household, a hundred and fifty years ago, consisted of seventy people.

This deserted garden is one of the Seven Wonders of Sussex, and it is well worth incurring the wrath of the cottagers near by, who come out like the man and woman in weather-clocks at the appearance of strangers, to peep into a place so redolent of romance. Swinburne might well have been thinking of Slaugham when he wrote his famous poem.

There is a right of way close to the walls by the side of the old lake and up over the fields to Warninglid which leads us through the large grounds of Leonardslee, the home of Sir Edmund Loder, with its hammer-ponds and forests of rhododendrons, to Crabtree and Lower Beeding, which every follower of the Crawley and Horsham foxhounds knows well. I have picked snowdrops in a snow-storm in this ravine when hounds have checked, feeling blue with cold, only to emerge on the heights again in brilliant sunshine and enjoy one of the hottest runs of the season. Beavers build in this valley, even the kangaroo has got accustomed to it, and all kinds of tropical plants are to be found here.

Just north of Lower Beeding is Plummer's Plain, where the local Hunt hold their Annual Point-to-Point.

On the other side of the Brighton–Horsham road from Leonardslee lies Selehurst, with almost equally entrancing ravines in its dense woods, and beyond that Nuthurst, in which village lie the remains of Sedgwick Castle, with double moat, once the home of the Braose family, which has been recently excavated by Mr. Winbolt, who has found traces of an eleventh-century hunting-box belonging to the de Sauvage family.

Maunsell, Chancellor of York, fortified it in Henry III's reign and made the two concentric moats, and the curtain wall with hexagonal turret. The Mowbrays in the fifteenth century built a

Tudor hall, but in the seventeenth century it fell into decay and the stones were stolen.

We are now in the midst of some of the most memorable hunting country of the Crawley. Just north lie Monk's Common and Manning's Heath, which lead us to the famous hammer-ponds of St. Leonard's Forest, in which we shall be wise to linger as long as time will permit, for we are near the end of our journey. This forest occupies over 12,000 acres, and the best way to see it is to follow the long drive known as Mike Mills Race, after Mike Mills the smuggler, who had a race with the Devil for his soul, through the lily beds that remind us that St. Leonard, after fighting with a monstrous dragon, bled profusely, and wherever the drops of blood fell wild lilies of the valley have ever afterwards grown.

No nightingale ever sings in this forest, because one once interrupted a hermit in his prayers, and the headless ghost of Squire Powlett is apt to spring up behind belated travellers.

With these and the pleasing thoughts of iguanodons and crocodiles in our minds, let us boldly set out through the heart of the Forest through Barnsnap Wood to Peasepottage, and back through Colgate to Beacon Hill Tower. It stands 100 feet above the 473 feet high hill that rises over the spacious grounds of Holmbush, whence we can look over the green Forest of oaks, beeches, and firs to the Weald and the Downs, and northward to the two villages of Ifield and

Rusper on the county boundary, which are the only two villages we have left unvisited.

Before, therefore, we come to our journey's end at Horsham, let us turn aside out of the Forest for a time to inspect the Early English church at Ifield, with its two tombs of a warrior and his wife, who may be the fourteenth-century Sir John de Ifield, and the brasses of John and Agnes Kyngesfolde (1375) in the restored church of Rusper, near which is a nunnery built on the site of an old priory.

When at last we have fully explored each hammer-pond and by-path of the Forest and admired

> Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veined elm, the softer beech,
> Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending wych,
> Tough holly, and smooth birch,

the glories of which Michael Drayton sings in "Polyolbion," we turn our reluctant steps to the last of our treasures, the ancient Horsham, capital of West Sussex, to wander along its quiet Causeway, lined with trees and gabled houses and paved with Horsham stone, that takes us to the Early English church, with its slightly crooked, shingled spire (230 feet high), where are an altar-tomb to Thomas, Lord Braose of Cheeseworth, who died in 1396, a monument to Lord Hoo (1485), a marble tomb of Elizabeth Delvey (1654), a brass of a fifteenth-century priest, and a tablet to Shelley.

Below the church is the tiny river, and beyond

it the tree-fringed county cricket ground. In the middle of the town is Carfax, the meeting of four ways, with old stocks and a bear-baiting ring.

There are many old houses, notably the Jacobean Grammar School, North Chapel, Cheeseworth, among the fish-ponds of the tiny Arun, and Denne, the park of which is very beautiful. Here we see the fine old Horsham stone used as roof-tiling and stone-paving everywhere. In the fourteenth century Horsham was famous for its bolts for cross-bows, and later for the making of horseshoes. It was Royalist in the Civil War, and the son of an innkeeper called Savage, who had elsewhere been accepted as the Duke of Monmouth, was here imprisoned as a vagrant. It was the last town in which a felon was pressed to death (1735), for refusing to speak or confess. In December 1798, an eagle beset by a hundred rooks was shot here.

To-day it is flourishing, picturesque, clean, and alert, and in every way typical of the delectable county over which it presides.

VIII

A SUSSEX VILLAGE THIRTY YEARS AGO

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove,
Beloved over all.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I LIVE in Naboth's vineyard. The Ahab-like shadows of Greater Brighton, Greater Worthing, and even Greater Shoreham loom menacingly near, seeking to absorb us into their vast maw. I am told that for the sake of commercial enterprise and prosperity it is expedient that Southwick must die. While, therefore, she still lives, and at the moment she is very much alive, let me tell the future what they have missed by turning a village, and particularly this village, into a town.

The outstanding feature of Southwick, with its five thousand people spread over an area of a

thousand acres, is its spirit, which more closely resembles what is usually called the best type of Public School spirit than anything I have ever met even in the best Public Schools. How this spirit first came into being, or how it was fostered so that it now has become a sort of second nature, I do not pretend to know, but, as an ex-schoolmaster, I like to believe that it is due to the local school.

For some reason the Council Schools of this country have received more kicks than ha'pence. Snobbery has caused all those parents who can afford it to send their children to schools which are not free. It is customary to condemn the Elementary Schools without knowledge. It is remembered that they have to achieve what they achieve without money, and it is therefore taken for granted that they achieve nothing. At Southwick Council School for Girls you will find four houses—Kipling, Bridges, Belloc, and Blake, and the girls of these houses vying with each other with passionate ardour to keep their house ahead of the others in mental and physical efficiency.

They are as proud of the buttons that they wear as distinguishing marks as any "Blue" is of his blazer. I have heard these girls recite poems as modern as and as generally unknown as "The Changeling" of Charlotte Mew, their own discoveries, and therefore their eternal delight. Children are not dragooned into admiration in Southwick. I have seen original poems of their

own which show both feeling and a real sense of rhythm. I have watched them run in sports with all the determination and not a little of the skill of great athletes. They are nearly always wreathed with smiles, courteous, cleanly, and smart. They run a school magazine, a Christmas entertainment, an Old Girls' Association, a Folk-Dance Club, and heaven knows what else.

They seem to me to be an epitome of the whole village.

Our strongest point is athletics. The village Association Football Club is one of the strongest in Sussex, sharing with Worthing, which is not exactly a village, the highest honours in League Championships and Cup-winning. There are two cricket elevens, and the struggle to secure a place in them is sufficient proof of their standard. Cricket is played on the Green, and only those who have watched or played the game in the recreation parks of large towns will be able to appreciate the extraordinary difference that there is between the game as played on the grounds our grandfathers used and as played on the new grounds that possess neither beauty nor tradition.

Cricket on the Green is one of the most lovely sights left in rural England. When that goes we shall have resigned ourselves to suburbanisation indeed.

Historic matches have been played on this Green, and history is still being made on it. The " breathless hush " of excitement can be felt every

Saturday evening during the summer. There are few runaway matches. Our opponents make 88. Eight of our wickets fall for 57. For the next forty minutes every ball bowled sends one's heart into one's mouth with trepidation. The field are all on their toes, every run has to be fought for ; the slightest mis-judgment on either side spells tragedy. Slowly the score creeps up, and when only two runs are needed for victory a magnificent catch on the rails sends one of the stubborn defenders home, and the last man, who has been waiting, a mass of quivering nerves, for nearly an hour, is called upon to hold up his end while the other batsman scores the necessary two. Can he do it? There are no odds to be called about this sort of thing. Five times he will stay there, and the match will be won by " the skin of the teeth," five times he will, almost with tears of mortification, hear the dread shattering of his wicket, and want to bury himself to hide his shame.

It is all in the game. Quite soon all is forgotten and forgiven, for next Saturday he will regain his lost confidence by breaking the " Co-op " shop window (we are insured for breakages that cost over a sovereign), breaking a tile on the schoolmaster's roof, and hitting one ball clean over into the Hall garden. Three sixes in one innings are a sufficient foretaste of heaven for anybody.

That our cricket is appreciated can be gauged by the crowds who assemble on the rails like swallows in autumn long before the match starts.

How readily they subscribe when we go round at a propitious moment, unless the Salvation Army Band has forestalled us, with the collecting box.

We are not rich, but we do enjoy life. We are not rich, but we have one or two players who would not disgrace a county side, and in our green caps with the gold letters, our " Blanco-ed " boots and immaculate flannels, we look like cricketers, even if some of our strokes lack orthodoxy.

Scarcely less famous, though younger in years, is our hockey club, which also flourishes (flourishes is the word) its sticks on the Green. Owing to the enterprise of the local Customs Officer (we used to murder these a hundred years ago), who is an Irish International, we are trying to learn to flourish less and dribble and hit a bit more. Some of our opponents in our first season were a little perturbed by our shock tactics, but as we become more skilful we shall probably change the lion for the lamb.

People who like exercise may well consider that in Southwick they have reached their El Dorado, for, in addition to the facilities for football, cricket, and hockey, we boast a bowling club so engrossing that even the most urgent business will not call away our elder councillors from the game ; the County Croquet Championships are played on Southwick lawns ; the green-coated toxophilists shoot their arrows into the air of Kingston Lane ; and when the weather is warm everyone treks down to the harbour and swims, sails,

rows, and generally shows how instinctive is his or her love of all things pertaining to the sea. There is also folk-dancing on the Green, and our Rector at Kingston Buci, a Cambridge stroke and the father of a Cambridge stroke, keeps a " squash " court.

On the Downs at our backs we ride and run. Foxhounds meet for cubbing in the village, while beagles dash about over Thundersbarrow after the big Downland hare.

On the æsthetic side we have a dramatic society and a Comrades' Band. On the occasions of our hockey, football, and cricket suppers we rely for oratory, music, singing, and dancing entirely on local talent, and in none of these four branches of entertainment need we fear comparison with after-dinner revels where champagne flows as freely as lemonade does with us.

Southwick is the only place I know where it is possible to get drunk on water. It is incidentally the only village I have ever lived in in which I have never seen anyone the worse for liquor. This is part of its amazing spirit. It is by no means consciously Puritanical in outlook. It is rather cosmopolitan, but it takes no delight in inordinate swearing or hard drinking. This is probably due to the fact that men commonly only drink to drown their sorrows, and there is less sorrow or misery in Southwick than in any other village of my acquaintance in the country.

The only appeals for charity I ever get come

from outside, not inside the village. Swearing is a symbol of a sulky or bad temper. The sunshine, which extends over two thousand hours a year, and makes our tomatoes, fruit, and flowers the most sought after in the country, also helps to keep our tempers sweet.

Architecturally we have not much to show. Our main street, running parallel with the sea, is known to every motorist on his way between Brighton and Worthing, first, because he is compelled to go slowly through it, secondly because of its apparent drabness. " She is not fair to outward view as other maidens be."

It is only when you turn aside under the railway arch that the full glory of the Green, with the gentle slope and ribbed tilth of the multicoloured Downs behind, strikes you.

Here once cattle grazed and chicken scratched and small boys fished for " tiddlers " in a stream long since dead. Here the Engineers encamped while building those mystery-ships that were to clear the bottom of the Channel from all hidden foes. Here, now swept and garnished, disfigured by no speck of paper or peel of orange, babies crawl, schoolgirls hurdle, boys race, men play cricket, gossips dawdle, old men sing, and all the world is merry on the long summer evenings when the shadows of the western trees creep towards the cricket pitch. The houses that fringe it represent all modern stages of domestic architecture mainly in red brick. The only ones that have

beauty are the chequered, knapped flint, seventeenth-century Hall, the thatched flint cottage, now a dairy, where Charles II is supposed to have rested on the last stage of his escape from Worcester, and the long, flint-walled, thatched barn with the big tarred doors in the middle.

Of the two churches Southwick (the high one) given to the Templars in the thirteenth century by Earl Simon, retains in its tower traces of Saxon work and four round holes. Wallflowers grow on its sides, and to some extent make us forget the hideous slate roof and bare, modernised interior, which has little to show beyond a fine Jacobean pulpit and some good monuments to the Bridgers, Halls, and Nortons. The church of Kingston Buci (the low one), embowered in trees, flanked by the Grange and gabled, thatched farm-buildings, is altogether beautiful inside and out. Its walls are ivy-clad, its Norman pyramidal tower is stunted and squat, while its interior has suffered not at all from restoration. There are high horse-box pews of old unpolished oak with polished brass handles, a linen-fold pattern old oak Jacobean two-decker pulpit, a singer's desk, a choir's gallery, fine stone vaulting, and the out-line of an anchorite's cell, with the place in the wall where the hermit knelt and looked through at the celebration of the Holy Communion.

Kingston Lane is still a leafy avenue, Middle Lane is still undisturbed by traffic, and Southwick Street contains an old red-tiled manor house, set in

the trees, and a tall-chimneyed Tudor farm. Here, too, is the site of our Roman villa buried under the vast allotments. Winans' elliptical trotting-track, just beyond, is now ours for all time for recreation and ease. O wise council! The lower slopes of the Downs near the Union are disfigured with bungalows. · Fences and notices do their best to prevent people from taking the track that once was the main Brighton–London coach-road over the Downs past Erringham. Albert Road stands where Southwick Farm stood forty years ago, the Waterdyke is dry, new streets splay out like spokes from an axle from the north end of the Green to the old Shoreham Road, which is rapidly becoming a suburban street; but still the spirit of Southwick remains.

The Downs are still blue with milk-wort, red with vetch, and purple with wild thyme, and the shingle of the beach is still yellow with stone-crop, lady's-slipper, and sea poppies in the flaming month of June.

The harbour alone, up which ships of 650 tons can sail or steam, would suffice to make Southwick a place of unfailing entertainment. The actual opening from the sea is narrow, and is flanked on the west by the bungalow town of Shoreham, and on the east by the as yet undisturbed groynes and shingle of Southwick. It has been saved for those who like quietude by the west estuary of the Adur, which makes the beach difficult of access. Only at low water can you use the slippery footbridge

that crosses the green, slimy, mud patch to the canal and the lock. At all other times you have to make a detour round the concrete causeway that separates the high-water mark of the estuary from the long pool in which lie the foundations of three unfinished mystery towers, honeycombs of reinforced concrete over which boys climb searching for dabs and bait, and kingfishers, oyster-catchers, red-shanks, cormorants, kittiwakes, ringed-plover, shore larks, snipe, and even curlew fly in their seasons.

In the cold weather black brent geese and wild duck come for shelter, but unfortunately they are soon discovered and shot as they sit unsuspecting on the water.

On the banks of the canal and estuary grow viper's bugloss, nightshade, sea-poppy, sea-pink, speedwell, sainfoin, and a whole host of other wild flowers. The canal tow-path is wide enough for a coach and four, but its traffic is limited to bathers, and the workmen cycling to and fro from the gas-works, electric-light works, and pile-driving at the harbour mouth. The canal itself at high tide is always busy. Wind-jammers from the Baltic bring timber and breezeblocks, colliers bring coal, Shell-Mex boats bring oil, there are big white steam yachts, speed boats, Brixham trawlers, Dutch schooners, Brighton barges, and the red-funnelled *Adur II*, the local tug which carries out the hoppers, while deserted hulks lie on their sides in the lower estuary. The lane which connects the lock-gates

with the main street is so narrow that most visitors pass it without noticing it.

North of the Green lie the Downs, reached by a footpath behind the "Windmill" inn or by a hedgeless chalk lane known as Crooked Moon Lane, past a stone known as "Rest and Be Thankful." The gently sloping sides are cultivated, and we walk through fields of vetch and charlock, oats and barley, clover and hay, before attaining the ridge of close-cropped turf that overlooks the chimney of the water-works and the Rifle Range in Mile Oak Valley.

This is a favourite resort of the young men of the village on Sunday morning, for one contingent brings lurchers and whippets to forage in the thick gorse, and another contingent plays golf over an improvised course of its own making.

As far as the eye can see north, east, and west is ridge after ridge of Downland, smooth cups bitten close by slow moving flocks of sheep, where one comes unexpectedly across vast gardens of every shade of milk-wort, bee-orchis, Sussex glory, and bryony.

Old coach-tracks still indent the top of Thundersbarrow, whence prehistoric man looked out over the Southern Sea, and over which owlers smuggled their well-laden ponies in the dead of night. Here still remain the scars of trenches dug in the Great War, and remains of jumps where horses used to train. The gibbets of the footpads who were caught holding up the mails are gone, but the

legend of " Rizpah " is not forgotten, and ghosts still stalk this ancient land.

The hills, the village Green, and the sea combine to make Southwick an ideal home for those who love natural beauty, but it is the people even more than the place who contribute so largely to the happiness of those who adopt it as their home.

Never before had I realised how accurate Mr. Belloc was when he wrote of the kindness and wisdom of these South Saxons, who get their laughter from the loud surf, whose happy eyes shine with faith, and whose radiant personalities do so continually bless us with surprise.

The natural friendliness of man to man in this community has to be actually experienced to be believed. This village, which bears its honours so lightly that its head is not turned by being the locale of so famous a novel as *Esther Waters*, the embarkation harbour of Charles II, the birthplace of so great an artist as Clara Butt, so fine a cricketer as Juniper, and so famous a mathematician as Dr. Pell, deserves the highest pæans of praise that can be sung in its favour. Our resident worthies are scarcely less famous. We harbour world-wide authorities on archæology, Etruscan art, county cricketers and footballers, bibliophiles, botanists, and natural historians. If you wish to live in Southwick you find yourself compelled to become good at something. That is why so many people paint the harbour. When, therefore, the mighty Ahab of Brighton shall step in and take control

of this fair vineyard, let us hope that its fine spirit will permeate that great borough instead of being crushed by it.

Commercial expansion is being bought at too great a price if it means the extinction of so happy a community as Southwick.

From the moment when, at five o'clock in the morning, we are woken by the heavenly choir of birds in the garden and watch from our beds the clouds dispersing before the rising sun, till ten o'clock at night, when the last sound of bat on ball is hushed and the laughter of the last children on the swings is absorbed into the shadows, and lights begin to twinkle upstairs, there is not a moment of the day when our village ceases to show signs of her well-being.

Long before people in towns are stirring our children are swinging round the maypole, the old green-keeper is removing the last speck of paper, and the leather-lunged fishmonger is crying " Mack-e-rel eight a shillun' " in accents so melodious that one longs to give his voice immortality on a gramophone. He can be heard on Thundersbarrow when the wind comes over the sea.

Our two octogenarians come out to their favourite bench, which varies with the wind and time of the day, and sing old songs in praise of life, Sussex, and old ale. The school-bell rings, the Airedale belonging to the " Cricketers' Arms " howls in accompaniment with sorrow at losing his young companions for three hours, boys and girls

of all sorts and sizes converge on the red-brick council schools, the smaller being carried by proud parents on bicycles, the larger daringly loitering till the last stroke of the bell. A whistle, a scurry, a command, silence, the tramp of feet, and they disappear, but their voices do not die.

At intervals during the morning above the humming of the bees, the beat of the waves on the beach, the rumble of buses and carts, the hooting of steamers, the passing of trains, the roar of aeroplanes, and the whistling of errand-boys, we hear them sing " John Peel " and " Sussex by the Sea." Then at twelve o'clock, like smuts from a chimney, out all the children pour again on to the Green, and skip and stand on their heads and turn cart-wheels, and practise high-jumping and hurdling, and basket-ball and racing, until the call of dinner summons them away. At four o'clock the ritual is renewed, and bat continues to hit ball until long after both have become invisible and the last rook is quiet, and the last worker in Brighton has made his final dash down the station steps for home.

There is magic on this Green. I have seen in full daylight a man not less than seventy years old in black clothes, a bowler hat, and rubber shoes suddenly begin to run round its border, and keep it up for six laps for no apparent reason beyond the sheer pleasure of doing it. I have seen men and women folk-dancing on it who off the Green

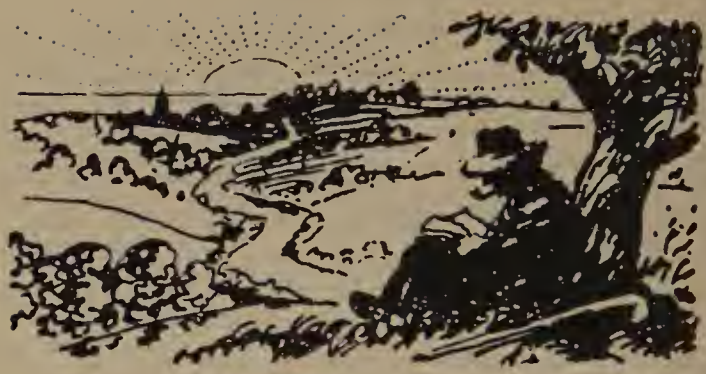
or in another village would never have " let themselves go " in seventy lifetimes. I have heard the local village band and the Salvation Army band both keep audiences not specially musical sufficiently entranced to lean upon the rails for an hour in weather so cold that but for this magic, compelling power of the Green they would all be huddling together in the warm parlour of the " Cricketers' Arms," the " Schooner," the " Ship," the " Windmill," the " Mariners," or the " Victory." Even our inn-names betray our predilections.

If you want to enjoy one of the surprises of your life come and watch our girls playing stool-ball and cricket, and their elders folk-dancing.

I said that I did not know how to account for the spirit of Southwick. It is traceable in part to the generosity of two or three of her leading citizens, notably a lawyer and the owner of our biggest local industrial concern ; it is traceable in part to the fine example set by the school teachers ; but it is also, and perhaps most of all, traceable to the village Green. Here is a common meeting-place for us all. Here we feel ourselves part of an entity, here we become, more than anywhere else, members one of another.

We may be divided in politics, in our particular brand of religious observance—but it is noteworthy that we are all regular adherents to some branch of the Christian Faith—in our industries, though for the most part we are either market-gardeners

or connected in some way with the sea, but on the Green, even if we use it merely as a rendezvous for gossip or as a grand-stand from which to watch our more energetic sportsmen, we become conscious of our great privilege in being Southwick residents, citizens of no mean village.



IX

BOOKS ON SUSSEX

Mr. W. H. Hudson always referred to guide-books at the end of the day, when his walk was done. I like doing that, but there are three without which I never travel.

First on the list I would put Mr. E. V. Lucas's enchanting *Highways and Byways in Sussex* (Macmillan. Pocket edition). Its outstanding virtue is its inclusion of extracts from the diaries of Sussex worthies and "unworthies" that are as illuminating in their picture of rural life through the centuries as they are entertaining. The illustrations, by Mr. F. L. Griggs, that accompany the text are a worthy and fascinating commentary.

Mr. F. G. Brabant's *Sussex*, in Methuen's Red Guides, takes up very little room in the pocket, is arranged so that the places are in alphabetical

order (a great convenience), and is particularly informative about the churches, to which one naturally gravitates first on entering a village, for there one gets an epitome of its history combined with beauty of architecture.

Next comes Mr. S. E. Winbolt's *Sussex*, published by Bell, accompanied with magnificent photographs by Edgar and Winifred Ward. Mr. Winbolt, as befits one of our leading archæologists, is particularly informative on Roman and pre-Roman Sussex and on the place-names of the villages. His method is to split the county up into nine regions, and then to concentrate on a few outstanding features of each region. As he acknowledges, his process is strictly selective, but he misses very little, and what he sees he sees thoroughly.

After these I owe most to Lady Wolseley's two volumes, *The Smaller Manor Houses of Sussex* (Medici Society) and *Sussex in the Past* (Medici Society), both of which deal in detail with the histories of a few houses of which we should otherwise have been completely ignorant. Lady Wolseley has a most enviable habit of adorning everything which she touches. She makes even the stranger deeply interested in the varying fortunes of families long since extinct, who were never more than lords of their own walk. Her custom of collecting field-names makes more than entertaining provender. She brings into prominence a branch of historical research the

importance of which has been overlooked until quite recently. The second of these two books deals entirely with the neighbourhood of Steyning, and the majority of the houses in the earlier volume are near her old home at Massetts, which is on the southern fringe of the forest in the iron-foundry area.

A valuable book on the geographical and historical aspects of Sussex is the anonymous *Sussex*, illustrated by Wilfrid Ball and published by Black. The author is far too brilliant in his style and too individual in his outlook to hide his personality from anyone who has read his work. There is no attempt at disguising either. It is a provocative and able summary, in no sense a guide-book.

The Downs have been exhaustively and delightfully described by Mr. Arthur Beckett in *The Spirit of the Downs*, a discursive, yet scholarly work which has the power to make all its readers visualise the country and rush to make its acquaintance or re-visit it. Mr. Beckett is the Editor of the *Sussex County Magazine*, which, after two years, made itself as indispensable to lovers of the county as those hundred-odd volumes of the Collections of the Sussex Archæological Society, without which no student of his county's history can get far.

Mr. Arthur Stanley Cooke's *Off the Beaten Track in Sussex*, published originally by Messrs. Combridge of Hove, and afterwards by Herbert Jenkins, is a very attractive book, profusely illustrated, a little

prolix in manner, but written from the heart by a real lover of the county. He accomplishes what he sets out to do, and introduces us to places that in the ordinary way we should have missed.

Mr. Donald Maxwell essayed much the same task in *Unknown Sussex*, published by John Lane. His illustrations were better than his text, but both were arresting.

I have already called attention to the excellence of *The Diary of Thomas Turner of East Hoathly*, which was edited by Florence M. Turner and published by John Lane. I place it very high on my list of Sussex books, because of the light which it sheds on rural manners in the middle of the eighteenth century, and even more because of the delightful unconscious revelation of the diarist's own unstable temperament.

For nature lovers there is an embarrassingly rich choice. W. H. Hudson's *Nature in Downland*, published by Dent, contains chapters of incomparable loveliness on the flowers, insects, birds, and animals that are to be found in Downland. He was an acute observer, a great artist, and possessed of very strong prejudices, mainly directed against cruelty in any form.

With his name is always linked that of Richard Jefferies, whose grave lies so near Hudson's in Broadwater churchyard. *Wild Life in a Southern Country*, *Field and Hedgerow*, *Nature near London*, and *The Life of the Fields*, all contain essays that are masterpieces of panegyric on Brighton, Eastbourne,

the Downs, and Weald, shepherds, birds, and flowers, written in a style that at times rises to heights of imperishable beauty. Like Hudson, Jefferies studied nature closely, and enables us through his art to feel some of the ecstasy which it aroused in him.

Of an older generation of natural historians was A. E. Knox whose *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County* has been for eighty years a delight to all bird-lovers. The book is written in the form of letters to a friend in Scotland, like Gilbert White's *Selborne*, and contains accounts of herons and ospreys, goldfinches and wheat-ears, hen-harriers and eagle-owls, peregrine falcons and snipe, honey-buzzards and kites, ravens and quails. He tells us how larks are netted at Brighton, he puts in a timely plea for the preservation of the woodpecker, laments the rarity of the booming bittern, paints excellent pictures of the scenery of the Downs and the flat land of Selsey, and concludes with an invaluable list of birds, with "remarks on their local distribution."

Mr. Frederick F. Wood, one of the whips of the Brighton Beagles, carried on the Knox tradition in so far as giving catalogues of local birds is concerned. *Round About the Sussex Downs* and *Sport and Nature in Sussex Downs*, both published by Duckworth, contain not only lists of birds, but of moths and all wild flowers, with the dates on which they first came to his notice. Mr. Wood

disclaims any pretensions to be a stylist, but he has a forceful way of describing his expeditions in the neighbourhood of Ditchling that more than compensates for any deficiency in finish of language. His chapters on the habits of the fox and the hare and other hunted animals are invaluable.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *The Four Men*, published by Nelson, is an illustrated and tuneful record of a tramp across Sussex from the "George" at Robertsbridge (famous for its port), by way of Brightling (famous for Jack Fuller), Heathfield (enlivened with the tale of St. Dunstan), Peasepottage, Shelley Plain, Lower Beeding, the "Crabtree" inn, Cowfold, Henfield, over the field-path to the "Fountain" inn at Ashurst, thence by the field-path to Steyning, Washington (famous for Mitchell's Ale), Storrington, Amberley, the "Bridge" hotel, and the "St. George and Dragon" inn at Houghton (where Charles II stopped *en route* for Southwick), Bury, West Burton, Bignor, Sutton, the "Cricketer's Arms," Duncton, Cocking, Treyford, Elsted, and Harting. This stimulating book has become so popular, both on account of its brave drinking songs and its fine spirit, that many of the more ardent followers of Mr. Belloc undertake at least once a year to follow in the tracks of Grizzlebeard, Myself, the Sailor, and the Poet, though only the hardiest go so far as keeping to the proper date for the pilgrimage, which is from the 29th October to 2nd November.

One of the most enchanting and informative

books on the county is Dr. Cecil Curwen's *Prehistoric Sussex* (Homeland Association), the value of which is considerably enhanced by the inclusion of aerial photographs which show clearly the presence and shape of tumuli, circles, linchets, ancient tracks, mines, and barrows that might easily have escaped our notice seen only from the ground. It is a book for the man who wants to be reminded that the Palæolithic age was of immense antiquity, that the Neolithic age ended about 1800 B.C., that the Bronze Age lasted from 1800 B.C. to 500 B.C., the Early Iron Age from 500 B.C. to A.D. 50, the Roman Period from A.D. 50 to A.D. 400, and that the Saxon Conquest took place about A.D. 500. Dr. Curwen takes the Saxon Conquest as the end of prehistory, because " through it a complete break in the continuity of life and customs occurred, together with a change of race among the common people, and not merely in the ruling classes."

He reminds us that the Britons and other prehistoric races were hill-folk, whose villages were sacked and left desolate by the valley-loving Saxons, but that between the upland Britons and lowland English were the Belgae, who came about a hundred years before the Romans and established the river-side cities of Canterbury, London, Winchester and, perhaps, Chichester. The Romans also preferred the valleys but did not despise the hills. It follows then, that before the coming of the Saxons the population concentrated

on the Downs and the coastal plain, and were driven eastwards along the Downs between the years 477 and 490 A.D., when they were finally annihilated at the siege of Anderida. The Downs thereafter remained an uninhabited wilderness for many centuries. It is only lately that the plough has again climbed where once it was used extensively.

It is suggested that the Saxons were frightened of the ghosts of the murdered Celts and never lived in the cities of the slain. The result is fortunate in that treasures have lain undisturbed just under the surface of the earth for centuries.

Particularly interesting is Dr. Curwen's account of the eight groups of flint-mines at Cissbury, Church Hill, Findon, Tolmere Pond, Blackpatch, Harrow, Stoke Down, Bow Hill, Lavant Caves, and, perhaps, at Windover. These pits, often a hundred, are sunk close together, varying in depth from ten to fifty feet and from three to seventy feet in width. Picks made from the antlers of red deer, shovels from the shoulder-blades of oxen, scratch-markings, and the actual soot from the miners' lamps after four thousand years have been found in these galleries and shafts as fresh as if made yesterday. The site of these mines has been placed as approximating to the end of the neolithic period. These short, dark, long-headed miners possessed pottery, wove garments, practised agriculture, worked their mines with wedges and choppers of flint, kept pigs, oxen, and sheep, hunted the red deer, bartered their flint tools up

and down the country, and lived a life of such peace that no defences were thought necessary to protect them.

Dr. Curwen then explains to us the difference between the long barrows of which there are only eight groups, and of the round barrows which are the commonest objects of antiquity on the Downs. The long barrows are elongated, containing skeletons of long-skulled, dark-featured men who were buried on the ground level without grave furniture, while the round barrows are circular containing urns of round-skulled fair-skinned men who were cremated below the ground level and attended with beads, axe-heads, cups, daggers. The long barrows, belonging to the neolithic period, are to be found on Cliffe Hill, Lewes, Money Burgh, Deans, near Piddinghoe, Firle Beacon, Long Burgh, Long Mound, Hunter's Burgh, and on Stoughton Down. The best round barrows, which belong to the Bronze Age and later, are to be found on Bow Hill, the Devil's Jumps, Treyford, Heyshott Down, Lewes Race Hill, and Teg Down.

Of the twenty-three hill-forts in Sussex, only Cissbury, the Caburn, the Trundle, and Whitehawk have been properly investigated. On the Caburn coins have been found dating from before the coming of the Romans, and exquisitely curved Celtic vessels, wrought between the fifth century B.C. and the first century A.D. We are told that the inhabitants lived in thatched huts, huddled

together, made of hurdles daubed with clay. The doors were fitted with a latch requiring a key to unfasten them. The men shaved, adorned themselves with glass beads and bronze rings, possessed dogs, horses, and pigs, hunted boars and the red deer, grew corn, used money, weights and measures, and practised spinning, weaving, smelting, and smithcraft. There is no sign that either the Caburn or Cissbury was ever besieged or sacked in those times. On the Trundle the skeleton of a young woman about twenty-five years old, lying in the crouching position adopted about 2,000 B.C., has been discovered. It is suggested that the Trundle was the capital city of the Regni who migrated to Chichester, called by Ptolemy Noiomagus, about the first century before Christ. The best hill-forts after the four mentioned are Beltout, Seaford Head, Newhaven Head, Ditchling Beacon, Wolstonbury, the Dyke, Thundersbarrow, Chanctonbury, Highdown, Halnaker, and Saxonbury.

In an interesting chapter on prehistoric villages, Dr. Curwen draws our attention to the grassy ridges or banks running across the southern slopes of the hills which enclose more or less rectangular pieces of ground. These banks or terraces are called linchets and are formed by the soil of a plot of ground disturbed by ploughing gravitating to its lower edge. These plots are usually found to be about 400 feet long and 100 feet broad. They are of quite different shape from the Saxon strips

which were one furrow-long (furlong) and one-tenth of a furlong wide, making exactly an acre in area. We are reminded that it was a deeply-rooted habit among the ancients that the size of a plot should represent the amount of land that could be broken up by one man in a day. This obviously varies with the type of plough employed. We know that corn was grown on the Downs as early as 2,000 B.C. We still find the crinkled flints called "pot-boilers" which the ploughmen of those days used to drop into their water red hot in order to heat it. About 500 B.C. came the Celts from Hallstatt in Austria, bringing with them iron tools and beautiful pottery and novel houses with gable roofs supported on wooden pillars. By the second century A.D., under the influence of the Romans, these cultivators of the soil began to live in cottages 25 feet long, roofed with red tiles, with walls of wattles daubed with clay, glass windows, and, perhaps, a plank floor. There is a probable Bronze Age village on Plumpton Plain, and there are linchets at Jevington, Cliffe Hill, Truleigh, Thunder's Steps on Thundersbarrow, Kithurst, Park Brow, Wepham Down, Amberley Mount, and Bow Hill.

In his chapter on roads, Dr. Curwen reminds us that the main prehistoric route of Sussex ran along the crest of the Downs, and that the Underhill Road, which runs at the foot of the Downs, is not older than the manors which it links together. He has an ingenious theory that the many covered-ways or ditches that run athwart the ridges of the

Downs between two high banks are cattle-ways. One particularly interesting track is that of Port's Road, beginning in the Roman villa at Southwick and leading in a north-easterly direction by way of Hangleton Manor, where it turns north over the Brighton and Hove golf course in the form of a grass-covered double-linchet. Celtic field-ways are to be found on Truleigh Hill, Tenantry Hill, Round Hill, Park Brow, Kithurst, Arundel Park ; Roman Terrace-ways at Windover, Firle, the Dyke, Truleigh, Steyning Round Hill, Chanctonbury, Chantry Hill, Amberley Mount, Bignor Hill, and the Miller's Walk, Harting Down ; and covered-ways on Willingdon, Alfriston Down, Black Cap, Wolstonbury, Newtimber, Steep Down, Chanctonbury, Highden, Rackham, Rewell Hill, Bury, Glatting Down, Upwaltham, Heyshott, Linch Down, Bow Hill, and Harting Down.

With this amazingly informative book in our hands our downland walks increase in interest at least tenfold, because we begin to find in every fold and hump some sign of ancient history not less absorbing than the churches and other buildings of the later civilisation of the Weald.

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (Faber & Faber) is already well on its way to becoming a classic in its kind. It needs very little knowledge of Sussex to "place" the "Ringwell" Hunt and "Basset" Wood. These pre-war memories of village cricket, Point-to-Point races at Ringmer, cubbing on the Downs, and

hunting in Plashett Wood are of absorbing interest to anyone who knows the Weald, for they are the reminiscences of one of the most sensitive poets of our time, and show a depth of feeling with which fox-hunters are rarely credited. Mr. Sassoon has caught and linked an aspect of our Sussex life that is unhappily almost extinct.

The most exhaustive history is J. Dallaway's *History of the Western Division of Sussex*, which is not procurable nowadays for much under £20. It contains a full history of every parish in the rapes of Chichester, Arundel, and Bramber up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. There are, however, two other good histories—T. W. Horsfield's *History, Antiquities, and Topography of Sussex*, published in 1835, just after Dallaway's, and Mr. A. Lower's *History of Sussex* (1870).

Mr. Lower is better known by his *Churches of Sussex* and his very entertaining *The Worthies of Sussex*, which is perhaps not comparable with Fuller's *Worthies of England* or Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, but yet contains a mass of information about men to know whom is part at least of a liberal education. In his pages we meet John Selden of Salvington, who showed his precocity by carving over his door at the age of ten this distich :

GRATUS . HONESTE . MIHI . NON . CLAUDAR . INITO . SEDEQUE . FUR . ABEAS ; NON . SUM . FACTA . SOLUTA . TIBI,

and in later life coined such happy epigrams as : " Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes ; they were easiest for his feet."

Here we meet Charlotte Smith, the poetess and novelist of Woolbeding, who seems to have had a troublesome husband, for she left him after twenty-three years of " severe endurance " while he sought refuge from financial embarrassment on the Continent. Here is St. Cuthmann of Steyning wheeling his barrow and cursing the fields, and Andrew Borde of Cuckfield and Pevensey, the Carthusian monk, author of *Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham*, who was accused of incontinency, and died in the Fleet prison. He is the original Merry Andrew.

Here we meet again the Pelhams of Laughton, the Frewens of Brickwall, Leonard Mascall of Plumpton Place, Jack Cade (!), Dr. Russell of Lewes, who made Brighton, Shelley, the Courthopes of Danny, George Gilbert, the carpenter's son, of Rotherfield, who became first a " wild, reckless, immoral soldier," and afterwards, in spite of great opposition, an ardent preacher. His enemies " got up cricket matches while he was preaching out of doors, and used to upset his auditors by rushing amongst them to pick up the ball." At Bexhill he was covered with filth, and someone tried to drown his voice with a big drum, until a woman stuck a knife in it. He used to preach from the cross at Alfriston, and died in 1827, at Heathfield.

Here we meet William Juxon, Herbert de Bosham, Sir John Jefferay, Charles Crocker, the shoemaker-poet of Chichester, the Barttelots, Jack Fuller, so beloved of Mr. Belloc, the Culpepers of Wakehurst, all the seventy bishops of Chichester, by far the most interesting of the three score and ten being St. Richard de la Wyche, born in 1197, and bishop from 1244 to 1252. He was extremely severe on Jews and seducers; he wrought a number of miracles, and went on foot all through his diocese.

Here we meet William Hayley of Eartham and Felpham, the friend and biographer of Cowper and patron of Blake, the Gages of Firle, the Lewknors of Kingston Buci, Dr. Pell, the famous mathematician of Southwick, the Samuel Jeakes of Rye who dabbled in alchemy, the Burrells of West Grinstead and Knepp, Richard Woodman, the martyr of Buxted, Sir Allen Apsley of Thakeham, who at forty-eight married a girl of sixteen and had nine children by her, Dr. James Hurdis, the Crabbe-like poet of Burwash and Bishopstone, who became Professor of Poetry at Oxford, John Fletcher of Rye, who, with Francis Beaumont, became the greatest of post-Shakespearean playwrights, the Sackvilles of Buckhurst, the Gorings of Burton, Derek Carver, the Fleming martyr, Thomas Otway of Trotton, who died before he was thirty-four, after writing, in *Venice Preserv'd*, at least one memorable tragedy, Saint Wilfrid, Davies Gilbert, who is buried at

Eastbourne, the Coverts of Slaugham, William Collins, the poet of Chichester, who owed his " want of success " to " indolence and irresolution " and, having sold his immortal odes for ten guineas, went mad and died at the age of thirty-eight.

Here we meet Richard Cobden of Heyshott, Captain Tettersell, the Michelbornes of Westmeston and Lindfield, Gundrada de Warenne, who died in childbirth and was buried in Lewes, Saint Lewinna, all of whose bones except one rib were stolen, the Shirleys of Wiston, the de la Warrs of Halnaker, and many others.

In view of this list, it needs no further argument to prove that Sussex has played her part in producing men of honour.

It has further to be remembered that Tennyson died in the county, and that Byron, Cowper, Gay, Pope, Swinburne, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, and Blake all wrote poems in it, that Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson, Anthony Trollope, and Gibbon are to be counted among its prose-writers through adoption, and that its list of eminent divines and old-established, honourable families is almost endless.

The happily titled book, *Field Paths and Green Lanes*, is Mr. L. J. Jennings' contribution to this fascinating subject. He takes us on foot, the only possible alternative to the horse which Gilbert White, Charles II, and Cobbett preferred, to Winchelsea, Rye, Hastings, Crowhurst, Etchingham, Pevensey, Hurstmonceux, Bodiam,

Mayfield, Alfriston, over the Downs at Pulborough, Lindfield, Horsted Keynes, East Grinstead, Petworth, and Midhurst before taking us into Surrey, Kent, and Hampshire. The Sussex part is pleasantly gossipy, and particularly valuable in showing us just what has, and what has not, changed in the last fifty years.

The Rev. E. B. Ellman's *Recollections of a Sussex Parson* (Combridges, Hove) gives us a good insight into the life of the country people and their clergy in the neighbourhood of Berwick during the greater part of the nineteenth century. It is almost entirely anecdotal, and therefore of uneven value.

A very different type of Sussex book is "Michael Fairless's" *The Roadmender*, published by Duckworth, which had an enormous vogue about fifty years ago. This was a simple and sympathetic description of her Sussex days by a deeply devout invalid who spent her time wandering in the country between Shermanbury and Steyning, with occasional excursions to the Downs. It is rather the religious spirit than the topographical that one remembers about this gentle book.

Of the books on individual places my two favourites are Mr. Henry Cheal's *The Story of Shoreham* (published by Messrs. Combridge of Hove), which gives an exhaustive account of the rise and fall of that once famous shipbuilding centre, and the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston's *Bodiam Castle*, which is beautifully illustrated, published by Cape.

Mr. George Aitchison, former editor of the *Brighton and Hove Herald*, wrote a happy book on *Unknown Brighton*, published by John Lane. Mr. Thurston Hopkins, who is prolific in these matters, has written books on *The Kipling Country*, *Kipling's Sussex*, *Old English Mills and Inns*, *Sheila Kaye-Smith and the Weald Country*, *Sussex Pilgrimages*, and *The Lure of Sussex*, all of which are delightfully free from pretentiousness, and aim only at giving an enjoyment that the author has obviously experienced in writing them.

There are two extremely good anthologies of Sussex verse compiled by Mr. C. F. Cook, the famous lecturer on art. These are called *The Book of Sussex Verse* and *Another Book of Sussex Verse*.

Of the novels dealing with Sussex life, the best are those of Sheila Kaye-Smith, notably *Sussex Gorse*, *Green Apple Harvest*, *Joanna Godden*, and *The Village Doctor*, R. D. Blackmore's *Alice Lorraine*, Rudyard Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and *Rewards and Fairies*, George Moore's *Esther Waters*, George Gissing's *Thyrza*, Harrison Ainsworth's *Ovingdean Grange* and *Rookwood*, Warwick Deeping's *Doomsday*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, the novels of Mrs. Henry Dudeney, Alfred Ollivant's *A Magdalen's Husband*, W. Victor Cook's *The Keys of Sussex*, and Graham Greene's *The Man Within*.

INDEX

Note.—Places are printed in capitals.

A

Aaron the Jew, 44
à Becket, Thomas, 149, 163
Abergavenny, Earls of, 187, 188
ADUR or BRAMBER WATER, 41
ADVERSANE, 115
Æthelwulf, 83, 126
Ainsworth, Harrison, 52, 134, 241
Aitchison, George, 241
Alard family, 64, 174, 184
ALBOURNE, 131
ALCISTON, 73, 164
ALDINGBOURNE, 34
ALDRINGTON, 50
ALDWICK, 35
ALDWORTH, 105
Aldwulf, 139
Alfred, King, 83
ALFRISTON, 72
Allchorn family, 151
Allcroft, Hadrian, 242
AMBERLEY, 87–8
AMBERSHAM, 106
AMBERSTONE, 166
Amelia, Princess, 35, 39
ANDERIDA, 59, 188, 193
ANGMERING, 37, 38
ANGMERING PARK, 39
Anne of Cleves, 75, 77, 135
ANSTY, 133
Apsley family, 117, 238
APULDRAM, 25
Aquila, Gilbert de, 165
ARDINGLY, 199, 200, 201
ARLINGTON, 165
Arnold, F. H., 244
ARUN or TARRANT, 36
ARUNDEL, 89–90
ASHBURN, 173
ASHBURNHAM, 173
Ashburnham family, 173, 183
ASHDOWN FOREST, 192–201
ASHINGTON, 123
ASHURST, 128
ASTEN STREAM, 176
Athol, Earls of, 120
Attree family, 142
Avenel, Bretellus, 151

B

Baker family, 169–70
BALCOMBE, 201
Barber, Margaret Fairless, 128
BARBER'S WISH, 73
BARCOMBE, 150
BARLAVINGTON, 93
BARNHAM, 34
BARNSNAP WOOD, 205
Barry, Mrs., 98
Barttelot family, 111

BATEMAN'S, 171
BATTLE, 176–8
Bavant family, 122
BAYHAM ABBEY, 188–9
BEACHY HEAD, 57
BEANSTALK, 73
Beckett, Arthur, 226
BECKLEY, 182
BEDALES, 139
BEDDINGHAM, 163
BEEDING, LOWER, 204
BEEDING, UPPER, 82
Bell, A. F., 241
BELLE TOUT, 57
Bellingham family, 50, 124
Belloc, Hilaire, 86, 90, 118, 219, 229, 242
BEPTON, 96
BERSTED, 34
BERWICK, 73, 164
Bevis, 89
BEWT, 187
BEXHILL, 62
BEXLEY HEATH, 106
BEYNTONS, 119
BIBLE BOTTOM, 74
BIGNOR, 91, 107
BIG-ON-LITTLE, 199
BILLINGSHURST, 115
BINES BRIDGE, 128
BINSTED, 34
BIRD BROW, 77
BIRDHAM, 26
BIRLING GAP, 57
Bishop, J. G., 243
BISHOP'S RING, 93, 94
BISHOPSTONE, 53
BIVELHAM, 171
Black, William, 52
BLACKCAP, 77
BLACKDOWN, 104, 105
Blackmore, R. D., 241
BLACKPATCH HILL, 86
BLACKSTONE, 130
Blake, William, 35, 36
BLATCHINGTON, EAST, 138
BLATCHINGTON, WEST, 138
Blunt, W. Scawen, 202
BODIAM, 173, 179–81
BOGNOR, 35
Bohun, de, 104
BOLEBROKE, 192
BOLNEY, 133
BO-PEEP, 73
Borde, Andrew, 60, 237
Borrer, William, 130
BORSTAL, 73
BOSHAM, 24
BOW HILL, 94, 95
Bowyer family, 134, 150, 195
BOXGROVE, 92
Brabant, F. G., 224–5, 242
BRACKLESHAM, 27
Bradley, A. G., 242
BRAMBER, 82, 83
BRAMBER WATER, 41
BRAMBLETYE, 198
Brangwyn, Frank, 77
Braose, family of de, 44, 45, 76, 82, 86, 122, 206
Braye, Dame Betrix, 28
BREDE, 182
Brentford, Lord, 146
BRICKWALL, 181
Bridger family, 146, 215
BRIGHTLING, 172
BRIGHTON, 50–2
Broadbridge, James, 93
BROADHURST, 195, 197
BROAD OAK, 182
BROADWATER, 40
BROOMHILL, 66
Brown, George, 34, 41
Browne family, 100, 176

BROYLE, 152, 153
BUCKHAM BRIDGE, 150
BUCKHURST, 191–2
Buckhurst family, 165
BUCKLAND BANK, 77
BUCKS GREEN, 113
Bull, Rev. William, 50
BULLDOG BAR, 73
BULLOCK DOWN, 77
BUNCTON CHAPEL, 86, 123
BURGESS HILL, 133
Burgess, John, 135
BURLOUGH CASTLE, 164
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 52
BURPHAM, 88
Burrell family, 118–19, 134
BURTON DOWN, 92
BURTON PARK, 107
BURWASH, 171
BURY, 91, 116
BUTCHER'S ROW, 120, 128
BUTTER-BOX, 142
BUXTED, 151
Byron, Lord, 40

C

CABURN, THE, 74, 232–3
Cade, Jack, 144, 167
CAKEHAM, 27
CAMBER CASTLE, 66, 184
Camoys, Lord and Lady, 98
Campion family, 78, 196
CAPITE, 121
Carpenter, Edward, 52
CARTER'S CORNER, 166
Caryll family, 96, 118, 120
CASTLE GORING, 39
CATSFIELD, 175
CHAILEY, 145
CHALVINGTON, 162, 163
CHANCTONBURY, 40, 84–5
CHANTRY HILL, 86
Charles I, 109, 131, 173
Charles II, 45, 46, 51, 82, 98, 189, 215
Charlotte, Princess, 35
CHARLSTON, 72
CHARLTON, 94
CHATTRI, THE, 78
Cheal, Henry, 240
CHEESEWORTH HOUSE, 206–7
CHELWOOD GATE, 192, 195
Cheyney, John, 183
CHICHESTER, 29–33
Chichester, Earls of, 77
CHIDDINGLY, 167
CHILGROVE, 95
Chillingworth, William, 30
CHILTINGTON, EAST, 138
CHILTINGTON, WEST, 117, 138
CHILT, RIVER, 117
CHITHURST, 99
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, 113–114
Cissa, 29, 59
CISSBURY, 84
CLAPHAM, 39, 86
CLAVERHAM, 165
CLAY GATE, 194
CLAYTON, 78, 133, 135
CLIFFE HILL, 74, 75
CLOTHALL'S, 120, 121
CLYMPING, 36
COATES CASTLE, 107
Cobbett, William, 75, 92, 109, 112, 115, 199, 200, 242
Cobden, Richard, 104
COCKHAISE, 140
COCKING, 94, 95
Cogidubnus, 29, 31
COLDHARBOUR, 139

COLDWALTHAM, 116
COLEMAN'S HATCH, 192
Coleridge, S. T., 114
Colet, John, 43
COLGATE, 205
COLIN GODMAN, 194
Collins, William, 29, 30
COMPTON, 95
COMPTON PLACE, 58
Cook, C. F., 241
Cook, W. V., 241, 242
Cooke, A. S., 226–7
COOKSBRIDGE, 146
COOLHAM, 118
COOMBE PLACE, 146
COOMBES, 83
COULTERSHAM, 106
Covert family, 140, 203
COWDRAY, 99–103, 177
Cowdray, Lord, 100, 106, 201
COWFOLD, 128
CRABBET, 202
CRABTREE, 204
CRADLE HILL, 73
CRAIGWEIL, 35
Crane, Stephen, 183
CRAWLEY, 202
CROOK HORN, 119
CROSS-IN-HAND, 167
CROWBOROUGH, 193, 194
CROWHURST, 175
CROWLINK, 56
CRUMBLES, 59
CUCKFIELD, 133–4
CUCKMERE, 55–6, 72, 164, 166
Culpeper family, 127, 179, 201
Curwen, Dr. Cecil, 71, 86, 230–5
Curzon, Marquis, 179, 240
Cuthmann, St., 83, 237

D

Dacre family, 61, 155, 197
DALEHAM, 144
Dallaway, James, 114, 236
DALLINGTON, 172, 173
Dalmon, Charles, 85, 242
Dalyngrygge family, 142, 143, 144, 179, 180, 192
DANE HILL, 118, 194
DANE'S GATE, 188
DANGSTEIN, 98
DANNY, 78, 133
Darrell family, 187
Dawson, Charles, 145
De Braose family, 44, 45
DEDISHAM, 113
Deeping, Warwick, 241
Defoe, Daniel, 90, 148, 152
De la Warr family, 40, 62, 191
DELL QUAY, 25
DEMESNE NOWER, 41
De Montfort, Simon, 60, 75, 144
DENNE PARK, 207
Dennis, R. N., 244
Denot, Peter, 144
DENTON, 163
De Playz family, 142, 143
DEVIL'S DYKE, 80
DEVIL'S JUMPS, 96
Devonshire, Dukes of, 58
De Warenne family, 51, 75
DIAL POST, 86
DICKER, LOWER, 166
DICKER, UPPER, 166
DIDLING, 95, 96
DITCHLING, 77–8, 135–6
DONNINGTON, 29, 34, 92
Dorset, Earls of, 190–1, 198
Drayton, Michael, 41, 206
DUCKINGS, 191
DUDDLESWELL, 194

Dudeney, John, 138
DUDWELL, 172
DUNCTON, 93, 107
DUNFORD, 104
Dunning, James, 242
Dunstan, St., 169
DUREFORD, 97
DURRANT'S, 119

E

Eadburg, 80
EARNLEY, 27
EARTHAM, 92
EASEBOURNE, 104, 139
EASTBOURNE, 58–9, 139
EAST CHILTINGTON, 138
EAST DEAN (Chichester), 33
EAST DEAN (Eastbourne), 56
EASTERGATE, 34
EAST GRINSTEAD, 198–9
EAST GULDEFORD, 185
EAST HOATHLY, 138, 155–162
EAST LAVINGTON, 94
EAST MASCALLS, 140
EAST PRESTON, 37
EAST WOLVES, 121
EBERNOE, 98
EDBURTON, 80
Edward the Confessor, 65
Edward I, 63, 165, 189
Edward II, 44, 119, 177, 189
Edward III, 45, 175
Egerton, J. E. Coker, 171
Egremont, Earls of, 109
Eliott, George Augustus, 168
Elizabeth, Queen, 76, 100, 169, 181, 188
Ella, 24, 59, 188
Ellman, E. B., 73, 164, 240
ELSTED, 96
Elwes, D. G. Cary, 243
Emmott family, 88
EQUEL, 112
ERIDGE, 188
ERRINGHAM, NEW, 42
ERRINGHAM, OLD, 42
ETCHINGHAM, 172
EWHURST (Bodiam), 181
EWHURST (Shermanbury), 129
Evelyn, John, 147, 189
EXCEAT, 55

F

Fagg family, 122
" Fairless, Michael," 128, 129, 240
FAIRLIGHT, 63, 183
FAIR MILE BOTTOM, 90
FALMER, 77
Farnefold family, 125, 126
Featherstonhaugh family, 96
FELPHAM, 35, 36
FERNHURST, 104
FERRING, 37, 38
FIELD PLACE, 114
Fiennes family, 62
FILCHING, 71
FINDON, 86
FIRLE, 73
FISHBOURNE, 25
FITTLEWORTH, 111
Fitz Alan family, 30, 89
FIVE CHIMNEYS, 151
FIVE LORDS' BURGH, 73
Flaxman, 30, 92, 191
Fleet, Charles, 243
Fletcher, John, 66
FLETCHING, 143, 144
FOLKINGTON, 71
FOREST ROW, 197–8
Fox, Charles James, 103

FRAMFIELD, 152
FRANT, 188
FRENCHLANDS, 121
FRESHFIELD CROSS-WAYS, 140
Frewen family, 181
FRIAR'S GATE, 192, 194
FRIAR'S OAK, 136
FRISTON, 56
Frost, Marian, 244
FULKING, 80
Fuller, Jack, 172–3
Fuller, Thomas, 85, 137
FUNTINGTON, 34
FURNER'S GREEN, 140

G

Gage family, 73, 174
Gale, Walter, 170
Galsworthy, John, 91
Gay, John, 120
George I, 66
George II, 66, 156
George III, 35
George IV, 35, 149, 172
George V, 35
Gibbon, Edward, 143, 144
GIBBON'S MILL, 112
Gilbert, George, 237
GILL'S LAP, 194
Gissing, George, 56, 241
GLATTING DOWN, 92
GLOTTENHAM, 178
GLYNDE, 73, 74, 154
Godwin, Earl, 25, 59
GOOD FRIDAY HILL, 42
GOODWOOD, 93
GORING, 37
Goring family, 76, 85, 122, 137, 195
Goringe, Edward, 115
GORINGLEE, 119
Gounter, Colonel, 18
GRAFFHAM, 106
Grant, W. A., 242
GRAVENHURST, 133
GRAVETYE, 199
GREATHAM, 88
GRINSTEAD, EAST, 139, 198–9
GRINSTEAD, WEST, 119–20, 139
GROANING BRIDGE, 182
GROOMBRIDGE, 190
GUESTLING, 183
GULDEFORD, EAST, 185
GUMBER, 92
Gunn, Martha, 51

H

HADLOW DOWN, 151
Haesten the Jute, 62
HAILSHAM, 165–6
HALLAND, 154, 155, 156
HALNAKER, 80, 92
Halsham, John, 120
HAMSEY, 150
HANDCROSS, 203
HANGLETON, 49
Hannah, Ian, 243
HARDHAM, 116
HAREMERE HALL, 172
Harold, 25, 176
Harper, C. G., 242
Harris, Jacob, 135
Harrison Ainsworth, 241
Harrison, Frederick, 243
HARROW HILL, 86
HARTFIELD, 190, 192
HARTING, SOUTH, 96
HASSOCKS, 133
HASTINGS, 62–3
HAWKHURST, 160

HAWKING SOPERS, 123
Hayley family, 35, 92
HAYWARD'S HEATH, 135
HEATHFIELD, 167–8
Heathfield, Lord, 168
HEIGHTON, SOUTH, 163
HELLINGLY, 166
HENFIELD, 81, 130
Henry I, 42, 89
Henry II, 44, 184
Henry III, 65, 75
Henry V, 134
Henry VIII, 34, 65, 137
Henslowe, Philip, 142
HERON'S GHYLL, 194
Hersee, William, 116
Hessel, Phœbe, 51
HEYSHOTT, 94
HICKSTEAD, 132
HIGHBROOK, 200
HIGHDOLE, 77
HIGHDOWN, 38
Hitchener, Miss Elizabeth, 79
HOATHLY, EAST, 138, 155–62
HOATHLY, WEST, 138, 199
HOBB'S HAUTH, 73
HOBSHORT'S, 120, 121
Hogge, Ralph, 151
HOLE STREET, 121
HOLLINGBURY, 78
HOLMBUSH, 205
Holroyd, J. B., 143
HOOE, 175
Hopkins, Thurston, 241
Hornung, J. P., 120
HORSEBRIDGE COMMON, 127, 128
Horsefield, T. W., 147, 236
HORSELUNGES, 166
HORSHAM, 206–7
HORSTED KEYNES, 196, 200
HORSTED, LITTLE, 152
Hotham, Sir Richard, 35
Hotspur, Harry, 108
Hotspur, Kate, 98
HOUGHTON, 36, 90
HOVE, 50–1
Howard family, 82, 89, 143
Hubbard, A. S. and G., 244
HUDDLESTONE, 127
Hudson, W. H., 25, 32, 68, 70, 224, 227
Huntingdon, Lady, 135
Hurdis, Rev. James, 53, 171
HURSTMONCEUX, 60–2, 174
HURSTPIERPOINT, 79, 133
HYDNEY, 60

I

ICKLESHAM, 183
IDEN, 184
Iden, Alexander, 168, 184
IFIELD, 139, 205, 206
IFORD, 139
INGFIELD MANOR, 115
IPING, 99
ISFIELD, 139, 150
ITCHENOR, 25
ITCHINGFIELD, 114
ITFORD, 139

J

James, Henry, 66, 184
Jeakes family, 184
Jefferies, Richard, 50, 57, 170, 191, 227–8, 243
Jeffrey family, 166, 167
Jennings, Louis, 239
JEVINGTON, 71
John, King, 44, 45, 143, 177

Johnson, Dr., 51, 98, 99, 148, 189, 197
Juxon, Archbishop, 131, 137

K

Kaye-Smith, Sheila, 241
Keith, Sir Arthur, 145
Kempe family, 91, 122
KENT DITCH, 181, 185, 190
KEYMER, 135
Kimmins, Mrs C. W., 145
KINGLEY VALE, 94, 95
KING'S BARN, 126
KINGSCOTE, 199
KINGSFOLD, 114
KINGS' GRAVES, 94
KINGSTON, 37, 38
KINGSTON BUCI, 46, 215
Kipling, Rudyard, 52, 171, 241
KIRDFORD, 111
KITHURST, 87
KNEPP, 119
KNOX, A. E., 28, 133, 228

L

Lade, Sir John, 172
LADY HOLT, 96
Lamb, Charles, 114
LANCING, NORTH, 41
LANCING, SOUTH, 41
Langton, John, 30
Langton, Stephen, 90
Laud, Archbishop, 80
LAUGHTON, 27, 74, 152, 162
LAVANT, EAST, 33
LAVANT, MID, 33
LAVINGTON COMMON, 107
LAVINGTON, EAST, 94
LEAN, 41
Leconfield, Lord, 108
Leedes family, 121
LEGGATT HILL, 106
Leighton, Archbishop, 195–6, 200
LEONARDSLEE, 204
LEWES, 74–5, 146–9, 158
Lewknor family, 33, 142, 143, 174, 196, 198
Lillywhite, F. W., 34
LINCH, 105
LINCH DOWN, 95
LINCHMERE, 105
LINDFIELD, 139
LITLINGTON, 72
LITTLEHAMPTON, 36–7
Liverpool, Earls of, 151
Locker-Lampson family, 202
LODSWORTH, 105
LONGFORD STREAM, 146, 150
LONG MAN, THE, 71, 163, 164
LORDINGTON HOUSE, 34
LOVE'S FARM, 112
LOWER BEEDING, 204
Lower, Mark Antony, 147, 236
LOXWOOD, 112
Lucas, E. V., 29, 47, 50, 110, 137, 138, 168, 170, 183, 191, 192, 224
LULLINGTON, 72
Lunsford, Colonel, 155
LURGASHALL, 106
Lyell, Sir Charles, 103
LYMINSTER, 36

M

McKergow, Lt.-Col., 132
MALLING, 74, 139, 146

MANHOOD, 27
Mann, Noah, 110
MANNING'S HEATH, 205
MARDEN, EAST, 94
MARDEN, NORTH, 94
MARDEN, UPPER, 94
MARDEN, WEST, 94
MARESFIELD, 150
Margaret, Queen of Scotland, 151
MARK CROSS, 187
MARLIPINS, 43
Mary, Queen, 75
Mary, Queen of Scots, 65, 191
Mascall, Leonard, 137
MASCALLS, EAST, 140
MASSETTS, 141, 142
Maxwell, Donald, 227
May, Thomas, 170
MAYFIELD, 168–71, 191
MAYTHAM, 181–2
MEDEWYND or OUSE, 53
MEEKENS, 117
MERSTON, 29, 34
Meynell, Wilfrid, 87
Michelborne family, 136, 137, 195, 196, 197
MICHELGROVE, 86
MICHELHAM, 165
MIDDLETON, 36
Middleton, Richard, 131
MIDHURST, 99–104
MIKE MILLS RACE, 205
Mildebi, Lucy de, 33
MILE OAK, 218
Miles, Walker, 243
Millais, Sir John, 64
MILLAND, 98
MILLER'S WALK, 96
Milward, Sir Richard, 166
Minerva, 31
MOCK BRIDGE, 129
MONEY BURGH, 76
MONKEY PUZZLE CORNER, 144
MONK'S COMMON, 205
MONKYN PIN, 165
Montague, Viscounts, 100, 176
Montfort, Simon de, 60, 75, 144, 187
Moore, George, 241
Moore, Giles, 196, 200
MOUNT CABURN, 74
MOUNTFIELD, 178
MOUNT HARRY, 77
Mowbray family, 82
MUDDLESWOOD, 79, 131
MUNDHAM, NORTH, 34

N

NASH FARM, 127
Naylor, Grace, 61
Neale, John Mason, 198
NELL'S BELL, 110
Nelond, Thomas, 128
Neptune, 31
NETHERFIELD, 178
Newcastle, Duke of, 148, 149, 154, 155
NEWENDEN, 185
NEWHAVEN, 52, 53
NEWICK, 136, 145, 146
NEWMARKET HILL, 77
NEW SHOREHAM, 41–6
NEWTIMBER, 79
NINFIELD, 174
NOAH'S ARK BARN, 88
Norfolk, Dukes of, 86
NORMANHURST, 175
NORTH AMERICA, 139
NORTH CHAPEL, 110
NORTHEYE, 60
NORTHIAM, 181–2
NORTH LANCING, 41

NORTH MUNDHAM, 34
NORTH STOKE, 88
Northumberland, Duke of, 79
NUTBOURNE, 117
NUTHURST, 204
NUTLEY, 194

O

Oates, Titus, 63
OCKENDEN, 134
OFFHAM, 75, 146
OFFINGTON, 40
OLD SHOREHAM, 41–2
Oliver, John, 38
Ollivant, Alfred, 241
OREHAM, 81
O'Shea, Mrs., 52
OTE HALL, 78, 135
OTHAM, 175
Otway, Thomas, 98
OUSE, 53
OVING, 34
OVINGDEAN, 52
Oxenbregge family, 182
Oxford, Earls of, 153

P

PADDOCKHURST, 201
PAGHAM, 28
Paine, Thomas, 75, 147
Palmer, Jack, 146
Pancost, Dionysius, 142
PARHAM, 87
PARK BROW, 84
PARK MOUND, 115
Parnell, Charles, 52
PARTRIDGE GREEN, 128
PATCHAM, 78
PATCHING, 39, 86
Patmore, Coventry, 64, 168, 170
PAX HILL, 140
PEACEHAVEN, 52
Pearson family, 87
PEASEMARSH, 182
PEASE POTTAGE, 203, 205
PEKE'S, 166
Pelham family, 60, 61, 74, 75, 77, 153, 154, 162
Pell, Dr. John, 84, 219
PENHURST, 173
Penn, William, 118, 152
Percy family, 108
Peter of Savoy, 60
PETT LEVEL, 63, 183
PETWORTH, 108–10
PEVENSEY, 59–60
Peverall, Andrew, 87
PIDDINGHOE, 76
PILTDOWN, 144–5, 150
PITSHILL, 109
PLAISTOW, 110–11
PLASHETT, 152, 236
PLAYDEN, 184
PLUMMER'S PLAIN, 204
PLUMPTON, 77, 137, 139
Poland, E. B., 243
Pole, Cardinal, 34
POOK'S FARM, 129
Pope, Alexander, 96, 120
Portman, Lord, 151
PORTSLADE, 49–50
PORT'S ROAD, 46, 50, 235
POTHILLS, 165
POUND GATE, 192, 194
Powlett, Captain, 120, 205
POYNINGS, 79
PRESTON, EAST, 37
PRIESTHAWES, 60, 174
PULBOROUGH, 115
Punele, Simon de, 119
PYECOMBE, 78

R

RACKHAM, 87
RACTON, 34
RAKE, 98
Rees, Arthur J., 244
REWELL WOOD, 90
Richardson, Samuel, 148
Richmond and Gordon, Dukes of, 93
Rickman, Nathaniel, 166
Rickman, Thomas, 147
RINGMER, 152, 160
RIPE, 162, 163
" Rizpah," 42
Robert de Morkin, 60
ROBERTSBRIDGE, 178
Robertson, F. W., 52
Robinson, William, 199
ROCKHURST, 199
RODMELL, 76
ROEDEAN, 52
ROGATE, 97
Roger de Montgomery, 89
ROMAN WOODS, 113
ROOK, 42
ROTHER, EAST, or LIMEN, 63, 65, 167
ROTHER, WEST, or SHIRE, 97, 106–7
ROTHERFIELD, 187
ROTTINGDEAN, 52
ROUNDABOUT, 117
ROWFANT, 202
ROWLAND'S CASTLE, 95, 98
RUDGWICK, 113
RUMBOLDSWYKE, 34
RUSHLAKE GREEN, 168
RUSPER, 206
Russell, Dr., 146
RUSTINGTON, 37
Rutherford, W. G., 53
RYE, 65–6, 184

S

Sackville family, 34, 49, 190–1, 198
SADDLESCOMBE, 80
ST. BOTOLPH'S, 83
St. Cuthmann, 83
St. Dunstan, 169
ST. LEONARDS, 62
ST. LEONARD'S FOREST, 205–6
ST. RICHARD, 189, 238
ST. ROCHE'S CHAPEL, 93
SALEHURST, 178
SALVINGTON, 86
Salzmann, F. L., 243
Sassoon, Siegfried, 235–6
SAXONBURY, 188
SAXON DOWN, 74
SCAYNES HILL, 139, 145
SCOTLAND, 127
SCOTNEY, 186–7
Scrase family, 50
SEAFORD, 54–5
SEDGWICK PARK, 204
SEDLESCOMBE, 177–8
Seffrid, Bishop, 30
Selden, John, 39, 236–7
SELEHURST, 204
SELE PRIORY, 126
SELHAM, 106
SELMESTON, 73, 163
SELSEY, 27
SELSFIELD COMMON, 199
SEVEN SISTERS, 55, 56
Shakespeare, William, 98, 142
Sharman, Stephen, 43
SHARPENHURST, 114
SHEFFIELD PARK, 143, 150
Shelley family, 40, 78, 86, 114, 118, 148, 202
Sherborne, Bishop, 30
SHERIFF FARM, 200
SHERMANBURY, 129

SHILLINGLEE, 110
SHIPLEY, 118–19
Shirley family, 50, 85, 122, 135, 150
SHOPHAM BRIDGE, 107
SHOREHAM, NEW, 41–6
SHOREHAM, OLD, 41–2
Shovell, Sir Cloudesley, 44
SHULBREDE PRIORY, 105
Shurley family, 150
SIDLESHAM, 28
Sigerson family, 134
SILVER HILL, 178
SINGLETON, 94
SLAUGHAM, 80, 203
SLINDON, 90–1
SLINFOLD, 114
SLONK HILL, 42
SLOOP INN, 141
SMALL DOLE, 81
Smith, Charlotte, 237
SMOCK ALLEY, 117
SOCKNERSH, 171
SOMPTING, 40–1
SOUTH AMBERSHAM, 106
SOUTH BERSTED, 34
SOUTHEASE, 76
SOUTH HARTING, 96
SOUTH LANCING, 41
SOUTHOVER, 76, 149
SOUTH STOKE, 88
SOUTHWICK, 46–8, 208–23
SPLAYNE'S GREEN, 144
Springett family, 118, 152
STANDARD HILL, 174
STANE STREET, 29, 91, 113
STANMER, 77
STANSTED, 34, 98
STAPLEFIELDS, 127
Stapley, Richard, 132
STEDHAM, 99
STEEP DOWN, 84
Stephen, King, 60, 89
STEYNING, 83, 124–6
STOCKS PAX, 41
STOKE, NORTH, 88
STOKE, SOUTH, 88
STOKE, WEST, 33
STOPHAM, 111
STOR, RIVER, 117
STORRINGTON, 87, 117
STOUGHTON, 34, 41, 95
Strabolgy, David, 120
STREAT, 138
STREATHAM MANOR, 127
SULLINGTON, 86, 117
SUNT, 120
SUTTON, 93
SWANBOURNE, 90
Swift, Dean, 182

T

Tacitus, 31
Taillefer, 177
TANGMERE, 34
Tapner, Ben, 91
TARRING NEVILLE, 163
TARRING, WEST, 39
Tatchell, Rev. Frank, 103
TEGDOWN, 78
TEGLEAZE, 93
TEISE, 189
TELHAM HILL, 176
TELSCOMBE, 77
Tennyson, Lord, 42, 105
Terry, Dame Ellen, 184
TERWICK, 98
Tettersell, Captain, 51
THAKEHAM, 117
Thatcher family, 60, 174, 175
Thomas-Stanford, Sir C., 243
Thompson, Francis, 87
THORNEY ISLAND, 25
Thorpe, Betsy, 90

THUNDERSBARROW, 42, 218
THUNDERS HILL, 167
"Thyrza," 56
Tiberius Claudius, 31
TICEHURST, 185–6
TILGATE, 201
TILLINGHAM, 182
TILLINGTON, 109
TOAT HILL, 112
TOLMERE POND, 86
TORTINGTON, 36
Trelawny, 40
Tresham family, 174
Trevor family 127, 197
TREYFORD, 96
Trollope, Anthony, 96
TROTTON, 98
TRUDGEONS, 41
TRULEIGH, 81
TRUNDLE, 93, 233
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 169, 189–90
Turner, Thomas, 154–62
TURNER'S HILL, 201
TUXLYTHE, 98
TWELVE ACRE RUE, 127
TWINEHAM, 132

U

UCKFIELD, 150
UDIMORE, 183
University of Sussex, 77
UP PARK, 96
UPPER BEEDING, 82
UPWALTHAM, 92

V

VERT WOOD, 162
Vespasian, 24
Vince, Charles, 242

W

WADHURST, 186
WAKEHURST, 201
WALBERTON, 34
WALDRON, 151, 167
Waller, Sir William, 30, 89
Walpole, Horace, 156, 178
WANNOCK, 71
WAPPINGTHORNE, 121
WAPSBOURNE, 142
WARBLETON, 168
Wardeux family, 179, 181
Warenne, family of de, 76
Warlewaste, Bishop, 25
WARMINGHURST, 117–18
WARNHAM, 114
WARNING CAMP, 89
WARNINGLID, 204
Warr, de la, 40, 62, 92, 191
WARR'S FARM, 143
WASHINGTON, 86
WASSAIL POND, 87
WATERSFIELD, 116
WEPHAM, 88
Wesley, John, 64, 184
WEST BLATCHINGTON, 138
WESTBOURNE, 34
WEST CHILTINGTON, 117, 138
WEST DEAN (Chichester), 33, 94
WEST DEAN (Eastbourne), 56, 138
WESTFIELD, 183
WEST GRINSTEAD, 119, 139
WESTHAM, 60, 174, 175
WESTHAMPNETT, 34
WEST HOATHLY, 138, 199
WEST ITCHENOR, 26
WESTMESTON, 136

WEST STOKE, 33
WEST TARRING, 39
WEST WITTERING, 24
WEST WOLVES, 118
WHATLINGTON, 177
White, Gilbert, 67, 68, 96, 152
WHITEHAWK, 78
WHITESMITH, 158
WHITEWAYS, 90
WIGGONHOLT, 117
Wilfrid, St., 25
William the Conqueror, 60, 63, 174, 176, 184
William II, 60
WILLINGDON, 71, 175
Wills, Barclay, 242
WILMINGTON, 71, 163, 164
Winbolt, S. E., 116, 127, 165, 169, 192, 204, 225
WINCHELSEA, 63, 183–4
WINDOVER, 71
WINEHAM, 132
WINTERBOURNE, 149
Winterton, Earl of, 110
WISBOROUGH GREEN, 112
WISTON, 85, 122
WITHYHAM, 190
WITTERING, WEST, 26
WIVELSFIELD, 135, 139
Wolseley, Lady, 122, 136, 153, 154, 156, 166, 174, 194, 195, 225–6
WOLSTONBURY, 78
Wood, F. F., 139, 228–9
WOODMANCOTE, 130
Woodman, Richard, 168
Woolavington, Lord, 93
WOOLBEDING, 99
WOPSES FARM, 132
WORTH, 201–2
WORTHING, 39–40
WYCH CROSS, 141, 197
WYCKHAM MANOR, 127
WYLLIES, 134

Y

YAPTON, 36
Yorke, 79

Z

Zouche, de la, 87

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